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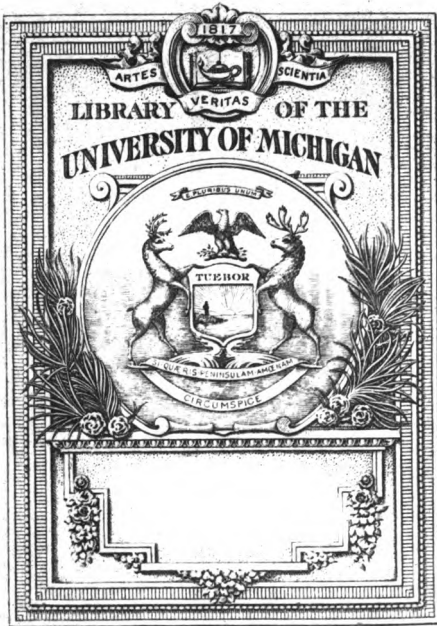
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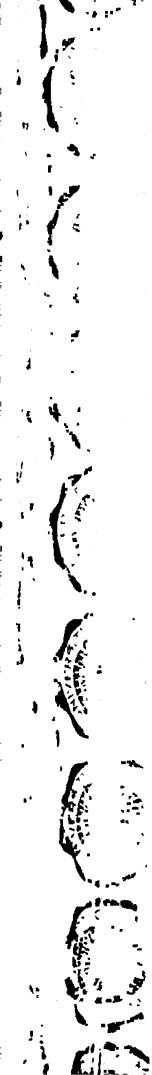
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O V I D.

VOL. I.

19a - 40

O V I D.

TRANSLATED BY

DRYDEN, POPE, CONGREVE, ADDISON,
AND OTHERS.

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' Few translations have gone through more editions, or met with greater applause from the public.'—BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MISCELLANY.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

O V I D.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO was born of an ancient and noble family at Sulmo, now Sulmona, a town in the territory of the Peligni, in the year of Rome 711. He was first educated by Plotius Grippus, and afterwards studied oratory under Marcellus Fuscus and Porcius Latro. He was designed by his father for the bar; and by the talents he possessed, and the proficiency which he made in the preliminary studies, he seems not to have been ill qualified for the profession; indeed the elder Seneca speaks highly of some of his declamations. The prevailing bias of his mind, however, strongly led him to poetical pursuits, which for some time he endeavored to suppress, at the instance of his friends; but, finding that neither his bodily constitution nor his mental inclina-

tions directed him to the profession for which he was first intended, he deserted it altogether, and devoted himself wholly to the study of poetry and the society of poets. He mentions, at this time, among the number of his intimates, Macer, Propertius, Ponticus, Bassus, and Horace. Of these, he appears to have been most familiar with Propertius, who, like himself, had relinquished forensic for poetical pursuits, and who occasionally recited his Elegies to Ovid; which naturally excited the spirit of emulation in a breast devoted to poetry and love. Ovid, like Propertius, had attempted the epic style; but the failure of his friend in this species of writing, and his brilliant success in elegy, appear to have determined his hesitating muse. An attentive reader will easily perceive the influence which the elegies of Propertius exercised in his compositions. They contain less of Greek sentiment and expression than the poems of his model, who was a professed imitator of Callimachus, Philetas, and Mimnermus; while it is a principal beauty of Ovid's versification that he has moulded it with a particular regard to the natural melody of his native language. Our poet is supposed to have been indebted to Propertius for the first idea of his Epistles.

The life of Ovid, like that of most men who devote themselves to literature, exhibits few prominent incidents. From himself we learn that he was thrice married. The first union took place when he was almost a boy, and was soon dissolved as a low and unworthy connexion. His second wife was also divorced, although he exhibits no formal charge against her: but the third remained with him until his banishment, in which she was prevented by Augustus from bearing him company. We learn that he studied for some time at Athens, as was customary with the youth of his time. In the forty-first year of his age he published his *Art of Love*, which was the ostensible pretext of his banishment ten years after. Had this event taken place at the first publication of the work, it would have been little extraordinary, as the tendency of the poem went directly to subvert all those salutary measures for the regulation of public morals which Augustus was taking singular pains to enforce: but Ovid, although, as a Roman knight, he was subject to a moral examination on the part of the emperor, was never molested on the ground of the licentiousness of his writings, until an event occurred, which lies hidden in impenetrable mystery, and the investigation

of which has afforded amusement for the leisure of the learned. For this reason, but professedly on account of the licentious character of his *Art of Love*, Augustus banished him to Tomos, a town in the north of the Euxine. An intrigue with Julia, the daughter of Augustus, is by some supposed to have been the real cause of our poet's exile; but that this conjecture is incorrect may be clearly inferred from the manner in which Ovid himself speaks of the fatal circumstance, which he always represents as something unintentional and involuntary. He was accidentally witness of some transaction which Augustus wished to be concealed. Others imagine our poet was a confidant of the debaucheries of Julia, and this opinion derives countenance from the fact that she was banished from Rome in the same year with him. A modern writer supposes that Ovid had seen and revealed some part of the Eleusinian mysteries.

In this banishment from the scene of all his early pursuits and affections, Ovid existed in a state of the greatest misery, with the muse as his only friend. Although he could not resign the study of poetry, he was dissatisfied with his productions; and before his departure from Rome committed his *Metamorphoses* to the flames. This

work, although it had not received its last polish, was complete in its plan, and had already passed into the hands of friends, whom he afterwards intreated to preserve it.

During his banishment, Ovid betrayed great pusillanimity; and however afflicting and distressed his situation might be, yet the flattery and impatience which he exhibited in his writings are a disgrace to his pen, and dispose us to ridicule rather than pity. Though he prostituted his talents and time to adulation, yet the emperor proved deaf to all intreaties, and refused to listen to the intercessions of his powerful friends at Rome, who eagerly wished for the recall of the poet. Ovid, who undoubtedly sighed for a Brutus to deliver his country from her oppressor, continued his useless flattery; and, after the death of the emperor, was so servile as to consecrate a small temple to the departed tyrant on the shore of the Euxine, where he regularly offered frankincense every morning. Tiberius proved as regardless as his predecessor to the solicitations which were made for Ovid; and the unfortunate poet was at length relieved from his sufferings by the hand of death in the seventh or eighth year of his exile, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, A. D. 17, and was buried at Tomos.

‘ If the imitation of Nature,’ says Dryden, ‘ be the business of a poet, I know no author who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions: and, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often wrote too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of Nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age; for why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* were left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought

to have been retrenched, which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast on him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;—'He never knew how to give over, when he had done well;' but continually varying the same sense a hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy his readers instead of satisfying them. This then is the allay of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellences; nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though, at the same time, he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him, and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found that those poets seldom designed

before they wrote: and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no farther before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning; as Horace says, 'though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment.' But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end.'

THE METAMORPHOSES.

•VID.

VOL. I.

A

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK I.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

THE formation of the world from the confusion of Chaos by the wisdom and power of the Deity is here described, together with a delineation of the harmonious system of the universe, and the mutual dependencies and operations of the powers of nature—Birds, beasts, and fishes, brought into existence—The creation of man: his superiority to other animals evinced in the structure of his body and the faculties of his mind.

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing :
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete ;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes, 5
Deduced from Nature's birth to Cæsar's times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of Nature ; if a face :
Rather a rude and indigested mass : 10
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up the world to view,
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew,
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky, 15
Nor poised, did on her own foundations lie,

Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown ;
 But earth, and air, and water were in one.
 Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
 And water's dark abyss unnavigable. 20
 No certain form on any was impress'd ;
 All were confused, and each disturb'd the rest.
 For hot and cold were in one body fix'd,
 And soft with hard, and light with heavy, mix'd.
 But God, or Nature, while they thus contend, 25
 To these intestine discords put an end.
 Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were
 driven,
 And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
 Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place ;
 The next of kin contiguously embrace ; 30
 And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
 The force of fire ascended first on high,
 And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky :
 Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire,
 Whose atoms from unactive earth retire ; 35
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
 Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy, seeds along.
 About her coasts unruly waters roar,
 And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
 Thus when the god, whatever god was he, 40
 Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
 That no unequal portions might be found,
 He moulded earth into a spacious round :
 Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
 And bade the congregated waters flow. 45
 He adds the running springs, and standing lakes ;
 And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
 Some part, in earth are swallow'd up, the most
 In ample oceans disembogued, are lost.
 He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains 50
 With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
 Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd :
 The sun, with rays directly darting down,
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone ; 55
 The two beneath the distant poles complain
 Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
 Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
 The temper that partakes of hot, and cold.
 The fields of liquid air, inclosing all, 60
 Surround the compass of this earthly ball :
 The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
 The grosser near the watery surface move :
 Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
 And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear, 65
 And winds, that on their wings cold winter bear.
 Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
 On seas and shores their fury to discharge :
 Bound as they are, and circumscribed in place,
 They rend the world, resistless, where they pass, 70
 And mighty marks of mischief leave behind ;
 Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
 First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
 (The regions of the balmy continent),
 And eastern realms, where, early, Persians run 75
 To greet the bless'd appearance of the sun.
 Westward, the wanton zephyr wings his flight,
 Pleased with the remnants of departing light.
 Fierce Boreas, with his offspring issues forth
 To invade the frozen waggon of the north ; 80
 While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
 And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.
 High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
 The god a clearer space for heaven design'd ;
 Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow, 85
 Purged from the ponderous dregs of earth below.

Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when straight
 The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
 Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
 And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass, 90
 And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly place.
 Then, every void of nature to supply,
 With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky ;
 New herds of beasts he sends the plains to share ;
 New colonies of birds to people air ; 95
 And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.

A creature of a more exalted kind
 Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd ;
 Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
 For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest : 100
 Whether with particles of heavenly fire
 The God of nature did his soul inspire,
 Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
 And pliant, still retain'd the ethereal energy,
 Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste, 105
 And, mix'd with living streams, the godlike image cast.
 Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
 Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
 Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary skies. 110
 From such rude principles our form began,
 And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

GOLDEN AGE.

DURING the reign of Saturn the inhabitants of the earth enjoy
 a state of primeval happiness, secure from the intrusion of
 evil passions.

THE golden age was first, when man, yet new,
 No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
 And, with a native bent did good pursue. 115
 Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
 His words were simple, and his soul sincere ;

Needless was written law where none oppress'd ;
 The law of man was written in his breast :
 No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd, 120
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard,
 But all was safe ; for conscience was their guard.
 The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
 Ere sails were spread new oceans to explore, 125
 And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
 Confined their wishes to their native shore.
 No walls were yet, nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound,
 Nor swords were forged ; but, void of care and
 crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time. 131
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
 And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow :
 Content with food which Nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed ; 135
 Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
 The flowers unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd ;
 And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
 In following years the bearded corn ensued 140
 From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
 From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
 And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

SILVER AGE.

THE earth, no longer under the dominion of Saturn, begins to exhibit marks of degeneracy.

BUT when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
 Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove. 145
 Succeeding times a silver age behold,
 Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.

Then summer, autumn, winter, did appear,
 And spring was but a season of the year ;
 The sun his annual course obliquely made, 150
 Good days contracted, and enlarged the bad.
 Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
 The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow ;
 And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
 Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven. 155
 Those houses, then, were caves or homely sheds,
 With twining osiers fenced, and moss their beds.
 Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
 And oxen labor'd first beneath the yoke.

BRAZEN AGE.

Origin of war.

To this came next, in course the brazen age ; 160
 A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
 Not impious yet.

IRON AGE.

THE Virtues, in despair, quit the earth ; and the depravity
 of man becomes universal and complete.

HARD steel succeeded then,
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook ;
 Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took. 165
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew,
 Raw were the sailors and the depths were new ;
 Trees, rudely hollow'd did the waves sustain,
 Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain.
 Then landmarks limited to each his right ; 170
 For all before was common as the light.
 Nor was the ground alone required to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share,

But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
 Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore 175
 (Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid),
 And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
 Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
 Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold ;
 And double death did wretched man invade, 180
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
 Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands ;
 No rights of hospitality remain ;
 The guest, by him who harbor'd him, is slain ; 185
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life ;
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife ;
 The step-dame poison for the son prepares ;
 The son inquires into his father's years ;
 Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns ; 190
 And justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

GIANTS' WAR.

MEN of enormous stature, sons of Cœlus and Terra, affect to scale the walls of heaven, but are overthrown by the thunder of Jupiter—The earth, becoming impregnated by the blood of these monsters, begets men of similar disposition to their fathers, among whom Lycaon, tyrant of Arcadia, signalises himself by putting to death all strangers who seek his protection—Jupiter transforms him into the shape of a wolf, and destroys the whole human race by a universal deluge, with the exception of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who people the earth with a new race by the conversion of stones into men—A huge serpent, named Pytho, makes its appearance, and excites universal terror, till he is at length destroyed by the shafts of Apollo—The Pythian games are instituted in honor of this exploit.

NOR were the gods themselves more safe above,
 Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.

Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
 To make their mad approaches to the sky ; 186
 'Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
 To avenge with thunder their audacious crime.
 Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
 And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
 Singed with the flames, and with the bolts trans-
 fix'd. 200

With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd.
 The blood, indued with animating heat,
 Did, in the impregnant earth, new sons beget.
 They, like the seed from which they sprung, ac-
 cursed,

Against the gods immortal hatred nursed ; 205
 An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood,
 Expressing their original from blood.
 Which when the king of gods beheld from high
 (Withal revolving in his memory
 What he himself had found on earth of late, 210
 Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat),
 He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove,
 But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove.

Then call'd a general council of the gods,
 Who, summon'd, issue from their bless'd abodes, 215
 And fill the assembly with a shining train.
 A way there is in heaven's expanded plain,
 Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
 And mortals by the name of milky know :
 The ground-work is of stars ; through which the
 road

Lies open to the Thunderer's abode ; 221
 The gods of greater nations dwell around,
 And, on the right and left, the palace bound ;
 The commons where they can ; the nobler sort,
 With winding doors wide open, front the court. 225

This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the *Louvre* of the sky.

When all were placed in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assumed the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he lean'd, 230

Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the almighty nod,
And, with a general fear, confess'd the god;
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke: 235

' I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace;
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all 240
Rebellion sprung from one original;

Now, wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make;
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake, 245
I tried whatever in the godhead lay;

But gangrened members must be lopp'd away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fauns in woods, 250

Who though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let them, at least, enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodged below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command, 255
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?'

At this a murmur through the synod went,
And, with one voice, they vote his punishment.
Thus when conspiring traitors dared to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome, 260

The nations trembled with a pious fear,
 All anxious for their earthly thunderer ;
 Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
 By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd :
 Who, with his hand and voice, did first restrain 265
 Their murmurs, then resumed his speech again.
 The gods to silence were composed, and sat
 With reverence, due to his superior state.
 ' Cancel your pious cares ; already he
 Has paid his debt to justice and to me ; 270
 Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
 Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
 The clamors of this vile degenerate age,
 The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,
 Had reach'd the stars : ' I will descend,' said I, 275
 ' In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.'
 Disguised in human shape I travell'd round
 The world, and more than what I heard I found.
 O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
 By caverns infamous for beasts of prey ; 280
 Then cross'd Syllene, and the piny shade
 More infamous, by cursed Lycaon made :
 Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth before
 I enter'd his inhospitable door.
 Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign 285
 That somewhat was approaching of divine :
 The prostrate people pray, the tyrant grins,
 And adding profanation to his sins,
 ' I'll try,' said he, ' and if a god appear,
 To prove his deity shall cost him dear.' 290
 'Twas late, the graceless wretch my death pre-
 pares,
 When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with cares :
 This dire experiment he chose to prove
 If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove :

- But first he had resolved to taste my power. 295
 Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
 Some legates, sent from the Molossian state,
 Were on a peaceful errand come to treat ;
 Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
 And lays the mangled morsels in a dish ; 300
 Some part he roasts, then serves it up, so dress'd,
 And bids me welcome to this human feast.
 Moved with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd,
 And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
 The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains 305
 The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the plains ;
 Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
 But human voice his brutal tongue forsook ;
 About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
 And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns,
 But on the bleating flock his fury turns. 311
 His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
 Cleaves to his back, a famish'd face he bears,
 His arms descend, his shoulders sink away
 To multiply his legs for chase of prey ; 315
 He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
 And the same rage in other members reigns,
 His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
 His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
 'This was a single ruin, but not one 320
 Deserves so just a punishment alone.
 Mankind's a monster, and the ungodly times
 Confederate into guilt are sworn to crimes ;
 All are alike involved in ill, and all
 Must by the same relentless fury fall.' 325
 Thus ended he ; the greater gods assent,
 By clamors urging his severe intent,
 The less fill up the cry for punishment :
 Yet still with pity they remember man,
 And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can. 330

They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
 What he would do with all this waste of earth ;
 If his dispeopled world he would resign
 To beasts, a mute and more ignoble line ;
 Neglected altars must no longer smoke, 335
 If none were left to worship and invoke.
 To whom the father of the gods replied :
 ' Lay that unnecessary fear aside,
 Mine be the care new people to provide ;
 I will from wondrous principles ordain 340
 A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.'

Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
 And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand,
 Preparing to discharge on seas and land ;
 But stopp'd, for fear, thus violently driven, 345
 The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven ;
 Remembering in the Fates, a time when fire
 Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
 And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
 And all the inferior globe to cinders turn. 350
 His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
 His thoughts to some securer punishment ;
 Concludes to pour a watery deluge down,
 And what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds,
 With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds ; 356
 The south he loosed, who night and horror brings,
 And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings ;
 From his divided beard two streams he pours,
 His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers. 360
 With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
 And lazy mists are lowering on his brow ;
 Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist
 He squeezed the clouds, the imprison'd clouds resist ;
 The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound, 365
 And showers enlarged, come pouring on the ground ;

Then, clad in colors of a various dye,
 Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
 To feed the clouds; impetuous rain descends,
 The bearded corn beneath the burden bends, 370
 Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain,
 And the long labors of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
 Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
 Aid from his brother of the seas he craves, 375
 To help him with auxiliary waves.

The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
 Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes,
 And with perpetual urns his palace fill,
 To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will: 380

' Small exhortation needs; your powers employ,
 And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy,
 Let loose the reins to all your watery store,
 Bear down the dams, and open every door.'

The floods, by nature enemies to land, 385
 And proudly swelling with their new command,
 Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
 And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
 Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the
 ground,

With inward trembling earth received the wound, 390
 And rising streams a ready passage found.

The expanded waters gather on the plain,
 They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
 Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
 Bear blocks, and folds, and laboring hinds, away. 395

Nor safe their dwellings were, for, sapp'd by floods,
 Their houses fell upon their household gods.

The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
 High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
 Now seas and earth were in confusion lost; 400
 A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
 And ploughs above where late he sow'd his corn;
 Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
 And drop their anchors on the meads below, 405
 Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
 Or toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
 And where, of late, the kids had cropp'd the grass,
 The monsters of the deep now take their place;
 Insulting Nereids on the cities ride, 410
 And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide;
 On leaves and masts of mighty oaks they browse,
 And their broad fins entangle in the boughs;
 The frightened wolf now swims amongst the sheep;
 The yellow lion wanders in the deep; 415
 His rapid force no longer helps the boar;
 The stag swims faster than he ran before;
 The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
 Despair of laud, and drop into the main;
 Now hills and vales no more distinction know, 420
 And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below;
 The most of mortals perish in the flood,
 The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands
 Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands, 425
 The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
 But then a field of waters did appear,
 Parnassus is its name, whose forky rise
 Mounts through the clouds and mates the lofty skies;
 High on the summit of this dubious cliff, 430
 Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff;
 He with his wife were only left behind
 Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
 The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
 And from her oracles relief implore. 435
 The most upright of mortal men was he;
 The most sincere and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
 Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
 That where so many millions lately lived, 440
 But two, the best of either sex, survived ;
 He loosed the northern wind, fierce Boreas flies,
 To puff away the clouds and purge the skies ;
 Serenely while he blows, the vapors driven,
 Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven. 445
 The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
 On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
 Already Triton, at his call, appears
 Above the waves, a Tyrian robe he wears,
 And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears. 450
 The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire
 And give the waves the signal to retire.
 His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
 Grows by degrees into a large extent,
 Then gives it breath ; the blast with doubling sound
 Runs the wide circuit of the world around ; 456
 The sun first heard it, in his early east,
 And met the rattling echoes in the west ;
 The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
 Obey the summons, and forsake the shore. 460
 A thin circumference of land appears,
 And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
 And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds ;
 The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
 By slow degrees into their channels crawl, 465
 And earth increases as the waters fall ;
 In longer time the tops of trees appear,
 Which mud on their dishonor'd branches bear.
 At length the world was all restored to view,
 But desolate, and of a sickly hue ; 470
 Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
 A dismal desert and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke :

‘ O wife ! O sister ! O of all thy kind 475

The best, and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join’d ;
Of multitudes, who breathed the common air,

We two remain ; a species in a pair :
The rest the seas have swallow’d ; nor have we 480
Ev’n of this wretched life a certainty.

• The clouds are still above ; and while I speak,
A second deluge o’er our heads may break.

Should I be snatch’d from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain, 485

How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain ?

Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea
That buried her I loved, should bury me.

O could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire, 490

That so I might abolish’d man retrieve,
And perish’d people in new souls might live !

But Heaven is pleased, nor ought we to complain,
That we the examples of mankind remain.’

He said : the careful couple join their tears, 495
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.

Thus, in devotion having eased their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief,

And to Cephisus’ brook their way pursue ;
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew : 500

With living waters, in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,

Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defiled with moss and mire ;

The desert altars void of solemn fire. 505

Before the gradual prostrate they adored ;

The pavement kiss’d ; and thus the saint implored :

‘O righteous Themis, if the powers above
 By prayers are bent to pity, and to love ;
 If human miseries can move their mind ; 510
 If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind ;
 Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
 Mankind, and people desolated earth.’

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said :
 ‘Depart, and with your vestments veil your head ;
 And stooping lowly down, with loosen’d zones, 516
 Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother’s
 bones.’

Amazed the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
 Till Pyrrha first refused the dire command.
 ‘Forbid it Heaven,’ said she, ‘that I should tear 520
 Those holy relics from the sepulchre!’

They ponder’d the mysterious words again,
 For some new sense ; and long they sought in
 vain :

At length Deucalion clear’d his cloudy brow,
 And said, ‘the dark enigma will allow 525
 A meaning, which, if well I understand,
 From sacrilege will free the god’s command :
 This Earth our mighty mother is, the stones
 In her capacious body are her bones :

These we must cast behind.’ With hope and fear 530
 The woman did the new solution hear :
 The man diffides in his own augury,
 And doubts the gods ; yet both resolve to try.

Descending from the mount, they first unbind
 Their vests, and veil’d, they cast the stones be-
 hind : 535

The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
 But long tradition makes it pass for true)
 Did first the rigor of their kind expel,
 And suppld into softness as they fell ;

Then swell'd, and swelling by degrees, grew warm,
And took the rudiments of human form. 541

Imperfect shapes: in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles and the veins. 545

The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use;
Supplying humors, blood, and nourishment;
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein, 550
Its former name and nature did retain.

By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw assumed a manly face,
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature; born to bear 555
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produced, in various forms received their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat, 560
As in a kindly womb, began to breed,

Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled, 565
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd,
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd;
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find;
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind; 570
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture, when in bodies joiu'd,
The temper that results from either kind

Conception makes, and fighting till they mix, 575
 Their mingled atoms in each other fix.

Thus Nature's hand the genial bed prepares,
 With friendly discord and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground, with mud
 And slime besmear'd (the feces of the flood), 580

Received the rays of heaven, and sucking in
 The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin :

Some were of several sorts produced before ;
 But of new monsters earth created more.

Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light 585
 Thee, Python too, the wond'ring world to fright,

And the new nations, with so dire a sight :
 So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space

Did his vast body and long train embrace ;
 Whom Phœbus, basking on a bank, espied : 590

Ere now the god his arrows had not tried,
 But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat :

At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
 Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
 Of his full quiver ; and 'twas long before 595

The expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.

Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
 For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed ;

Where noble youths for mastership should strive
 To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive. 600

The prize was fame : in witness of renown
 An oaken garland did the victor crown.

The laurel was not yet for triumphs born,
 But every green, alike by Phœbus worn,

Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

DAPHNE, a daughter of the river Peneus, is beloved by Apollo, and endeavors to remove herself from his importunities by flight—Fearful of being overtaken, the maiden invokes the assistance of her father, who, by the aid of the gods, changes her into a laurel.

THE first and fairest of his loves was she 606
 Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
 Of angry Cupid forced him to desire :
 Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
 Swell'd with the pride that new success attends, 610
 He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
 And thus insults him : 'Thou lascivious boy,
 Are arms like these for children to employ ?
 Know, such achievements are my proper claim,
 Due to my vigor and unerring aim ; 615
 Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
 In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
 Take up thy torch (and lay my weapons by),
 With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.'
 To whom the son of Venus thus replied : 620
 ' Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside ;
 But mine on Phœbus ; mine the fame shall be
 Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.'
 He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight,
 Nor stopp'd, but on Parnassus' airy height. 625
 Two different shafts he from his quiver draws ;
 One to repel desire, and one to cause.
 One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
 To bribe the love, and make the lover bold :
 One blunt, and tipp'd with lead, whose base alloy 630
 Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
 The blunted bolt against the nymph he dress'd,
 But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.

Feape enamor'd deity pursues the chase ;
 Inc^rscornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace : 635
 Aunting beasts of prey her youth employs,
 Phœbe rivals in her rural joys :
 Bough naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
 She with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
 And many suitors sought, she mocks their pains, 640
 O'er still her vow'd virginity maintains.
 Miswilds and woods she fixes her desire ;
 Ne^r knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
 Her father chides her oft : ' Thou owest,' says he,
 ' A husband to thyself, a son to me.' 645
 She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed ;
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head :
 Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
 Soothes him with blandishments and filial charms.
 ' Give me, my lord,' she said, ' to live and die 650
 A spotless maid, without the marriage tie ;
 'Tis but a small request ; I beg no more
 Than what Diana's father gave before.'
 The good old sire was soften'd to consent ;
 But said her wish would prove her punishment ; 655
 For so much youth and so much beauty join'd, {
 Opposed the state which her desires design'd. |
 The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
 Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed,
 And is, by his own oracles, misled. 660
 And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
 Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
 Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
 That catch the flames, and kindle all the row ;
 So burns the god, consuming in desire, 665
 And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire :
 Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was
 bare),
 And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair :

'O were it comb'd,' said he, 'with what a gra The
 Would every waving curl become her face!' The 2L.
 He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that In h
 He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone. And
 Swift as the wind the damsel fled away, With
 Nor did for these alluring speeches stay. And
 'Stay, nymph,' he cried, 'I follow, not a foe. By
 Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe; And
 Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes, on
 And from pursuing falcons fearful doves: of
 Thou shun'st a god, and shun'st a god that loves. V
 Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot, 680
 Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
 To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
 Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
 Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
 Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I. 686
 Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
 And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
 Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey;
 These hands the Patareian sceptre sway:
 The king of gods begot me: what shall be, 690
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see:
 Mine is the invention of the charming lyre:
 Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers, I inspire:
 Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
 But ah! more deadly his who pierced my heart. 695
 Medicine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
 In fields and forests, all their powers I know,
 And am the great physician call'd below.
 Alas! that fields and forests can afford
 No remedies to heal their love-sick lord: 700
 To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
 And his own physic the physician fails.'

She heard not half, so furiously she flies;
 And on her ear the imperfect accent dies.

Fear gave her wings ; and, as she fled, the wind 705
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind.

As when the impatient greyhound, slipp'd from
far,

Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay ;
And he with double speed pursues the prey ; 710

O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the fix :
She scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives.

If little things with great we may compare, 715
Such was the god, and such the flying fair ;
She, urged by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urged by love.

He gathers ground upon her in the chase ;
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace ; 720
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.

The nymph grew pale, and, in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labor of so long a flight,
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook : 725

' O help,' she cried, ' in this extremest need !

If water-gods are deities indeed ;

Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb ;

Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.'

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found 730

Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground ;

A filmy rind about her body grows ;

Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs :

The nymph is all into a laurel gone ;

The smoothness of her skin remains alone. 735

Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round

Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.

The tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,

Not wholly vegetive, and heaved her heart.

He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind ; 740
 It swerved aside, and his embrace declined :
 To whom the god, ' Because thou canst not be
 My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree :
 Be thou the prize of honor and renown ;
 The deathless poet, and the poem, crown : 745
 Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
 And, after poets, be by victors worn :
 Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,
 When poms shall in a long procession pass ;
 Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait, 750
 And be the sacred guardian of the gate :
 Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove ;
 Unfading as the immortal powers above :
 And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
 So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.' 755
 The grateful tree was pleased with what he said,
 And shook the shady honors of her head.

TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO A HEIFER, AND THE EYES OF ARGUS INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Io, the daughter of Inachus, becomes the favorite mistress of Jupiter, who transforms her into the shape of a beautiful heifer, in order that she may escape the jealousy of Juno—The goddess, suspecting the fraud, obtains from her husband the animal, whose beauty she commends ; and commits her to the custody of the hundred-eyed Argus—Mercury, at the command of Jupiter, destroys Argus, whose eyes are placed by Juno on the tail of the peacock, a bird sacred to her divinity ; while Io, exposed to the persecutions of the enraged goddess, and wandering over the greatest part of the earth, at length arrives in Egypt, where she is restored to her former shape, and worshipped as a deity under the name of Iris.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows,
 Which Tempe's pleasing valley does inclose :

Through this the rapid Penens takes his course, 760
 From Pindus rolling with impetuous force :
 Mists from the river's mighty fall arise,
 And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies ;
 Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood ;
 And sounds of waters deaf the neighborhood. 765
 Deep in a rocky cave he makes abode
 (A mansion proper for a mourning god).
 Here he gives audience ; issuing out decrees
 To rivers, his dependent deities.
 On this occasion hither they resort, 770
 To pay their homage, and to make their court ;
 All doubtful whether to congratulate
 His daughter's honor, or lament her fate.
 Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears ;
 Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years : 775
 Enipeus turbulent ; Amphrysos tame ;
 And Æas last, with lagging waters came ;
 Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
 Condole his loss, and bring their urns along :
 Not one was wanting of the watery train 780
 That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
 But, Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
 Wept not another's losses but his own ;
 For his dear Io, whether stray'd or dead
 To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed. 785
 He sought her through the world, but sought in vain,
 And nowhere finding, rather fear'd her slain.
 Her, just returning from her father's brook,
 Jove had beheld, with a desiring look :
 ' And, O fair daughter of the flood,' he said, 790
 ' Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed ;
 Happy whoever shall those charms possess ;
 The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
 Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
 The scorching rays of the meridian sun : 795

Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
 Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove:
 No puny power, but he whose high command
 Is unconfined, who rules the seas and land,
 And tempers thunder in his awful hand. 800

O fly not:’ for she fled from his embrace,
 O’er Lerna’s pastures: he pursued the chase
 Along the shades of the Lycæan plain.

At length the god, who never asks in vain,
 Involved with vapors, imitating night, 805
 Both air and earth; and then suppress’d her flight.

Meantime the jealous Juno, from on high,
 Survey’d the fruitful fields of Arcady,
 And wonder’d that the mist should overrun
 The face of daylight, and obscure the sun. 810

No natural cause she found, from brooks, or bogs,
 Or marshy low-lands, to produce the fogs:
 Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
 Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.

Suspecting now the worst: ‘Or I,’ she said, 815
 ‘Am much mistaken, or am much betray’d.’

With fury she precipitates her flight;
 Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
 And to the day restores his native light.

The almighty culprit, careful to prevent 820
 The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
 Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now
 In Io’s place appears a lovely cow.

So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
 Ev’n Juno did unwilling pleasure take 825
 To see so fair a rival of her love;

And what she was, and whence, inquired of Jove;
 Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?

The god, half caught, was forced upon a lie,
 And said she sprung from earth. She took the word,
 • And begg’d the beauteous heifer of her lord. 831

What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove
 Or to relinquish or betray his love ;
 Yet to refuse so slight a gift would be
 But more to increase his consort's jealousy : 835
 Thus fear and love, by turns, his heart assail'd ;
 And stronger love had sure, at length, prevail'd :
 But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
 Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
 The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd, 840
 Yet harbor'd anxious thoughts within her breast ;
 As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
 And justly fear'd some new relapse of love ;
 Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
 To trusty Argus she commits the fair. 845

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
 Was compass'd round, and wore a hundred eyes :
 But two by turns their lids in slumber steep ;
 The rest on duty still their station keep ;
 Nor could the total constellation sleep. 850
 Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
 His charge was still before him, though behind.
 In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day ;
 But when the setting sun to night gave way,
 The captive cow he summon'd with a call, 855
 And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
 On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed :
 Heaven was her canopy ; bare earth her bed :
 So hardly lodged :—and to digest her food,
 She drank from troubled streams, defiled with mud.
 Her woful story fain she would have told, 861
 With hands upheld ; but had no hands to hold.
 Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
 She strove to speak ; she spoke not, but she low'd ;
 Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around, 865
 And seem'd to inquire the author of the sound.

Once on the banks where often she had play'd
 (Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
 Her alter'd visage, and her branching head ;
 And, starting, from herself she would have fled. 870
 Her fellow nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
 Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise ;
 Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant,
 And in his daughter did his daughter want.
 She follow'd where her fellows went, as she 875
 Were still a partuer of the company :
 They stroke her neck ; the gentle heifer stands,
 And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
 Her father gave her grass ; the grass she took,
 And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look, 880
 And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
 She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
 But wanting words, in tears she tells her grief ;
 Which, with her foot she makes him understand ;
 And prints the name of Io in the sand. 885
 ' Ah wretched me ! ' her mournful father cried ;
 ' She with a sigh to wretched me replied.'
 About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
 And wept ; and then these tender words ensue ;
 ' And art thou she whom I have sought around 890
 The world, and have at length so sadly found ?
 So found, is worse than lost : with mutual words
 Thou answerest not ; no voice thy tongue affords ;
 But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast ;
 And speech denied by lowing is express'd. 895
 Unknowing, I prepared thy bridal bed,
 With empty hopes of happy issue fed :
 But now the husband of a herd must be
 Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.
 O, were I mortal, death might bring relief ; 900
 But now my godhead but extends my grief ;

Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
 And makes me curse my immortality!
 More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
 The starry guardian drove his charge away 905
 To some fresh pasture ; on a hilly height
 He sate himself, and kept her still in sight.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear,
 But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
 The son of Maia, with severe decree, 910
 To kill the keeper, and to set her free.

With all his harness soon the god was sped,
 His flying hat was fasten'd on his head ;
 Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
 He holds the virtue of the snaky wand. 915

The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
 And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
 Before he came in sight, the crafty god
 His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod.

That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took, 920
 But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook :
 With this he did a herd of goats control,
 Which by the way he met, and slyly stole :
 Clad like a country swain, he piped and sung,
 And, playing, drove his jolly troop along. 925

With pleasure Argus the musician heeds,
 But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
 ' And whosoe'er thou art, my friend,' said he,
 ' Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me ;
 This hill has browse for them and shade for thee.' 930

The god, who was with ease induced to climb,
 Began discourse to pass away the time ;
 And still, betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies,
 And watch'd his hour, to close the keeper's eyes.
 With much ado, he partly kept awake, 935
 Not suffering all his eyes repose to take ;

And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent ;
And whence began so rare an instrument ?

TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

SYRINX, a nymph of Arcadia, escapes from the solicitations of the god Pan, and is changed into a reed, called Syrix, with which the god makes himself a pipe.

THEN Hermes thus: ' A nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass ; 940
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains ;
Beloved by deities, adored by swains ;
Syrinx her name ; by sylvans oft pursued,
As oft she did the lustful gods delude ;
The rural and the woodland powers disdain'd ; 945
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd ;
Like Phœbe clad, even Phœbe's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs :
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow : 950
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore ;
And thus began her pity to implore :— 955
But ere he thus began, she took her flight,
So swift, she was already out of sight ;
Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god ;
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood ;
There by the river stopp'd, and, tired before, 960
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.

Now while the amorous god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new rising on the
place :

And while he sighs, his ill success to find, 965
 The tender canes were shaken by the wind,
 And breathed a mournful air, unheard before,
 That, much surprising Pan, yet pleased him more.

Admiring this new music,—‘Thou,’ he said,
 ‘Who canst not be the partner of my bed, 970
 At least shall be the consort of my mind,
 And often often to my lips be join’d.’

He form’d the reeds, proportion’d as they are,
 Unequal in their length, and wax’d with care:
 They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair. 975

While Hermes piped, and sung, and told his tale,
 The keeper’s winking eyes began to fail,
 And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep,
 Till all the watchman was at length asleep.

Then soon the god his voice and song suppress’d, 980
 And with his powerful rod confirm’d his rest;
 Without delay his crooked faulchion drew,
 And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.

Down from the rock fell the dissever’d head,
 Opening its eyes in death, and falling, bled, 985
 And mark’d the passage with a crimson trail:
 Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale,
 And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
 Are closed at once in one perpetual night.

These Juno takes, that they no more may fail, 990
 And spreads them in her peacock’s gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injured bed,
 She wreaks her anger on her rival’s head;
 With furies frights her from her native home,
 And drives her, gadding, round the world to roam;
 Nor ceased her madness, and her flight, before 996
 She touch’d the limits of the Pharian shore.

At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
 Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,

She laid her down, and, leaning on her knees, 1000
 Invoked the cause of all her miseries,
 And cast her languishing regards above,
 For help from Heaven and her ungrateful Jove.
 She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd ; 'twas all she could ;
 And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god : 1005
 Last, with a humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
 Or death, at least, to finish all her woes.
 Jove heard her vows, and, with a flattering look,
 In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
 He cast his arms about her neck, and said, 1010
 ' Dame, rest secure ; no more thy nuptial bed
 This nymph shall violate ; by Styx I swear,
 And every oath that binds the Thunderer.'
 The goddess was appeas'd ; and at the word
 Was Io to her former shape restored : 1015
 The rugged hair began to fall away ;
 The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
 Though not so large : her crooked horns decrease ;
 The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease ;
 Her hoofs to hands return, in little space ; 1020
 The five long taper fingers take their place ;
 And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
 Beside the native whiteness of the skin.
 Erected on her feet she walks again ;
 And two the duty of the four sustain. 1025
 She tries her tongue ; her silence softly breaks,
 And fears her former lowings when she speaks :
 A goddess now, through all the Egyptian state,
 And served by priests, who in white linen wait.
 Her son was Epaphus, at length believed 1030
 The son of Jove, and as a god received ;
 With sacrifice adored, and public prayers,
 He common temples with his mother shares.
 Equal in years, and rival in renown,
 With Epaphus, the youthful Phaeton 1035

Like honor claims, and boasts his sire the sun.

His haughty looks, and his assuming air,

The son of Isis could no longer bear.

'Thou takest thy mother's word too far,' said he,

'And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree: 1040

Go, base pretender, to a borrow'd name.'

Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger and with shame:

But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth

Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth.

'Mother,' said he, 'this infamy was thrown 1045

By Epaphus on you, and me your son.

He spoke in public, told it to my face,

Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:

Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,

Restrain'd by shame, was forced to hold my tongue.

To hear an open slander is a curse; 1051

But not to find an answer is a worse.

If I am heaven-begot, assert your son,

By some sure sign, and make my father known,

To right my honor, and redeem your own.' 1055

He said, and saying, cast his arms about

Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.

'Tis hard to judge if Clymene were moved

More by his prayer, whom she so dearly loved,

Or more with fury fired, to find her name 1060

Traded, and made the sport of common fame.

She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes

On that fair planet that adorns the skies.

'Now by those beams,' said she, 'whose holy fires

Consume my breast, and kindle my desires; 1065

By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,

By him, the public minister of light,

I swear that Sun begot thee; if I lie,

Let him his cheerful influence deny;

Let him no more this perjured creature see, 1070

And shine on all the world but only me.

If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
 His eastern mansion is not far from hence ;
 With little pains you to his levee go,
 And from himself your parentage may know.' 1075
 With joy the ambitious youth his mother heard,
 And, eager for the journey, soon prepared.
 He longs the world beneath him to survey,
 To guide the chariot, and to give the day.
 From Meroe's burning sands he bends his course,
 Nor less in India feels his father's force ; 1081
 His travel urging, till he came in sight,
 And saw the palace by the purple light.



BOOK II.

TRANSLATED BY ADDISON.

STORY OF PHAETON.

PHAETON, the son of Apollo and Clymene, obtains from his fond father an oath that he will grant him whatever he requires, which is no sooner uttered than the rash youth demands the guidance of his chariot for one day—Phœbus represents the impropriety of such a request, and the dangers to which it will expose him, but in vain ; and, as the oath is inviolable, the youth is instructed how to proceed through the regions of the air—The advice, however, is disregarded ; and the flying horses, becoming sensible of the incapacity of their driver, depart from the usual track ; and the heavens and earth are threatened with a universal conflagration, when Jupiter strikes the charioteer with a thunderbolt, and hurls him headlong from heaven into the river Po.

**THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns raised,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blazed ;**

The folding gates diffused a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight ;
 Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought ; 5
 The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought ;
 For in the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky ;
 A waving sea the inferior earth embraced,
 And gods and goddesses the waters graced. 10
 Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode ;
 Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god),
 With Doris here were carved, and all her train :
 Some loosely swimming in the figured main,
 While some on rocks their dropping hair divide, 15
 And some on fishes through the waters glide :
 Though various features did the sisters grace,
 A sister's likeness was in every face.
 On earth a different landscape courts the eyes :
 Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise, 20
 And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
 O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines :
 On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on the ascent,
 To his suspected father's palace went, 25
 Till, pressing forward through the bright abode,
 He saw at distance the illustrious god :
 He saw at distance for the dazzling light
 Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne 30
 Of blazing gems, with purple garments on :
 The Hours in order ranged on either hand,
 And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand.
 Here Spring appears, with flowery chaplets bound ;
 Here Summer, in her wheaten garland crown'd ; 35
 Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear,
 And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne ;
 That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one :
 He saw the boy's confusion in his face, 40
 Surprised at all the wonders of the place,
 And cries aloud, ' What wants my son ? for know
 My son thou art, and I must call thee so.'

' Light of the world,' the trembling youth replies,
 ' Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise 45
 The parent's name, some certain token give,
 That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,
 Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.'

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
 And flung the blaze of glories from his head, 50
 And bade the youth advance. ' My son,' said he,
 ' Come to thy father's arms ! for Clymene
 Has told thee true : a parent's name I own,
 And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
 As a sure proof, make some request, and I, 55
 Whate'er it be, with that request comply :
 By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
 And roll impervious to my piercing sight.'

The youth, transported, asks, without delay,
 To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day. 60

The god repented of the oath he took ;
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook.
 ' My son,' said he, ' some other proof require ;
 Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
 I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made, 65
 Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
 Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
 Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 Beyond the province of mortality. 70
 There is not one of all the gods that dares
 (However skill'd in other great affairs)

To mount the burning axle-tree but I;
 Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
 That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above, 75
 Dares try his strength : yet who so strong as Jove ?
 The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
 And when the middle firmament they gain,
 If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
 And see the earth and ocean hang below, 80
 Ev'n I am seized with horror and affright,
 And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
 A mighty downfall steeps the evening stage ;
 And steady reins must curb the horses' rage :
 Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven 85
 Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
 Besides, consider what impetuous force
 Turns stars and planets in a different course :
 I steer against their motions ; nor am I
 Borne back by all the current of the sky. 90
 But how could you resist the orbs that roll
 In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
 But you, perhaps, may hope for pleasing woods,
 And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods ;
 While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
 Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies : 96
 For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
 The bull, with stooping horns, stands opposite ;
 Next him, the bright Hæmonian bow is strung ;
 And next, the lion's grinning visage hung : 100
 The scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent ;
 And here the crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
 Nor would you find it easy to compose
 The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
 The scorching fire that in their entrails glows. 105
 Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
 When they grow warm and restive to the rein.

Let not my son a fatal gift require ;
 But, O ! in time, recall your rash desire :
 You ask a gift that may your parent tell ; 110
 Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
 And learn a father from a father's care :
 Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare,
 Could you but look, you 'd read the father there.
 Choose out a gift, from seas, or earth, or skies ; 115
 For open to your wish all nature lies ;
 Only decline this one unequal task,
 For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask.
 You ask a real mischief, Phaeton :
 Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son. 120
 I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice ;
 Choose what you will, but make 'a wiser choice.'
 Thus did the god the unwary youth advise ;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies ;
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads) 125
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with
 gold ;
 The spokes in rows of silver pleased the sight ;
 The seat with party-color'd gems was bright : 130
 Apollo shined amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
 When now the moon disclosed her purple rays :
 The stars were fled, for Lucifer had chased
 The stars away, and fled himself at last. 135
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
 Bring forth the steeds : the nimble Hours obey.
 From their full racks the generous steeds retire, 140
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.

Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sovereign virtue, to repel the heat ; 145
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said :
 ' Take this at least, this last advice, my son :
 Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on :
 The coursers of themselves will run too fast ; 150
 Your art must be to moderate their haste.
 Drive them not on directly through the skies,
 But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
 Along the midmost zone ; but sally forth,
 Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north. 155
 The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show ;
 But neither mount too high, nor sink too low.
 That no new fires or heaven or earth infest,
 Keep the mid way ; the middle way is best :
 Nor where, in radiant folds, the serpent twines, 160
 Direct your course ; nor where the altar shines :
 Shun both extremes ; the rest let Fortune guide,
 And better for thee than thyself provide !
 See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
 Aurora gives the promise of a day ; 165
 I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 Snatch up the reins, or still the attempt forsake,
 And not my chariot, but my counsel, take,
 While yet securely on the earth you stand,
 Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. 170
 Let me alone to light the world, while you
 Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.'
 He spoke in vain : the youth, with active heat
 And sprightly vigor, vaults into the seat,
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives 175
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
 Tethys, not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay. 180
 They spring together out, and swiftly beat
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat, 185
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea the unballasted vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
 So in the bounding chariot, toss'd on high,
 The youth is hurried headlong through the sky. 190
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
 The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey. 195
 Then the seven stars first felt Apollo's ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded serpent, next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
 And raged with inward heat, and threaten'd war, 200
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, Bootes, too, that fain
 Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.
 The unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread. 205
 His color changed, he startled at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
 His birth obscure, and his request denied:
 Now would he Merops for his father own, 210
 And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is toss'd
 In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost ;
 He gives her to the winds, and in despair
 Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer. 215

What could he do ? his eyes, if backward cast,
 Find a long path he had already pass'd ;
 If forward, still a longer path they find :
 Both he compares, and measures in his mind ;
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the east, 220
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
 The horses' names he knew not in the fright ;
 Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them
 right.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size, 225
 That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.

There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
 In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent ;
 In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
 And fills the space of two celestial signs. 230

Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
 Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
 Half dead with sudden fear, he dropp'd the reins ;
 The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
 And, flying out through all the plains above, 235
 Ran, uncontroll'd, where'er their fury drove ;

Rush'd on the stars, and, through a pathless way
 Of unknown regions, hurried on the day.
 And now above and now below they flew,
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew. 240

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring moon
 Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own :
 The high lands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
 Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
 Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
 The running conflagration spreads below. 246

But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near;
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear; 250

Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame:

Taurus and Œete glare amid the sky;
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry:
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow; 255

And Rhodope, no longer clothed in snow:

High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat;
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat:
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd: 260

Cover'd with flames, the towering Apennine,

And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;

And where the long-extended Alps aspire

Now stands a huge continued range of fire.

The astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn: 266

The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear

The sultry vapors and the scorching air,

Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd:

And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd. 270

Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,

And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,

He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew

Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy moor begun 275

To change his hue, and blacken in the sun;

Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,

Became a barren waste, a wild of sand;

The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;

Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns; 280

Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails;

And Argos grieves whilst Amydone fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast ;
 Ev'n Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost :
 Enraged Caicus and Lycormas roar, 285
 And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more :
 The famed Mæander, that unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze :
 From his loved Babylon Euphrates flies :
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise 290
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies :
 In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
 And Tagus, floating in his melted gold :
 The swans, that on Cayster often tried
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died :
 The frightened Nile ran off, and under ground 296
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found ;
 His seven divided currents all are dry,
 And, where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie :
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promised empire vain. 301

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day :
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose ; 305
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
 The number of the scatter'd Cyclades ;
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep ;
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap :
 Gasping for breath, the unshapen Phocæ die, 310
 And on the boiling wave extended lie :
 Nereus, and Doris, with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main ;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant : 315
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embraced
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
 When now she felt the springs and rivers come, 320
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
 Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
 And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said,
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat :) 325
 ' If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
 And I deserve it, let me die by Jove :
 If I must perish by the force of fire,
 Let me transfix'd with thunder-bolts expire.
 See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapors choke 330
 (For now her face lay wrapp'd in clouds of smoke),
 See my singed hair, behold by faded eye,
 And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie !
 And does the plough for this my body tear ?
 This the reward for all the fruits I bear, 335
 Tortured with rakes, and harass'd all the year ?
 That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 And food for man, and frankincense for you ?
 But, grant me guilty, what has Neptune done ?
 Why are his waters boiling in the sun ? 340
 The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 Why does it waste, and farther shrink from heaven ?
 If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke !
 Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods ; 345
 Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 All must again into their chaos turn. 550
 Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 And succor Nature ere it be too late.'

She ceased, for choked with vapors round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness ev'ry power above, 355
And even the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.

Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he used to dart his thunder down, 360
From whence his showers and storms he used to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower:
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand
In dreadful thunderings. Thus the almighty sire 365
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven;
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground: 370
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair, 375
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems, at least, to drop,
'Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world. 380

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

THE nymphs of Latium erect a monument to the memory of
Phaeton, whose sisters are changed into poplars while be-
wailing their brother's untimely fate.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amazed,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gazed,

And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey ;
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise : 385
 ' Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies ;
 His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
 But in the glorious enterprise he died.'

Apollo hid his face and pined for grief,
 And, if the story may deserve belief, 390
 The space of one whole day is said to run,
 From morn to wonted ev'n, without a sun ;
 The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
 Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
 A day that still did Nature's face disclose, 395
 This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymene, enraged with grief, laments,
 And as her grief inspires her passion vents ;
 Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
 With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes 400
 To seek where'er his body might be cast,
 'Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
 The name inscribed on the new tomb appears.
 The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
 Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart, 405
 And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
 (A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn,)
 And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
 And call aloud for Phaeton in vain ; 410
 All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
 And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
 So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd,
 When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove 415
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move ;
 Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Herself withheld and rooted to the ground ;

A third, in wild affliction as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves ;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views 421
 Her arms shot out and branching into boughs,
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
 Crusted with bark, and harden'd into wood ;
 But still above were female heads display'd, 425
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas ! the weeping mother do ?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves ; 430
 And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves ;
 The blood came trickling where she tore away
 The leaves and bark. The maids were heard to say,
 ' Forbear, mistaken parent, O forbear !
 A wounded daughter in each tree you tear ; 435
 Farewell for ever.' Here the bark increased,
 Closed on their faces and their words suppress'd.
 The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the stream below ; 440
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show
 Mix'd in the sand, whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

CYCNUS, the son of Sthenelus, is deeply affected at the death
 of his friend and relation, Phaeton ; and in the midst of his
 lamentations is metamorphosed into a swan.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, allied
 To their dead brother on the mortal side, 445
 In friendship and affection nearer bound,
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,

Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
 And woods made thicker by the sisters' change.
 Whilst here within the dismal gloom alone, 450
 The melancholy monarch made his moan,
 His voice was lessen'd as he tried to speak,
 And issued through a long extended neck ;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films and shape his oary feet ; 455
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :
 All Cynus now into a swan was turn'd,
 Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires, 460
 And loves the waters as opposed to fires.
 Meanwhile Apollo, in the gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light. 465
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks and overcast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
 Now secretly with inward griefs he pined, 470
 Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
 And now renounced his office to mankind.
 ' E'er since the birth of time,' said he, ' I've borne
 A long ungrateful toil without return ;
 Let now some other manage, if he dare, 475
 The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car ;
 Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
 And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by ;
 Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 My son deserved not so severe a fate.' 480
 The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,

Nor let the world be lost in endless night ;
 Jove too himself, descending from his height,
 Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats, 485
 Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
 And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
 And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son. 490

STORY OF CALISTO.

CALISTO, a nymph in the train of Diana, is seduced by Jupiter, under the form of that goddess, and is delivered of a son, named Arcas—Juno transforms Calisto into the shape of a bear ; but Jupiter removes both mother and child to the celestial mansions, where they are converted into a constellation called the Bear.

THE day was settled in its course, and Jove
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
 But all was safe : the earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on ev'ry different coast, 495
 And ev'ry land, but on Arcadia most.
 Her fields he clothed, and cheer'd her blasted face
 With running fountains and with springing grass.
 No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
 The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
 But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth, 501
 And raised the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
 The nymph nor spun nor dress'd with artful pride, 505
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied ;
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;

To chaste Diana from her youth inclined,
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd. 510
 Diana too the gentle huntress loved,
 Nor was there one of all the nymphs, that roved
 O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng
 More favor'd once ; but favor lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove 515
 The heated virgin panting to the grove ;
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast :
 She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow unbraced ;
 She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
 And on the painted quiver raised her head. 520

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepared,
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
 ' Here I am safe,' he cries, ' from Juno's eye ;
 Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
 Yet would I venture on a theft like this, 525
 And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss !'
 Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
 Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
 And mildly in a female accent spoke :

' How fares my girl ? how went the morning chase ?'
 To whom the virgin, starting from the grass, 531
 ' All hail ! bright deity, whom I prefer
 To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here.'
 The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
 Well pleased, himself before himself preferr'd. 535

He then salutes her with a warm embrace ;
 And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
 With love inflamed, and eager on his bliss,
 Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss :
 His kisses with unwouted ardor glow'd, 540
 Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

Possess'd at length of what his heart desired,
 Back to his heavens the exulting god retired.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain, 545
 Call'd to the nymph ; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguised in her ;
 But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear ! 550
 Slowly she moved, and loiter'd in the rear ;
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she used, the foremost of the train ;
 Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin goddess (had she been 555
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
 'Tis said, the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright.
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert and refreshing streams, 560
 That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure and streams so clear
 The goddess praised : ' And now no spies are near ;
 Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash,' she cries.
 Pleased with the motion, every maid complies ; 566
 Only the blushing huntress stood confused,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excused :
 In vain excused ; her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd. 570
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands her pregnancy conceal'd ;
 ' Begone !' the goddess cries, with stern disdain,
 ' Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain.'
 She fled, for ev'è banish'd from the train. 575

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime ;
 The time was come ; for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cried, 580
 ' It is enough ! I 'm fully satisfied !

This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 My husband's baseness and the harlot's love :
 But vengeance shall awake : those guilty charms,
 That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms, 585
 No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.'

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground.
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer ; 590
 Her arms grow shaggy and deform'd with hair,
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight and turn to paws,
 Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin ; 595

And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was deprived of speech ;
 Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds, her mind was still the same.
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above, 600
 And heaved her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
 And begg'd his aid with inward groans ; and though
 She could not call him false she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
 And haunt the fields and meadows once her own ! 605
 How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
 Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew !
 How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
 The shaggy bear, though now herself was one !
 How from the sight of rugged wolves retire, 610
 Although the grim Lycaon was her sire !

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold ;
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanced to rouse his mother where she lay, 615

She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gazed. The boy was in a fright,
 And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
 And would have slain his mother in the beast;
 But Jove forbade, and snatch'd them through the air
 In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there; 621
 Where the new constellations nightly rise,
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
 Spangled with stars and circled round with light, 625
 She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
 And Tethys, both revered among the gods.
 They ask what brings her there. 'Ne'er ask,' says she,
 'What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
 You'll see, when all things are obscured by night,
 Jove's starry mistress with resplendent light 631
 Usurp the heavens; you'll see her proudly roll
 In her new orb, and brighten all the pole.
 And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
 When those she hates grow greater by her hate? 635
 I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
 Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast.
 This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
 But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 And, as he acted after Io's rape, 640
 Restore the adultrous to her former shape;
 Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
 But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
 And, if my wrongs a due resentment find, 645
 Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 Nor let the glaring harlot taint your streams.'

The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies; 650
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;

The eyes of Argus on their tails were ranged,
At the same time the raven's color changed.

STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ESCULAPIUS.

APOLLO is informed by the raven, whose plumage was originally white, of the infidelity of Coronis, his favorite mistress, whom he destroys, while he delivers her new-born son, Esculapius, to the custody of Chiron—A dark color is bestowed on the raven as a punishment of his garrulity.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was dress'd,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast, 655
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl ;
His tongue, his prating tongue had changed him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told. 660
In Thessaly there lived a nymph of old,
Coronis named ; a peerless maid she shined,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo loved her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true ; 665
But his own bird, the raven, chanced to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale ;
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he plied ; 670
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And, by a thousand teasing questions, drew
The important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despised,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advised : 675

‘ Stay, silly bird, the ill-natured task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example. You discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.

My foolish honesty was all my crime : 680
 Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
 The two-shaped Ericthonius had his birth
 (Without a mother) from the teeming earth :
 Minerva nursed him, and the infant laid
 Within a chest of twining osiers made. 685
 The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
 To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 On what was hid within. I stood to see
 The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighboring tree.
 The sisters, Pandrosos and Herse, keep 690
 The strict command ; Aglauros needs would peep,
 And saw the monstrous infant, in a fright,
 And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight.
 A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail ;
 But the boy ended in a dragon's tail. 695
 I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd ;
 But for my pains discarded and disgraced.
 The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 And for her fav'rite chose the bird of night.
 Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong 700
 Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 ' But you, perhaps, may think I was removed
 As never by the heavenly maid beloved :
 But I was loved ; ask Pallas if I lie ;
 Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny. 705
 For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 Was once a maid, by heaven the story's true !
 A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
 A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms ;
 My beauty was the cause of all my harms ; 710
 Neptune, as on his shores I wont to rove,
 Observed me in my walks, and fell in love.
 He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 And offer'd force, when all his arts were vain :

- Swift he pursued; I ran along the strand, 715
 Till spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
 I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
 To gods and men, nor god nor man was there :
 A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 For, as my arms I lifted to the skies, 720
 I saw black feathers from my fingers rise ;
 I strove to fling my garment on the ground,
 My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round :
 My hands to beat my naked bosom try,
 Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I ; 725
 Lightly I tripp'd, nor weary as before :
 Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore,
 Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
 To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird.
 Preferr'd in vain ! I now am in disgrace : 730
 Nyctimene, the owl, enjoys my place.
 ' On her incestuous life I need not dwell
 (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell),
 And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 For which she now does penance in a bird ; 735
 That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 And loves the gloomy covering of the night.
 The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
 The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.'
 The raven, urged by such impertinence, 740
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And cursed the harmless daw ; the daw withdrew.
 The raven to her injured patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favor'd youth. 745
 The god was wroth, the color left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand, forsook ;
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
 And lodged an arrow in the tender breast
 That had so often to his own been press'd. 750

Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound ;
 And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cried :
 ' Ah, cruel god ! though I have justly died,
 What has, alas ! my unborn infant done, 755
 That he should fall, and two expire in one ?'
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death ;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done ; 760
 The feather'd shaft that sent her to the Fates,
 And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates.
 Fain would he heal the wound and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire, 765
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
 Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
 And solemnised the death himself had wrought. 770

But lest his offspring should her fate partake,
 Spite of the immortal mixture in his make,
 He ripp'd her womb and set the child at large,
 And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge ;
 Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er, 775
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

OCYRRHOE, the daughter of Chiron, is transformed into a mare, for abusing her gift of prophecy.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
 The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore, 780

With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders, came
 To see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name ;
 She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
 Once as the sacred infant she survey'd, 785
 The god was kindled in the raving maid,
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale :
 ' Hail ! great physician of the world, all hail !
 Hail ! mighty infant ! who in years to come
 Shalt heal the nations and defraud the tomb. 790
 Swift be thy growth ! thy triumphs unconfined !
 Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
 Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 And draw the thunder on thy guilty head :
 Then shalt thou die ; but from the dark abode 795
 Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
 And thou, my sire, not destined by thy birth
 To turn to dust and mix with common earth,
 How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
 And quit thy claim to immortality, 800
 When thou shalt feel, enraged with inward pains,
 The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins !
 The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
 And give thee over to the power of Fate.'
 Thus, entering into destiny, the maid 805
 The secrets of offended Jove betray'd :
 More had she still to say ; but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears :
 ' My voice,' says she, ' is gone, my language fails,
 Through every limb my kindred shape prevails : 810
 Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
 And with prophetic raptures swell my heart ?
 What new desires are these ? I long to pace
 O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass ;
 I hasten to a brute, a maid no more : 815
 But why, alas ! am I transform'd all o'er ?

My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man.'

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and misshapen words 820
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare,
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express'd ;
Her stooping body on her hands is borne, 825
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs and shod in horn ;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took. 830

TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

BATTUS, a shepherd of Pylos, promises Mercury that he will not reveal his theft of the flocks of Admetus, which Apollo tended—The promise is violated, and Battus turned into a pumice-stone.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd.
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid ?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of bees he drove,
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak, 835
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak.
On seven compacted reeds he used to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd 840
A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd
(They call'd him Battus in the neighborhood),
Hired by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His fav'rite mares, and watch the generous breed. 845

The thievish god suspected him, and took
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke :
 ' Discover not the theft, who'er thou be,
 And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
 ' Go, stranger,' cries the clown, ' securely on, 850
 That stone shall sooner tell,' and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain,
 And cries out: ' Neighbor, hast thou seen a stray
 Of bullocks, and of heifers pass this way? 855
 In the recovery of my cattle join,
 A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.'

The peasant quick replies: ' You 'll find them there
 In yon dark vale;' and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguiled. 860
 The god, successful in the trial, smiled:

' And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 Me to myself dost thou betray?' says he.
 Then to a touchstone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy. 865

STORY OF AGLAUROS TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

HERSE, a daughter of Cecrops, is beloved by Mercury, who
 discloses his passion to Aglauros, her sister, who exacts
 large sums of money as the price of her connivance at the
 intrigue—Minerva, offended at the rapacity of the maiden,
 commands Envy to torment her continually; and Mercury
 at length changes her into a stone.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva graced,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid 870
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid,

In canisters with garlands cover'd o'er
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore ;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain. 875

The god well pleased beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below,
 Then veer'd about and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them : as the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victims from on high, 880
 Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around and keeps it in her eye,
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star, 885
 Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
 So much did Herse all the rest outvie,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.

Hermes was fired as in the clouds he hung ;
 So the cold bullet, that with fury slung 890
 From Balearic engines, mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.

At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a god.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart, 895
 And yet he strives to better them by art.

He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below ;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves with an air the sleep procuring wand ; 900
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks the apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lined, 905
 That richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shined ;

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were placed,
 The midmost by the beauteous Herse graced,
 Her virgin sisters lodged on either side.
 Aglauros first the approaching god descried, 910
 And as he cross'd her chamber ask'd his name,
 And what his bus'ness was, and whence he came.
 ' I come,' replied the god, ' from heaven, to woo
 Your sister, and to make an aunt of you.
 I am the son and messenger of Jove, 915
 My name is Mercury, my bus'ness love ;
 Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
 And gain admittance to your sister's heart.'
 She stared him in the face with looks amazed,
 As when she on Minerva's secret gazed, 920
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And till he brings it makes the god retire.
 Minerva grieved to see the nymph succeed,
 And now remembering the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command, 925
 She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand,
 In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
 That heaved the rising ægis on her breast;
 Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
 Defiled with ropy gore and clots of blood : 930
 Shut from the winds and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter or disturbs the night.
 Directly to the cave her course she steer'd, 935
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd ;
 The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
 A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
 And gorged the flesh of vipers for her food.
 Minerva loathing turn'd away her eye ; 940
 The hideous monster, rising heavily,

Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight; 945
 Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
 Her teeth were brown with rust, and from her tongue,
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung; 951
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep;
 Restless in spite, while watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy; 955
 Foe to herself, distressing and distress'd,
 She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
 The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
 A short command: 'To Athens speed thy flight:
 On cursed Aglauros try thy utmost art, 960
 And fix thy raukest venoms in her heart.'
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven. The hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew; 965
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give:
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of
 thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
 O'er fields and flowery meadows. Where she steers 970
 Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are defaced,
 The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waste.
 On mortals next and peopled towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls. 975

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear
 To find out nothing that deserved a tear.
 The apartment now she enter'd where at rest 980
 Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd,
 To execute Minerva's dire command ;
 She stroked the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid ; 985
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
 To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And placed before the dreaming virgin's view
 Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate : 990
 The imaginary bride appears in state,
 The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows ;
 For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
 Full of the dream, Aglauros pined away
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day ; 995
 Consumed like ice, that just begins to run,
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun ;
 Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
 Given up to envy (for in every thought 1000
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought),
 Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
 To tell her awful father what had pass'd :
 At length before the door herself she cast, 1005
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the love-sick god denied.
 The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
 And soothed in softest words the envenom'd maid.
 In vain he soothed. ' Begone !' the maid replies, 1010
 ' Or here I keep my seat and never rise.'

‘Then keep thy seat for ever,’ cries the god,
 And touch’d the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground ; 1015
 Her joints are all benumb’d, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds ;
 So does the chilness to each vital part 1020
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart,
 Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmoved, and freezes to a stone.
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen. 1025

EUROPA’S RAPE.

EUROPA, the daughter of Agenor, is beloved by Jupiter, who
 assumes the shape of a bull, and mingles with the herd—
 The maiden caresses the beautiful animal, and at length
 ventures to sit on his back ; when the god immediately
 hastens to the shore, and crosses the sea—He arrives safe at
 Crete with his mistress, where he resumes his original shape.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay’d,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes, 1030
 And, as he mix’d among the crowd of gods,
 Beckon’d him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express’d :
 ‘My trusty Hermes,’ by whose ready aid
 Thy sire’s commands are through the world con-
 vey’d,
 Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force, 1036
 And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course ;

There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighb'ring hill, and drive them to the shore.'

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent. 1040
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove them to the shore ;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain. 1045

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride,)
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran, 1050
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung ;
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies ; 1055
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand ;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gazed and languish'd with a gentle light ;
His every look was peaceful, and express'd 1060
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight. 1065

At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroked his head.
He stood well pleased to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand, 1070
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand ;
And, now perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid,

Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grizly brow, and gently stoops his horns. 1075
 In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dress'd
 His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast ;
 Till now grown wanton and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
 She placed herself upon his back, and rode 1080
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas,
 Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize. 1085
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar ;
 But still she holds him fast ; one hand is borne
 Upon his back, the other grasps a horn ;
 Her train of ruffling garments flies behind, 1090
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore ;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid, 1095
 Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the god discover'd to her sight.

BOOK III.

TRANSLATED BY ADDISON.

STORY OF CADMUS.

THE sons of Agenor are despatched by their father in quest of their sister, with injunctions never to return until they find her—Cadmus consults the oracle of Apollo, and is directed to build a city where he shall see a young heifer stop in the grass, and to call the country Bœotia : he finds the heifer according to the instructions of the oracle, and sends his companions in search of water, all of whom are devoured by a dragon, which is destroyed by Cadmus with the assistance of Minerva—The goddess commands the hero to sow the monster's teeth in the plain, which is no sooner performed than armed men instantly spring from the ground, who direct their rage against each other, till all perish except five, who assist Cadmus in building the city.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on every coast,
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more,
 But live in exile in a foreign clime ; 5
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around ;
 But how can Jove in his amours be found ?
 When, tired at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry sire and native soil, 10
 He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dame ;
 There asks the god what new appointed home
 Should end his wand'rings, and his toil relieve.
 The Delphic oracles this answer give :

' Behold among the fields a lonely cow, 15
 Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough :
 Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 There measure out thy walls, and build thy town ;

And from the guide Boeotia call the land,
In which the destined walls and town shall stand.' 20

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude ;
Her gently at a distance he pursued, 25
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panope she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook,
When to the heavens her spacious front she raised, 30
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destined place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains and the nameless vales, 35
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie ;
Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood 40
Of aged trees, in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn :
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round. 45

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanced his eyes ;
His towering crest was glorious to behold, 50
His shoulders and his sides were scaled with gold ;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charged his foes,
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
 And with their urns explored the hollow vault; 55
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleeping serpent with the sound.
 Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise,
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring
 eyes. 60

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
 All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
 Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And gazing round him overlook'd the wood,
 Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd, 65
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
 Of such a bulk and such a monstrous size
 The serpent in the polar circle lies,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.
 In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely, 70
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
 All their endeavors and their hopes are vain;
 Some die entangled in the winding train;
 Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath. 75

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky,
 When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods the impatient chief prepares.
 A lion's hide around his loins he wore, 80
 The well-poised javelin to the field he bore,
 Inured to blood, the far destroying dart,
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the-grass, 85
 The scaly foe amid their corpse he view'd,
 Basking at ease and feasting in their blood.

‘ Such friends,’ he cries, ‘ deserved a longer date ;
 But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate.’
 Then heaved a stone, and rising to the throw ; 90
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe ;
 A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
 With all its lofty battlements had shook ;
 But nothing here the unwieldy rock avails,
 Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales, 95
 That, firmly join’d, preserved him from a wound,
 With native armor crusted all around.
 With more success the dart unerring flew,
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw :
 Amid the plaited scales it took its course, 100
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
 The monster hiss’d aloud, and raged in vain,
 And writhed his body to and fro with pain ;
 He bit the dart, and wrench’d the wood away ;
 The point still buried in the marrow lay ; 105
 And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
 Reddens his eyes and beats in every vein ;
 Churn’d in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
 Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapors flows,
 Such as the infernal Stygian waters cast ; 110
 The plants around him wither in the blast.
 Now in a maze of rings he lies inroll’d ;
 Now all unravell’d and without a fold ;
 Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
 Bears down the forest in his boist’rous course. 115
 Cadmus gave back, and on the lion’s spoil
 Sustain’d the shock, then forced him to recoil :
 The pointed javelin warded off his rage :
 Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear, 120
 Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
 But still the hurt he yet received was slight ;
 For, whilst the champion with redoubled might

Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke, 126
And presses forward, till a knotty oak

Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
Full in his throat he plunged the fatal spear,
That in the extended neck a passage found, 130
And pierced the solid timber through the wound.

Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak,
Till spent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death. 135

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison intermix'd with blood,
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh,)
' Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see, 140

Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be ?
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amazed,
And all around, with inward horror, gazed,
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise, 145
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground ;
Then tells the youth how to his wandering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command, 150
And flings the future people from his hand ;
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows,
And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shiuing crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts ; 155
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears

By just degrees, till all the man arise, 160
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight;
When one cried out, ' Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.' 165
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound ;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field, 170
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd ;
The furrows swam in blood, and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.

Echion one, at Pallas's command
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand, 175
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes.
So founds a city on the promised earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd ; and now one would have
guess'd 180

The royal founder in his exile bless'd :
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods ;
And in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told : 185
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bless'd before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who grieved his grandsire in his borrow'd face,
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan 190
The branching horns and visage not his own ;
To shun his once loved dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.

And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault; 196
 Or, if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

ACTÆON, in pursuing the amusements of the chase, sees Diana and her nymphs bathing near Gargaphia; for which he is changed into a stag by the angry goddess, and is devoured by his own dogs.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
 Well stored with game, and mark'd with trails of
 blood;

Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day, 200
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest:

'My friends,' said he, 'our sport is at the best,
 The sun is high advanced, and downward sheds
 His burning beams directly on our heads; 205

Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,
 And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race
 Take the cool morning to renew the chase.'

They all consent, and in a cheerful train 210
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood, 215

Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
 A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And trickling swell into a lake below. 220

Nature had every where so play'd her part,
 That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chafed with
 heat,

Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort, 225

Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport ;

Her armor-bearer laid her bow aside,

Some loosed her sandals, some her veil untied ;

Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,

While Crocale, more handy than the rest, 230

Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose

Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose ;

Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,

Fetch up the water, and unlade the urns.

Now all undress'd the shining goddess stood, 235

When young Actæon wilder'd in the wood,

To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,

The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.

The frightened virgins shriek'd at the surprise,

(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries,) 240

Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd ;

She, proudly eminent above the rest,

With blushes glow'd ; such blushes as adorn

The ruddy welkin or the purple morn ;

And though the crowding nymphs her body hide, 245

Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.

Surprised, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,

But sees the circling waters round her flow ;

These in the hollow of her hand she took,

And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke :

' Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclosed, 251

A goddess naked to thy view exposed.'

This said, the man began to disappear

By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.

A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears ;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown ;
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast. 260
 But, as by chance within a neighb'ring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon ! in a doleful tone
 He tried to speak, but only gave a groan ;
 And as he wept, within the watery glass 265
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
 What should he do ? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer and skulk in woods ?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his aching heart assails. 271
 As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries :
 A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chase,
 Or snuff the vapor from the scented grass. 275
 He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain,
 Through brakes and thickets forced his way, and
 flew
 Through many a ring where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft endeavor'd to proclaim 280
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name ;
 Nor voice, nor words, the brutal tongue supplies,
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd 285
 Close at his heels and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,

Till all the pack came up, and every hound
 Tore the sad huntsman grovelling on the ground, 290
 Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
 His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes. 295
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanced,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanced,
 And call'd their lord, Actæon, to the game ;
 He shook his head in answer to the name ;
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone ; 300
 Or only to have stood a looker-on :
 But to his grief he finds himself too near,
 And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

SEMELE, becoming pregnant by Jupiter, is persuaded by
 Juno, in the disguise of an old nurse, to prove the divinity
 of her lover, by exacting an exhibition of the same majesty
 as when he approached Juno—The god, having sworn by
 Styx to grant whatever she required, is unable to withstand
 her solicitations, and the unfortunate Semele is reduced to
 ashes—The infant Bacchus is rescued from destruction, and
 lodged in the thigh of Jupiter till the full period of his birth.

ACTÆON'S sufferings, and Diana's rage, 305
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage ;
 Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
 Too great and disproportion'd to the fault :
 Others, again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose. 310
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produced on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse ;

- She heeded not the justice of the deed, 315
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed ;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd, 320
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carried in her womb a future god.
 Thus, terribly incensed, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke :
 ' Are my reproaches of so small a force? 325
 'Tis time I then pursue another course.
 It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 If I 'm indeed the mistress of the sky ;
 If rightly styled, among the powers above,
 The wife and sister of the thundering Jove, 330
 (And none can sure a sister's right deny,)
 It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
 She boasts an honor I can hardly claim,
 Pregnant she rises to a mother's name ;
 While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove, 335
 And shows the glorious tokens of his love :
 But if I 'm still the mistress of the skies,
 By her own lover the fond beauty dies.'
 This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
 Before the gates of Semele she stood. 340
- Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
 Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs,
 Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
 And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
 The goddess thus disguised in age, beguiled 345
 With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
 Much did she talk of love, and when she came
 To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
 Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
 ' 'Tis well,' says she, ' if all be true that 's said. 350

But trust me, child, I'm much inclined to fear
 Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
 Many an honest well-designing maid
 Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
 But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove, 355
 Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
 Descend triumphant, from the ethereal sky,
 In all the pomp of his divinity,
 Encompass'd round by those celestial charms
 With which he fills the immortal Juno's arms.' 360

The unwary nymph, ensnared with what she said,
 Desired of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would choose.
 'Fear not,' replied the god, 'that I'll refuse
 Whate'er you ask : may Styx confirm my voice, 365
 Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice.'
 'Then,' says the nymph, 'when next you seek my
 arms,

May you descend in those celestial charms
 With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
 And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame.' 370
 The god, surprised, would fain have stopp'd her voice,
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds ;
 Whilst all around, in terrible array, 375
 His thunders rattle and his lightnings play ;
 And yet the dazzling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,
 Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size : 380
 Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain ;
 'Twas of a lesser mould and lighter weight,
 They call it thunder of a second rate ;

For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command 385
 Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd with horror bright,
 The illustrious god, descending from his height, 390
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
 Consumed amidst the glories she desired,
 And in the terrible embrace expired. 395

But to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
 Jove took him smoking from his mother's womb,
 And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
 Inclosed the abortive infant in his thigh.
 Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd, 400
 Ino first took him for her foster-child ;
 Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
 Nursed secretly with milk the thriving god.

TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

JUNO punishes the loquacity of Echo, which frequently prevented her from discovering the intrigues of her husband, by restricting her tongue to the mere repetitions of sound—The nymph, after this, falls in love with Narcissus; which not being returned, she pines away, and is changed into a stone, which still retains the power of utterance.

FAMED far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him the inquiring nations sought their doom.
 The fair Liriope his answers tried, 406
 And first the unerring prophet justified.
 This nymph the god Cephisus had abused,
 With all his winding waters circumfused,
 And by the Nereid had a lovely boy, 410
 Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no,
 Consults the sage Tiresias ; who replies,
 ‘ If e’er he knows himself he surely dies.’ 415
 Long lived the dubious mother in suspense,
 Till time unriddled all the prophet’s sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
 Just turn’d of boy, and on the verge of man ;
 Many a friend the blooming youth caress’d, 420
 Many a love-sick maid her flame confess’d.
 Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress’d,
 The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess’d.

Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
 The babbling Echo had descried his face, 425
 She, who in other words her silence breaks,
 Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

Echo was then a maid of speech bereft,
 Of wonted speech ; for though her voice was left,
 Juno a curse did on her tongue impose, 430
 To sport with every sentence in the close.

Full often when the goddess might have caught
 Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
 This nymph with subtile stories would delay
 Her coming, till the lovers slipp’d away. 435

The goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cried, ‘ That tongue, for this thy crime,
 Which could so many subtile tales produce,
 Shall be hereafter but of little use.’

Hence ’tis she prattles in a fairer tone, 440
 With mimic sounds and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, overjoy’d to find
 The boy alone, still follow’d him behind ;
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper’s touch, 445
 She long’d her hidden passion to reveal
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell ;

She can't begin, but waits for the rebound
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love, 451
Lived in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes,
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out and worn away with care, 455
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

STORY OF NARCISSUS.

A HANDSOME youth, named Narcissus, beholding his face reflected in a fountain, becomes enamoured with it, and wastes away with grief—After his death the Naiads raise a funeral pile to burn his body, when they find nothing but a beautiful flower, which still bears his name.

THUS did the nymphs in vain caress the boy, 460
He still was lovely, but he still was coy,
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provoked by his disdain :
' O ! may he love like me, and love like me in
vain !'

Rhamnusia pitied the neglected fair, 465
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves, nor rising mud,
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts ; 470
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleased with the form and coolness of the place,
And overheated by the morning chase,

Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies ; 475
 But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heat arise :
 For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade,
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmoved ; 480
 Nor knew, fond youth ! it was himself he loved.
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes,
 The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round Apollo's head might flow, 485
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the watery glass.
 By his own flames consumed the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips, 490
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move ?
 What kindled in thee this unpietied love ? 496
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the color'd shadow comes and goes,
 Its empty being on thyself relies ;
 Step thou aside and the frail charmer dies. 500
 Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food,
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
 At length he raised his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain : 505
 ' You trees,' says he, ' and thou surrounding grove,
 Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
 A youth so tortured, so perplex'd as I ?

I, who before me see the charming fair, 510
 Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there :
 In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost ;
 And yet no bulwark'd town nor distant coast
 Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 No mountains rise nor oceans flow between ; 515
 A shallow water hinders my embrace,
 And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
 My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint ; 520
 Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
 But why should I despair ? I'm sure he burns
 With equal flames, and languishes by turns. 525
 Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
 And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his ;
 His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,
 He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps ;
 Whene'er I speak his moving lips appear 530
 To utter something, which I cannot hear.
 ' Ah, wretched me ! I now begin too late
 To find out all the long perplex'd deceit ;
 It is myself I love, myself I see, 535
 The gay delusion is a part of me ;
 I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 And my own beauties from the well return.
 Whom should I court ? how utter my complaint ?
 Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
 And too much plenty makes me die for want. 540
 How gladly would I from myself remove !
 And at a distance set the thing I love ;
 My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
 I wish him absent whom I most desire ;

And now I faint with grief, my fate draws nigh, 545
 In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
 O! might the visionary youth survive,
 I should with joy my latest breath resign!
 But, oh! I see his fate involved in mine.' 550

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
 His tears defaced the surface of the well,
 With circle after circle as they fell;
 And now the lovely face but half appears, 555
 O'errun with wrinkles and deform'd with tears.
 'Ah! whither,' cries Narcissus, 'dost thou fly?
 Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
 Let me still see, though I'm no further bless'd.'
 Then rends his garment off and beats his breast; 560
 His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine;
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies, 565
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run
 And trickle into drops before the sun,
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay, 570
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she grieved to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan, 575
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan.
 'Ah youth! beloved in vain,' Narcissus cries;
 'Ah youth! beloved in vain,' the nymph replies.
 'Farewell,' says he; the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she replied, 'Farewell.' 580

Then on the unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his fitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn, 585
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn ;
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn :
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found
 A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

STORY OF PENTHEUS.

PENTHEUS, king of Thebes, refuses to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, and forbids his subjects to pay adoration to the new god, who, under the disguise of Acœtes, is led in captivity to the presence of the monarch.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame, 590
 Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

The unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
 The cheated people and their eyeless guide.
 To whom the prophet in his fury said,
 Shaking the hoary honors of his head, 595

' 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee,

If thou wert eyeless too, and blind like me :
 For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
 When the young god's solemnities appear,
 Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn, 600

Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
 Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.

Then, then, remember what I now foretel :
 And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.'

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill ;
 But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil. 606

For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus
 rode,

Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.

All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
 To mingle in the pomps and fill the train, 610
 When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd :
 ' What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd ?
 Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
 And the lewd clamors of a beastly rout,
 Thus quell your courage ? Can the weak alarm 615
 Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
 Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
 Nor the loud din and horror of a fight ?
 And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
 And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods, 620
 Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 And poorly quit an undisputed field ?
 But you, whose youth and vigor should inspire
 Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace, 625
 Not flowery garlands and a painted face ;
 Remember him to whom you stand allied ;
 The serpent for his well of waters died.
 He fought the strong, do you his courage show,
 And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe. 630
 If Thebes must fall, O might the Fates afford
 A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword ;
 Then might the Thebans perish with renown :
 But now a beardless victor sacks the town,
 Whom nor the prancing steed, nor ponderous shield,
 Nor the back'd helmet, nor the dusty field, 636
 But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
 Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat. 640
 Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 This boasted power: why then should Pentheus
 yield ?

Go quickly, drag the impostor boy to me,
I'll try the force of his divinity.'

Thus did the audacious wretch those rites profane; 645
His friends dissuade the audacious wretch in vain,
In vain his grandsire urged him to give o'er
His impious threats, the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide, 650
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came, besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ;
The god they found not in the frantic throng, 655
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

BACCHUS here personates Acœtes, the pilot of a ship which carried away the infant Bacchus from the isle of Naxos—The crew were changed into sea monsters, but Acœtes was preserved.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, whilst thus he spoke :
' Vile slave ! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue
And terrify thy base seditious crew, 660
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell.'

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies :
' From high Mœonia's rocky shores I came, 665
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name.
My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd ;
His whole estate within the waters lay,
With lines and hooks he caught the funny prey ; 670

His art was all his livelihood, which he
 Thus with his dying lips bequeathed to me :
 ‘ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance,
 There swims,’ said he, ‘ thy whole inheritance.’
 Long did I live on this poor legacy, 675
 Till, tired with rocks and my old native sky,
 To arts of navigation I inclined,
 Observed the turns and changes of the wind,
 Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note
 The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat, 680
 The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
 With all the sailors’ catalogue of stars.
 Once, as by chance for Delos I design’d,
 My vessel, driven by a strong gust of wind,
 Moor’d in a Chian creek ; ashore I went, 685
 And all the following night in Chios spent.
 When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 Supplies of water from a neighb’ring spring,
 Whilst I the motion of the winds explored ;
 Then summon’d in my crew and went aboard. 690
 Opheltas heard my summons, and with joy
 Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 With more than female sweetness in his look,
 Whom straggling in the neighb’ring fields he took.
 With fumes of wine the little captive glows, 695
 And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 ‘ I view’d him nicely, and began to trace
 Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
 And saw divinity in all his face :
 ‘ I know not who,’ said I, ‘ this god should be, 700
 But that he is a god I plainly see.
 And thou, whoe’er thou art, excuse the force
 These men have used ; and O befriend our course !’
 ‘ Pray not for us,’ the nimble Dictys cried,
 Dictys, that could the main-top mast bestride, 705
 And down the ropes with active vigor slide.

To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 Who overlook'd the oars, and timed the stroke :
 The same the pilot, and the same the rest,
 Such impious avarice their souls possess'd. 710
 ' Nay, Heaven forbid that I should bear away
 Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
 Said I; and stood to hinder their intent,
 When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
 From Tuscany, to suffer banishment, 715
 With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
 Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
 ' His base confederates the fact approve,
 When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move, 719
 Waked by the noise and clamors which they raised,
 And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gazed :
 ' What means this noise ?' he cries, ' am I betray'd ?
 Ah ! whither, whither must I be convey'd ?
 ' Fear not,' said Proteus, ' child, but tell us where
 You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.' 725
 ' To Naxos then direct your course,' said he,
 ' Naxos a hospitable port shall be
 To each of you, a joyful home to me.'
 By every god that rules the sea or sky,
 The perjured villains promise to comply, 730
 And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 With eager joy I launch into the deep ;
 And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand.
 They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
 And give me signs, all anxious for their prey, 735
 To tack about and steer another way.
 ' Then let some other to my post succeed,'
 Said I, ' I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
 ' What!' says Ethalion, ' must the ship's whole crew
 Follow your humor, and depend on you ?' 740
 And straight himself he seated at the prore,
 And tack'd about and sought another shore.

' The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
 And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
 And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said : 745
 ' And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
 Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
 Will such a multitude of men employ
 Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'
 ' In vain did I the godlike youth deplore, 750
 The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
 And now by all the gods in heaven, that hear
 This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,
 The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 Although it seems beyond belief, is true. 755
 The vessel fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 Unmoved by all the beating billows stood.
 In vain the mariners would plough the main
 With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;
 Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves, 760
 And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves :
 The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
 And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.
 Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
 Its verdant head, and a new spring appears. 765
 ' The god we now behold with open'd eyes ;
 A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
 In glaring forms, the grapy clusters spread
 On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
 And whilst he frowns and brandishes his spear, 770
 My mates, surprised with madness or with fear,
 Leap'd overboard ; first perjured Madon found
 Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround.
 ' ' Ah ! what,' cries one, ' has thus transform'd thy
 look ?
 Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke : 775
 And now himself he views with like surprise.
 Still at his oar the industrious Libys plies ;

But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 Another, as he catches at a cord, 780
 Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
 With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
 The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
 Or dive below, or on the surface leap, 785
 And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
 Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 I only in my proper shape appear,
 Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear, 790
 Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
 With him I landed on the Chian shore,
 And him shall ever gratefully adore.
 'This forging slave,' says Pentheus, 'would pre-
 vail
 O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale : 795
 Go ; let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 And in the tortures of the rack expire.'
 The officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepared, 800
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd ;
 At liberty the unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

PENTHEUS is punished for his impiety by being torn in pieces
 by his mother and aunts, while under the influence of Bac-
 chus.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolved to send his messengers no more, 805

But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout, 810
 And raved and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood ;
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies. 815
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd :
 Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
 And cries, ' The boar that lays our country waste !
 The boar, my sisters ! Aim the fatal dart, 820
 And strike the brindled monster to the heart.'

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gathering round ;
 He sees and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late. 825

' Help ! help ! my aunt Autonoe,' he cried,
 Remember how your own Actæon died.'
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue, 830

And the raw bleeding stumps present to view.
 His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his prayer,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 ' And this,' she cried, ' shall be Agave's share ;'
 When from his neck his struggling head she tore, 835
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore.

With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey,
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
 Soon as the wood its leafy honors casts, 840
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,

With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment awed,
The Thebans tremble and confess the god.

845

BOOK IV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. EUSDEN.

STORY OF ALCITHOE AND HER SISTERS.

UNDETERRED by the punishment of Pentheus, Alcithoe and her sisters dare to ridicule the orgies of Bacchus, and to employ themselves in the labors of the loom during the festival of that god.

YET still Alcithoe perverse remains,
And Bacchus still and all his rites disdains.
Too rash and madly bold, she bids him prove
Himself a god, nor owns the son of Jove :

Her sisters too unanimous agree

5

Faithful associates in impiety.

Be this a solemn feast, the priest had said ;
Be, with each mistress, unemploy'd each maid.

With skins of beasts your tender limbs inclose,

And with an ivy crown adorn your brows,

10

The leafy thyrsus high in triumph bear,

And give your locks to wanton in the air.

These rites profaned, the holy seer foreshow'd

A mourning people, and a vengeful god.

Matrons and pious wives obedience show,

15

Distaffs, and wool half spun, away they throw :

Then incense burn, and, Bacchus, thee adore :

Or lovest thou Neseus, or Lyæus, more ?

O, doubly got ! O, doubly born ! they sung,

Thou mighty Bromius, hail ! from lightning sprung !

Hail! Thyon, Eleleus, each name is thine : 21
 Or, listen parent of the genial vine!
 Iacchus! Evan! loudly they repeat,
 And not one Grecian attribute forget,
 Which to thy praise, great deity, belong, 25
 Styled, justly, Liber in the Roman song.
 Eternity of youth is thine! enjoy
 Years roll'd on years, yet still a blooming boy.
 In heaven thou shinest with a superior grace;
 Conceal thy horns, and 'tis a virgin's face. 30
 Thou taught'st the tawny Indian to obey,
 And Ganges, smoothly flowing, own'd thy sway.
 Lycurgus, Pentheus, equally profane,
 By thy just vengeance equally were slain.
 By thee the Tuscans, who conspired to keep 35
 Thee captive, plunged and cut with fins the deep.
 With painted reins, all-glittering from afar,
 The spotted lynxes proudly draw thy car;
 Around the Bacchæ and the Satyrs throng,
 Behind, Silenus, drunk, lags slow along; 40
 On his dull ass he nods from side to side,
 Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.
 Still at thy near approach applauses loud
 Are heard, with yellings of the female crowd;
 Timbrels, and boxen pipes, with mingled cries, 45
 Swell up in sounds confused and rend the skies.
 Come, Bacchus, come propitious, all implore,
 And act thy sacred orgies o'er and o'er.
 But Mineus' daughters, while these rites were
 paid,
 At home impertinently busy stay'd; 50
 Their wicked tasks they ply with various art,
 And through the loom the sliding shuttle dart,
 Or at the fire to comb the wool they stand,
 Or twirl the spindle with a dext'rous hand.

Guilty themselves, they force the guiltless in, 55
 Their maids, who share the labor, share the sin.
 At last one sister cries, who nimbly knew
 To draw nice threads, and wind the finest clue,
 ' While others idly rove, and gods revere,
 Their fancied gods! they know not who or where ; 60
 Let us, whom Pallas taught her better arts,
 Still working, cheer with mirthful chat our hearts ;
 And, to deceive the time, let me prevail
 With each by turns to tell some antique tale.'
 She said : her sisters liked the humor well, 65
 And, smiling, bade her the first story tell.
 But she awhile profoundly seem'd to muse,
 Perplex'd amid variety to choose ;
 And knew not whether she should first relate
 The poor Dircetis, and her wondrous fate ; 70
 (The Palestines believe it to a man,
 And show the lake, in which her scales began) :
 Or if she rather should the daughter sing,
 Who in the hoary verge of life took wing ;
 Who soar'd from earth, and dwelt in towers on high,
 And now a dove she flits along the sky : 76
 Or how the tree, which once white berries bore,
 Still crimson bears, since stain'd with crimson gore.
 The tree was new ; she likes it, and begins
 To tell the tale, and as she tells she spins. 80

STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

A BABYLONIAN youth, named Pyramus, becomes enamoured of Thisbe, a beautiful maiden—The flame is mutual, and the two lovers disregard the prohibition of their parents, and converse through the chink of a wall which separates the houses—They now determine to elude the vigilance of their friends, and to meet in the neighborhood under a white mulberry-tree—Thisbe first arrives at the appointed

place, but the sudden appearance of a lioness affrights her ; and, during her flight into a neighboring cave, she drops her veil, which the lioness finds and besmears with blood—Pyramus recognises the garment, and, concluding that she has been devoured by wild beasts, stabs himself—Thisbe, when her fears vanish, returns from the cave, and, at the sight of the dying Pyramus, falls on the sword still reeking with his blood—The mulberry-tree, stained with the blood of the lovers, ever after bears fruit of that color. /

‘ In Babylon, where first her queen, for state,
 Raised walls of brick magnificently great,
 Lived Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair !
 He found no eastern youth his equal there,
 And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair. 85
 A closer neighborhood was never known,
 Though two the houses, yet the roof was one.
 Acquaintance grew, the acquaintance they improve
 To friendship, friendship ripen’d into love :
 Love had been crown’d, but impotently mad, 90
 What parents could not hinder, they forbad :
 For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn’d,
 And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce return’d.
 Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break,
 But silent stand ; and silent looks can speak. 95
 The fire of love, the more it is suppress’d,
 The more it glows and rages in the breast.

‘ When the division-wall was built, a chink
 Was left, the cement unobserved to shrink.
 So slight the cranny, that it still had been 100
 For centuries unclosed, because unseen.
 But, oh ! what thing so small, so secret lies,
 Which ’scapes, if form’d for love, a lover’s eyes ?
 Ev’n in this narrow chink they quickly found
 A friendly passage for a trackless sound. 105
 Safely they told their sorrows and their joys,
 In whisper’d murmurs and a dying noise ;

By turns to catch each other's breath they strove,
 And suck'd in all the balmy breeze of love.
 Oft, as on different sides they stood, they cried : 110
 ' Malicious wall, thus lovers to divide !
 Suppose thou shouldst awhile to us give place,
 To lock and fasten in a close embrace ;
 But, if too much to grant so sweet a bliss,
 Indulge at least the pleasure of a kiss. 115
 We scorn ingratitude : to thee, we know,
 This safe conveyance of our minds we owe.'
 ' Thus, they their vain petition did renew
 Till night, and then they softly sigh'd adieu.
 But first they strove to kiss, and that was all, 120
 Their kisses died untasted on the wall.
 Soon as the morn had o'er the stars prevail'd,
 And, warm'd by Phœbus, flowers their dews ex-
 haled,
 The lovers to their well-known place return,
 Alike they suffer and alike they mourn. 125
 At last their parents they resolve to cheat
 (If to deceive in love be call'd deceit),
 To steal by night from home, and thence unknown
 To seek the fields, and quit the unfaithful town.
 But, to prevent their wand'ring in the dark, 130
 They both agree to fix upon a mark,
 A mark, that could not their designs expose.
 The tomb of Ninus was the mark they chose.
 There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
 Which boughs, with snowy fruit incumber'd made :
 A wide-spread mulberry its rise had took 136
 Just on the margin of a gurgling brook.
 Impatient for the friendly dusk they stay,
 And chide the slowness of departing day.
 In western seas down sunk at last the light, 140
 From western seas uprose the shades of night.

The loving Thisbe ev'n prevents the hour,
 With cautious silence she unlocks the door,
 And veils her face, and marching through the gloom,
 Swiftly arrives at the assignation tomb. 145
 For still the fearful sex can fearless prove,
 Boldly they act, if spirited by love.
 When, lo ! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain,
 Grimly besmear'd with blood of oxen slain :
 And what to the dire sight new horrors brought, 150
 To slake her thirst the neighb'ring spring she sought ;
 Which, by the moon, when trembling Thisbe spies,
 Wing'd with her fear, swift as the wind, she flies,
 And in a cave recovers from her fright,
 But dropp'd her veil, confounded in her flight. 155
 When sated with repeated draughts, again
 The queen of beasts scour'd back along the plain,
 She found the veil, and mouthing it all o'er
 With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore.
 ' The youth, who could not cheat his guards so soon,
 Late came, and noted by the glimmering moon 161
 Some savage feet new printed on the ground,
 His cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no vigor found :
 But when, advancing on, the veil he spied
 Distain'd with blood, and ghastly torn, he cried, 165
 ' One night shall death to two young lovers give,
 But she deserved unnumber'd years to live !
 'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
 Who came not early, as my charming maid.
 Whatever slew thee, I the cause remain, 170
 I named and fix'd the place where thou wast slain.
 Ye lions, from your neighb'ring dens repair,
 Pity the wretch ; this impious body tear !
 But cowards thus for death can idly cry ;
 The brave still have it in their power to die. 175
 Then to the appointed tree he hastes away,
 The veil first gather'd, though all rent it lay ;

The veil all rent, yet still itself endears,
 He kiss'd, and kissing, wash'd it with his tears.
 ' Though rich,' he cried, ' with many a precious stain,
 Still from my blood a deeper tincture gain.' 181
 Then in his breast his shining sword he drown'd,
 And fell supine extended on the ground.
 As out again the blade he dying drew,
 Out spun the blood, and streaming upwards flew. 185
 So, if a conduit-pipe e'er burst you saw,
 Swift spring the gushing waters through the flaw ;
 Then spouting in a bow they rise on high,
 And a new fountain plays amid the sky.
 The berries, stain'd with blood, began to show 190
 A dark complexion, and forgot their snow,
 While, fatten'd with the flowing gore, the root
 Was doom'd for ever to a purple fruit.
 ' Meantime poor Thisbe fear'd, so long she stay'd,
 Her lover might suspect a perjured maid. 195
 Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find
 With ardent eyes, which spoke an ardent mind.
 Already in his arms, she hears him sigh
 At her destruction, which was once so nigh.
 The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit, she knew, 200
 The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue.
 Still as she doubts, her eyes a body found,
 Quivering in death, and gasping on the ground.
 She started back, the red her cheeks forsook,
 And every nerve with thrilling horrors shook. 205
 So trembles the smooth surface of the seas,
 If brush'd o'er gently with a rising breeze.
 But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
 She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast.
 She raised the body, and embraced it round, 210
 And bathed with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound ;
 Then her warm lips to the cold face applied,
 ' And is it thus, ah ! thus we meet?' she cried,

' My Pyramus ! whence sprung thy cruel fate ?
 My Pyramus !—ah ! speak, ere 'tis too late. 215
 I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore,
 One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before.
 At Thisbe's name, awaked, he open'd wide
 His dying eyes, with dying eyes he tried
 On her to dwell, but closed them slow, and died. 220
 ' The fatal cause was now at last explored,
 Her veil she knew, and saw his sheathless sword :
 ' From thy own hand thy ruin thou hast found,'
 She said, ' but love first taught that hand to wound :
 Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show, 225
 And love, which shall as true direct the blow.
 I will against the woman's weakness strive,
 And never thee, lamented youth, survive.
 The world may say, I caused, alas ! thy death,
 But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath. 230
 Fate, though it conquers, shall no triumph gain,
 Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.
 ' Now, both our cruel parents, hear my prayer ;
 My prayer to offer for us both I dare,
 Oh ! see our ashes in one urn confined, 235
 Whom love at first, and fate at last, has join'd.
 The bliss you envied is not our request ;
 Lovers, when dead, may sure together rest.
 Thou, tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
 Ere long o'er two shall cast a friendly shade. 240
 Still let our loves from thee be understood,
 Still witness in thy purple fruit our blood.'
 She spoke, and in her bosom plunged the sword,
 All warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
 ' The prayer, which dying Thisbe had preferr'd, 245
 Both gods and parents with compassion heard.
 The whiteness of the mulberry soon fled,
 And, ripening, sadden'd in a dusky red ;

While both their parents their lost children mourn,
And mix their ashes in one golden urn.' 250

Thus did the melancholy tale conclude,
And a short silent interval ensued.
The next in birth unloosed her artful tongue,
And drew attentive all the sister throng.

STORY OF LEUCOTHOE AND THE SUN.

LEUCOTHOE is beloved by Apollo, who introduces himself to her by assuming the shape of her mother—Their affection is mutual ; when Clytie, who tenderly loves the god, discovers the whole intrigue to the father of the maiden, who orders his daughter to be buried alive—Her lover, unable to save her from death, sprinkles nectar and ambrosia on her tomb, which, penetrating to her body, changes it into a beautiful tree which bears the frankincense.

' THE Sun, the source of light, by beauty's power 255
Once amorous grew ; then hear the sun's amour.

Venus, and Mars, with his far-piercing eyes,
This god first spied ; this god first all things spies.
Stung at the sight, and swift on mischief bent,
To haughty Juno's shapeless son he went, 260
To him his consort's shame to represent.

Poor Vulcan soon desired to hear no more,
He dropp'd his hammer, and he shook all o'er ;
Then courage takes, and full of vengeful ire
He heaves the bellows, and blows fierce the fire ; 265

From liquid brass, though sure, yet subtle snares
He forms, and next a wond'rous net prepares,
Drawn with such curious art, so nicely sly,
Unseen the mashes cheat the searching eye.
Not half so thin their webs the spiders weave, 270
Which the most wary buzzing prey deceive.

These chains, obedient to the touch, he spread
In secret foldings o'er the conscious bed.

' Through heaven the news of this surprisal run,
 But Venus did not thus forget the Sun. 275
 He, who stolen transports idly had betray'd,
 By a betrayer was in kind repaid.
 What now avails, great god, thy piercing blaze,
 That youth, and beauty, and those golden rays?
 Thou, who canst warm this universe alone, 280
 Feel'st now a warmth more pow'rful than thy own ;
 And those bright eyes, which all things should survey,
 Know not from fair Leucothoe to stray.
 The lamp of light, for human good design'd,
 Is to one virgin niggardly confined. 285
 Sometimes too early rise thy eastern beams,
 Sometimes too late they set in western streams ;
 'Tis then her beauty thy swift course delays,
 And gives to winter skies long summer days.
 Now in thy face thy love-sick mind appears, 290
 And spreads through impious nations empty fears ;
 For when thy beamless head is wrapp'd in night,
 Poor mortals tremble in despair of light.
 'Tis not the moon, that o'er thee casts a veil,
 'Tis love alone, which makes thy looks so pale. 295
 Leucothoe is grown thy only care,
 Not Phaeton's fair mother now is fair.
 The youthful Rhodos moves no tender thought,
 And beauteous Persa is at last forgot.
 Fond Clytie, scorn'd, yet loved and sought thy bed,
 Ev'n then thy heart for other virgins bled. 301
 Leucothoe has all thy soul possess'd,
 And chased each rival passion from thy breast.
 To this bright nymph Eurynome gave birth
 In the bless'd confines of the spicy earth. 305
 Excelling others, she herself beheld
 By her own blooming daughter far excell'd.
 The sire was Orchamus, whose vast command,
 The seventh from Belus, ruled the Persian land.

' Deep in cool vales, beneath the Hesperian sky,
 For the Sun's fiery steeds the pastures lie. 311
 Ambrosia there they eat, and thence they gain
 New vigor, and their daily toils sustain.
 While thus on heavenly food the coursers fed,
 And Night around her gloomy empire spread, 315
 The god assumed the mother's shape and air,
 And pass'd unheeded to his darling fair.
 Close by a lamp, with maids encompass'd round,
 The royal spinster full employ'd he found :
 Then cried, ' Awhile from work, my daughter, rest ;'
 And, like a mother, scarce her lips he press'd. 321
 ' Servants retire ; nor secrets dare to hear,
 Intrusted only to a daughter's ear.'
 They swift obey'd : not one, suspicious, thought
 The secret, which their mistress would be taught. 325
 Then he : ' Since now no witnesses are near,
 Behold the god, who guides the various year !
 The world's vast eye, of light the source serene,
 Who all things sees, by whom are all things seen.
 Believe me, nymph (for I the truth have show'd),
 Thy charms have power to charm so great a god.' 331
 Confused she heard him his soft passion tell,
 And on the floor untwirl'd the spindle fell :
 Still from the sweet confusion some new grace
 Blush'd out by stealth, and languish'd in her face. 335
 The lover, now inflamed, himself put on,
 And out at once the god all-radiant shone.
 The virgin startled at his alter'd form,
 Too weak to bear a god's impetuous storm.
 ' This Clytie knew, and knew she was undone, 340
 Whose soul was fix'd, and doated on the Sun.
 She raged to think on her neglected charms,
 And Phœbus panting in another's arms.
 With envious madness fired, she flies in haste,
 And tells the king his daughter was unchaste. 345

The king, incensed to hear his honor stain'd,
 No more the father nor the man retain'd.
 In vain she stretch'd her arms, and turn'd her eyes
 To her loved god, the enlightener of the skies.
 In vain she own'd it was a crime, yet still 350
 It was a crime not acted by her will.
 The brutal sire stood deaf to every prayer,
 And deep in earth entomb'd alive the fair.
 What Phœbus could do, was by Phœbus done,
 Full on her grave with pointed beams he shone; 355
 To pointed beams the gaping earth gave way;
 Had the nymph eyes, her eyes had seen the day;
 But lifeless now, yet lovely still, she lay.
 Not more the god wept when the world was fired,
 And in the wreck his blooming boy expired. 360
 The vital flame he strives to light again,
 And warm the frozen blood in every vein;
 But since resistless fates denied that power,
 On the cold nymph he rain'd a nectar shower.
 ' Ah ! undeserving thus,' he said, ' to die, 365
 Yet still in odors thou shalt reach the sky.'
 The body soon dissolved, and all around
 Perfumed with heavenly fragrances the ground.
 A sacrifice for gods uprose from thence,
 A sweet delightful tree of frankincense.' 370

TRANSFORMATION OF CLYTIE.

CLYTIE, being deserted by Apollo, pines away, and is changed
 into a sun-flower, which still turns its head towards the
 sun, in token of her love.

' THOUGH guilty Clytie thus the Sun betray'd,
 By too much passion she was guilty made.
 Excess of love begot excess of grief,
 Grief fondly bade her hence to hope relief.

But angry Phœbus hears unmoved her sighs, 375
 And scornful from her loath'd embraces flies.
 All day, all night, in trackless wilds alone
 She pined, and taught the listening rocks her moan.
 On the bare earth she lies, her bosom bare,
 Loose her attire, dishevell'd is her hair. 380
 Nine times the morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
 As oft were spread the alternate shades of night,
 So long no sustenance the mourner knew,
 Unless she drunk her tears, or suck'd the dew.
 She turn'd about, but rose not from the ground, 385
 Turn'd to the sun still as he roll'd his round ;
 On his bright face hung her desiring eyes,
 Till, fix'd to earth, she strove in vain to rise ;
 Her looks their paleness in a flower retain'd,
 But here and there some purple streaks they gain'd.
 Still the loved object the fond leafs pursue, 391
 Still move their root the moving sun to view,
 And in the heliotrope the nymph is true.'

The sisters heard these wonders with surprise,
 But part received them as romantic lies, 395
 And pertly rallied, that they could not see
 In powers divine so vast an energy.
 Part own'd true gods such miracles might do,
 But own'd not Bacchus one among the true.
 At last a common, just, request they make, 400
 And beg Alcithoe her turn to take.
 ' I will,' said she, ' and please you if I can ;'
 Then shot her shuttle swift, and thus began :
 ' The fate of Daphnis is a fate too known,
 Whom an enamour'd nymph transform'd to stone ; 405
 Because she fear'd another nymph might see
 The lovely youth, and love as much as she :
 So strange the madness is of jealousy !
 Nor shall I tell what changes Scython made,
 And how he walk'd a man, or tripp'd a maid. 410

You too would peevish frown, and patience want
 To hear, how Celmis grew an adamant:
 He once was dear to Jove, and saw of old
 Jove when a child; but what he saw he told.
 Crocus and Smilax may be turn'd to flowers, 415
 And the Curetes spring from bounteous showers.
 I pass a hundred legends stale as these,
 And with sweet novelty your taste will please.

STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

BY MR. ADDISON.

A BEAUTIFUL youth, named Hermaphroditus, is beloved by a river nymph, who surprises him while bathing, and intreats the gods to unite them in one body; a request which is granted by the indulgent deities.

‘ How Salmacis with weak, enfeebling, streams,
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs, 420
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
 The cause is secret, but the effect is known.

‘ The Naiads nursed an infant heretofore,
 That Citherea once to Hermes bore:
 From both the illustrious authors of his race 425
 The child was named, nor was it hard to trace
 Both the bright parents through the infant’s face.

When fifteen years in Ida’s cool retreat
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil: 430
 The pleasure lessen’d the attending toil.

With eager steps thè Lycian fields he cross’d,
 And fields that border on the Lycian coast:
 A river here he view’d, so lovely bright,
 It show’d the bottom in a fairer light, 435

Nor kept a sand conceal’d from human sight:
 The stream produced nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds,

But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd, 440
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, not practised in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race ;
 Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train. 445
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
 ' Fie, Salmacis: what! always idle ; fie !
 Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.'
 Nor quiver she, nor arrows, e'er would seize, 450
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease ;
 But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide ;
 Now in the limpid stream she views her face,
 And dress'd her image in the floating glass : 455
 On beds of leaves she now reposed her limbs,
 Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams,
 And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
 ' Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain would meet him, but refused to meet 461
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserved to be reputed fair.
 ' ' Bright youth,' she cries, ' whom all thy features
 prove
 A god, and, if a god, the god of love ; 465
 But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast,
 Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters bless'd :
 But O! how bless'd, how more than bless'd thy bride !
 Allied in bliss, if any yet allied.
 If so, let mine the stolen enjoyments be ; 470
 If not, behold a willing bride in me.'
 'The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
 He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became ;

In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows, 475
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
 The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss ;
 And now prepares to take the lovely boy 480
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
 Replies, ' Or leave me to myself alone,
 You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.'
 ' Fair stranger, then,' says she, ' it shall be so ;'
 And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go : 485
 But, hid within a covert's neighboring green,
 She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
 The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
 And innocently sports about the shore ;
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips, 490
 And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
 The coolness pleased him, and, with eager haste,
 His airy garments on the banks he cast ;
 His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
 And all his beauties were exposed to view. 495
 ' Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
 And clapp'd his sides, and leapt into the flood :
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide ;
 His limbs appear more lovely through the tide ;
 As lilies, shut within a crystal case, 500
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
 ' He's mine, he's all my own,' the Naiad cries,
 And flings off all, and after him she flies.
 And now she fastens on him as he swims,
 And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs. 505
 ' And why, coy youth,' she cries, ' why thus un-
 kind?
 O may the gods thus keep us ever join'd !

O may we never, never, never part again!
 So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
 For now she finds him, as his limbs she press'd, 510
 Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast,
 Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
 Together, and incorporate in one:
 Last, in one face are both their faces join'd,
 As when the stock and grafted twig combined 515
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind.'

/ CONTINUED BY MR. EUSDEN.

ALCITHOE AND HER SISTERS TRANSFORMED TO
 BATS.

THE impiety of Alcithoe and her sisters is punished by their transformation into the shape of bats by the power of Bacchus.

BUT Mineus' daughters still their tasks pursue,
 To wickedness most obstinately true;
 At Bacchus still they laugh, when all around,
 Unseen, the timbrels hoarse were heard to sound. 520
 Saffron and myrrh their fragrant odors shed,
 And now the present deity they dread.
 Strange to relate! here ivy first was seen,
 Along the distaff crept the wondrous green;
 Then sudden, springing vines began to bloom, 525
 And the soft tendrils curl'd around the loom;
 While purple clusters, dangling from on high,
 Tinged the wrought purple with a second dye.
 Now from the skies was shot a doubtful light,
 The day declining to the bounds of night. 530
 The fabrics firm foundations shake all o'er,
 False tigers rage, and figured lions roar,
 Torches, aloft, seem blazing in the air,
 And angry flashes of red lightnings glare:

To dark recesses, the dire sight to shun, 535
 Swift the pale sisters in confusion run :
 Their arms were lost in pinions, as they fled,
 And subtile films each slender limb o'erspread.
 Their alter'd forms their senses soon reveal'd ;
 Their forms, how alter'd, darkness still conceal'd. 540
 Close to the roof each, wond'ring, upwards springs,
 Borne on unknown, transparent, plumeless, wings.
 They strove for words ; their little bodies found
 No words, but murmur'd in a fainting sound.
 In towns, not woods, the sooty bats delight, 545
 And never till the dusk begin their flight ;
 Till Vesper rises with his evening flame,
 From whom the Romans have derived their name.

TRANSFORMATION OF INO AND MELICERTA TO SEA-GODS.

JUNO, jealous of the prosperity of Ino, the nurse of Bacchus,
 sends the fury Tisiphone to the house of Athamas, her hus-
 band, who is seized with such a sudden frensy, that he
 mistakes his wife and children for a lioness with her
 whelps, and dashes his son Learchus against a wall—Ino
 effects her escape, and from a high rock precipitates her-
 self into the sea with Melicerta in her arms—She is pro-
 moted by Neptune to the dignity of a sea-deity, afterwards
 called Leucothoe, while Melicerta becomes a sea-god,
 known by the name of Palæmon.

THE power of Bacchus now o'er Thebes had flown :
 With awful reverence soon the god they own. 550
 Proud Ino all around the wonder tells,
 And on her nephew deity still dwells.
 Of numerous sisters, she alone yet knew
 No grief, but grief, which she from sisters drew.
 Imperial Juno saw her with disdain 555
 Vain in her offspring, in her consort vain,

Who ruled the trembling Thebans with a nod,
 But saw her vainest in her foster-god.
 ' Could then,' she cried, ' a bastard boy have power
 To make a mother her own son devour? 560
 Could he the Tuscan crew to fishes change,
 And now three sisters damn to forms so strange?
 Yet shall the wife of Jove find no relief?
 Shall she still unrevenged disclose her grief?
 Have I the mighty freedom to complain? 565
 Is that my power? Is that to ease my pain?
 A foe has taught me vengeance; and who ought
 To scorn that vengeance, which a foe has taught?
 What sure destruction frantic rage can throw,
 The gaping wounds of slaughter'd Pentheus show. 570
 Why should not Ino fired with madness stray,
 Like her mad sisters her own kindred slay?
 Why she not follow where they lead the way?
 Down a steep yawning cave where yews display'd
 In arches meet, and lend a baleful shade, 575
 Through silent labyrinths a passage lies
 To mournful regions and infernal skies.
 Here Styx exhales its noisome clouds, and here,
 The funeral rites once paid, all souls appear,
 Stiff cold, and horror with a ghastly face 580
 And staring eyes, infest the dreary place.
 Ghosts, new-arrived, and strangers to these plains,
 Know not the palace where grim Pluto reigns;
 They journey doubtful, nor the road can tell,
 Which leads to the metropolis of hell. 585
 A thousand avenues those towers command,
 A thousand gates for ever open stand.
 As all the rivers, disembogued, find room
 For all their waters in old Ocean's womb;
 So this vast city worlds of shades receives, 590
 And space for millions still of worlds she leaves.

The unbodied spectres freely rove, and show
 Whate'er they loved on earth they love below :
 The lawyers still, or right, or wrong, support,
 The courtiers smoothly glide to Pluto's court, 595
 Still airy heroes thoughts of glory fire,
 Still the dead poet strings his deathless lyre,
 And lovers still with fancied darts expire.

The queen of heaven, to gratify her hate,
 And soothe immortal wrath, forgets her state : 600
 Down from the realms of day to realms of night,
 The goddess swift precipitates her flight.
 At hell arrived, the noise hell's porter heard,
 The enormous dog his triple head uprear'd : 604
 Thrice from three grisly throats he howl'd profound,
 Then suppliant couch'd, and stretch'd along the ground.
 The trembling threshold, which Saturnia press'd,
 The weight of such divinity confess'd.

Before a lofty adamantine gate,
 Which closed a tower of brass, the Furies sate ; 610
 Misshapen forms, tremendous to the sight
 The implacable foul daughters of the night.
 A sounding whip each bloody sister shakes,
 Or from her tresses combs the curling snakes.
 But now great Juno's majesty was known ; 615
 Through the thick gloom all heavenly bright she shone ;
 The hideous monsters their obedience show'd,
 And, rising from their seats, submissive bow'd.

This is the place of wo, here groan the dead :
 Huge Tityus o'er nine acres here is spread : 620
 Fruitful for pain the immortal liver breeds,
 Still grows, and still the insatiate vulture feeds :
 Poor Tantalus to taste the water tries,
 But from his lips the faithless water flies :
 Then thinks the bending tree he can command ; 625
 The tree starts backwards, and eludes his hand :

The labor too of Sisyphus is vain ;
 Up the steep mount he heaves the stone with pain,
 Down from the summit rolls the stone again :
 The Belides their leaky vessels still 630
 Are ever filling, and yet never fill ;
 Doom'd to this punishment for blood they shed,
 For bridegrooms slaughter'd in the bridal bed :
 Stretch'd on the rolling wheel Ixion lies ;
 Himself he follows, and himself he flies. 635
 Ixion, tortured, Juno sternly eyed,
 Then turn'd, and toiling Sisyphus espied :
 ' And why,' she said, ' so wretched is the fate
 Of him, whose brother proudly reigns in state ?
 Yet still my altars unadored have been 640
 By Athamas and his presumptuous queen.'
 What caused her hate, the goddess thus confess'd,
 What caused her journey now was more than guess'd,
 That hate, relentless, its revenge did want,
 And that revenge the Furies soon could grant : 645
 They could the glory of proud Thebes efface,
 And hide in ruin the Cadmean race.
 For this she largely promises, intreats,
 And to intreaties adds imperial threats.
 Then fell Tisiphone with rage was stung, 650
 And from her mouth the untwisted serpents flung.
 ' To gain this trifling boon, there is no need,'
 She cried, ' in formal speeches to proceed.
 Whatever thou command'st to do, is done ;
 Believe it finish'd, though not yet begun. 655
 But from these melancholy seats repair
 To happier mansions, and to purer air.'
 She spoke. The goddess, darting upwards, flies,
 And joyous reascends her native skies :
 Nor enter'd there, till round her Iris threw 660
 Ambrosial sweets, and pour'd celestial dew.

The faithful fury, guiltless of delays,
 With cruel haste the dire command obeys.
 Girt in a bloody gown, a torch she shakes,
 And round her neck twines speckled wreaths of
 snakes. 665

Fear, and dismay, and agonising pain,
 With frantic rage, complete her loveless train.
 To Thebes her flight she sped, and hell forsook ;
 At her approach the Theban turrets shook ;
 The sun shrunk back, thick clouds the day o'ercast,
 And springing greens were wither'd as she pass'd. 671

Now, dismal yellings heard, strange spectre seen,
 Confound as much the monarch as the queen.
 In vain to quit the palace they prepared,
 Tisiphone was there, and kept the ward. 675

She wide extended her unfriendly arms,
 And all the fury lavish'd all her harms.
 Part of her tresses loudly hiss, and part
 Spread poison, as their forky tongues they dart :
 Then from her middle locks two snakes she drew, 680

Whose merit from superior mischief grew :
 The envenom'd ruin, thrown with spiteful care,
 Clung to the bosoms of the hapless pair.
 The hapless pair soon with wild thoughts were fired,
 And madness by a thousand ways inspired. 685

'Tis true, the unwounded body still was sound,
 But 'twas the soul which felt the deadly wound.
 Nor did the unsated monster here give o'er,
 But dealt of plagues a fresh unnumber'd store.
 Each baneful juice too well she understood, 690

Foam churn'd by Cerberus, and Hydra's blood.
 Hot hemlock, and cold aconite she chose,
 Delighted in variety of woes.
 Whatever can untune the harmonious soul,
 And its mild reas'ning faculties control, 695

Give false ideas, raise desires profane,
 And whirl in eddies the tumultuous brain,
 Mix'd with cursed art, she direfully around
 Through all their nerves diffused the sad compound ;
 Then toss'd her torch in circles still the same, 700
 Improved their rage, and added flame to flame.
 The grinning fury her own conquest spied,
 And to her rueful shades return'd with pride,
 And threw the exhausted useless snakes aside.

Now Athamas cries out, his reason fled, 705
 ' Here, fellow-hunters, let the toils be spread.
 I saw a lioness, in quest of food,

With her two young, run roaring in this wood.'
 Again the fancied savages were seen,

As through his palace still he chased his queen ; 710
 Then tore Learchus from her breast : the child
 Stretch'd little arms, and on its father smiled :

A father now no more, who now begun
 Around his head to whirl his giddy son,
 And, quite insensible to nature's call, 715
 The helpless infant flung against the wall.

The same mad poison in the mother wrought,
 Young Melicerta in her arms she caught,
 And with disorder'd tresses, howling, flies,
 ' O ! Bacchus, Evoe, Bacchus !' loud she cries. 720

The name of Bacchus Juno laugh'd to hear,
 And said, ' Thy foster-god has cost thee dear.'

A rock there stood, whose side the beating waves
 Had long consumed, and hollow'd into caves ;
 The head shot forwards in a bending steep, 725
 And cast a dreadful covert o'er the deep.

The wretched Ino, on destruction bent,
 Climb'd up the cliff, such strength her fury lent,
 Thence with her guiltless boy, who wept in vain,
 At one bold spring she plunged into the main. 730

Her niece's fate touch'd Cytherea's breast,
 And in soft sounds she Neptune thus address'd :
 ' Great god of waters, whose extended sway
 Is next to his, whom heaven and earth obey,
 Let not the suit of Venus thee displease, 735
 Pity the floaters on the Ionian seas.
 Increase thy subject-gods, nor yet disdain
 To add my kindred to that glorious train.
 If from the sea I may such honors claim,
 If 'tis desert that from the sea I came, 740
 As Grecian poets artfully have sung,
 And in the name-confess'd from whence I sprung.'
 Pleased Neptune nodded his assent, and free
 Both soon became from frail mortality.
 He gave them form, and majesty divine, 745
 And bade them glide along the foamy brine.
 For Melicerta is Palæmon known,
 And Ino once, Leucothoe is grown.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE THEBAN MATRONS.

THE companions of Ino, lamenting the fate of their unhappy mistress, excite the displeasure of Juno, who transforms them into stones and birds.

THE Theban matrons their loved queen pursued,
 And tracing to the rock, her footsteps view'd. 750
 Too certain of her fate, they rend the skies
 With piteous shrieks, and lamentable cries;
 All beat their breasts, and Juno all upbraid,
 Who still remember'd a deluded maid,
 Who, still revengeful for one stolen embrace, 755
 Thus wreak'd her hate on the Cadmean race.
 This Juno heard : ' And shall such elfs,' she cried,
 ' Dispute my justice, or my power deride ?
 You too shall feel my wrath not idly spent ;
 A goddess never for insults was meant.' 760

She, who loved most, and who most loved had
 been,
 Said: ' Not the waves shall part me from my queen.'
 She strove to plunge into the roaring flood,
 Fix'd to the stone, a stone herself she stood ;
 This, on her breast would fain her blows repeat ; 765
 Her stiffen'd hands refused her breast to beat ;
 That stretch'd her arms unto the seas, in vain
 Her arms she labor'd to unstretch again.
 To tear her comely locks another tried ;
 Both comely locks and fingers petrified. 770
 Part thus ; but Juno, with a softer mind,
 Part doom'd to mix among the feather'd kind.
 Transform'd, the name of Theban birds they keep,
 And skim the surface of that fatal deep.

CADMUS AND HIS QUEEN TRANSFORMED INTO SERPENTS.

WEARIED with toil and infirm with age, Cadmus and his wife retire to Illyricum, and at their own request are changed into serpents.

MEANTIME, the wretched Cadmus mourns, nor knows,
 That they, who mortal fell, immortal rose. 776
 With a long series of new ills oppress'd,
 He droops, and all the man forsakes his breast :
 Strange prodigies confound his frightened eyes ;
 From the fair city, which he raised, he flies ; 780
 As if misfortune not pursued his race,
 But only hung o'er that devoted place.
 Resolved by sea to seek some distant land,
 At last he safely gain'd the Illyrian strand.
 Cheerless himself, his consort still he cheers, 785
 Hoary, and loaden'd both with woes and years.
 Then to recount past sorrows they begin,
 And trace them to the gloomy origin.

'That serpent sure was hallow'd,' Cadmus cried,
 'Which once my spear transfix'd with foolish pride ;
 When the big teeth, a seed before unknown, 791
 By me along the wond'ring glebe were sown,
 And sprouting armies by themselves o'erthrown.
 If thence the wrath of heaven on me is bent,
 May heaven conclude it with one sad event ; 795
 To an extended serpent change the man ;'
 And, while he spoke, the wish'd for change began.
 His skin with sea-green spots was varied round,
 And on his belly prone he press'd the ground ;
 He glitter'd soon with many a golden scale, 800
 And his shrunk legs closed in a spiry tail ;
 Arms yet remain'd, remaining arms he spread
 To his loved wife, and human tears yet shed.
 'Come, my Harmonia, come, thy face recline
 Down to my face ; still touch, what still is mine. 805
 O! let these hands, while hands, be gently press'd,
 While yet the serpent has not all possess'd.'
 More he had spoke, but strove to speak in vain,
 The forky tongue refused to tell his pain,
 And learn'd in hissings only to complain. 810
 Then shriek'd Harmonia: 'Stay, my Cadmus,
 stay,
 Glide not in such a monstrous shape away !
 Destruction, like impetuous waves, rolls on.
 Where are thy feet, thy legs, thy shoulders, gone ?
 Changed is thy visage, changed is all thy frame, 815
 Cadmus is only Cadmus now in name.
 Ye gods, my Cadmus to himself restore,
 Or me like him transform ; I ask no more.'
 The husband serpent show'd he still had thought,
 With wonted fondness an embrace he sought, 820
 Play'd round her neck in many a harmless twist,
 And lick'd that bosom, which, a man, he kiss'd.

The lookers on (for lookers on there were),
 Shock'd at the sight, half died away with fear.
 The transformation was again renew'd, 825
 And, like the husband, changed the wife they
 view'd.

Both serpents now, with fold involved in fold,
 To the next covert amicably roll'd.
 There curl'd they lie, or wave along the green,
 Fearless see men, by men are fearless seen, 830
 Still mild, and conscious what they once have been.

STORY OF PERSEUS.

ACRISIUS, the grandfather of Perseus, is at length compelled to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, and to commemorate the splendid achievements of his descendant.

YET though this harsh inglorious fate they found,
 Each in the deathless grandson lived renown'd.
 Through conquer'd India Bacchus nobly rode,
 And Greece with temples hail'd the conquering god.
 In Argos only proud Acrisius reign'd, 836
 Who all the consecrated rites profaned.
 Audacious wretch ! thus Bacchus to deny,
 And the great Thunderer's great son defy !
 Nor him alone : thy daughter vainly strove 840
 Brave Perseus of celestial stem to prove,
 And herself pregnant by a golden Jove.
 Yet this was true, and truth in time prevails ;
 Acrisius now his unbelief bewails.
 His former thought an impious thought he found, 845
 And both the hero and the god were own'd.
 He saw, already one in heaven was placed,
 And one with more than mortal triumphs graced.
 The victor Perseus, with the Gorgon head,
 O'er Libyan sands his airy journey sped. 850

The gory drops distill'd, as swift he flew,
 And from each drop envenom'd serpents grew.
 The mischiefs brooded on the barren plains,
 And still the unhappy fruitfulness remains. 854

ATLAS TRANSFORMED TO A MOUNTAIN.

PERSEUS, after the conquest of the Gorgons, passes by the palace of Atlas, and solicits the rites of hospitality, which are refused—Perseus exhibits the head of Medusa, and the monarch is instantly changed into a large mountain, on which the world is supposed to rest.

THENCE Perseus, like a cloud, by storms was driven,
 Through all the expanse beneath the cope of heaven.
 The jarring winds unable to control,
 He saw the southern and the northern pole ;
 And eastward thrice, and westward thrice, was whirl'd,
 And from the skies survey'd the nether world. 860
 But when grey evening show'd the verge of night,
 He fear'd in darkness to pursue his flight.
 He poised his pinions, and forgot to soar,
 And, sinking, closed them on the Hesperian shore :
 Then begg'd to rest, till Lucifer begun 865
 To wake the morn, the morn to wake the sun.

Here Atlas reign'd, of more than human size,
 And in his kingdom the world's limit lies.
 Here Titan bids his wearied coursers sleep,
 And cools the burning axle in the deep : 870
 The mighty monarch, uncontroll'd, alone,
 His sceptre sways : no neighb'ring states are known :
 A thousand flocks on shady mountains fed,
 A thousand herds o'er grassy plains were spread :
 Here wondrous trees their shining stores unfold, 875
 Their shining stores too wondrous to be told,
 Their leaves, their branches, and their apples, gold.

Then Perseus the gigantic prince address'd,
 Humbly implored a hospitable rest :
 ' If bold exploits thy admiration fire,' 880
 He said, ' I fancy mine thou wilt admire :
 Or, if the glory of a race can move,
 Not mean my glory, for I spring from Jove.'
 At this confession Atlas ghastly stared,
 Mindful of what an oracle declared, 885
 That the dark womb of time conceal'd a day,
 Which should, disclosed, the bloomy gold betray ;
 All should at once be ravish'd from his eyes,
 And Jove's own progeny enjoy the prize.
 For this, the fruit he loftily immured, 890
 And a fierce dragon the strait pass secured :
 For this, all strangers he forbade to land,
 And drove them from the inhospitable strand.
 To Perseus then : ' Fly, quickly fly, this coast,
 Nor falsely dare thy acts and race to boast.' 895
 In vain the hero for one night intreats,
 Threat'ning he storms, and next adds force to threats.
 By strength not Perseus could himself defend ;
 For who in strength with Atlas could contend ?
 ' But since short rest to me thou wilt not give, 900
 A gift of endless rest from me receive.'
 He said, and backward turn'd, no more conceal'd
 The present, and Medusa's head reveal'd.
 Soon the high Atlas a high mountain stood ;
 His locks and beard became a leafy wood ; 905
 His hands and shoulders into ridges went ;
 The summit-head still crown'd the steep ascent ;
 His bones a solid rocky hardness gain'd.
 He, thus immensely grown (as 'Fate ordain'd),
 The stars, the heavens, and all the gods, sustain'd. 910

ANDROMEDA RESCUED FROM THE SEA MONSTER.

PERSEUS, returning in the air from the conquest of the Gorgons, beholds Andromeda chained to a rock, and exposed to a sea monster—The hero proposes to the father of the maiden to deliver her and destroy the monster, if he will consent to bestow her in marriage on him—The offer is joyfully accepted, and the promise speedily fulfilled.

Now Æolus had with strong chains confined,
 And deep imprison'd every blustering wind ;
 The rising Phosphor with a purple light
 Did sluggish mortals to new toils invite.
 His feet again the valiant Perseus plumes, 915
 And his keen sabre in his hand resumes :
 Then nobly spurns the ground, and upwards springs,
 And cuts the liquid air with sounding wings.
 O'er various seas, and various lands, he pass'd,
 Till Ethiopia's shore appear'd at last. 920
 Andromeda was there, doom'd to atone
 By her own ruin follies not her own :
 And if injustice in a god can be,
 Such was the Libyan god's unjust decree.
 Chain'd to a rock she stood ; young Perseus stay'd
 His rapid flight, to view the beauteous maid. 926
 So sweet her frame, so exquisitely fine,
 She seem'd a statue by a hand divine,
 Had not the wind her waving tresses show'd,
 And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd. 930
 Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires ;
 The more he looks, the more he still admires.
 The admirer almost had forgot to fly,
 And swift descended, fluttering from on high :
 ' O virgin ! worthy no such chains to prove, 935
 But pleasing chains in the soft folds of love ;
 Thy country, and thy name,' he said, ' disclose,
 And give a true rehearsal of thy woes.'

A quick reply her bashfulness refused
 To the free converse of a man unused: 940
 Her rising blushes had concealment found
 From her spread hands, but that her hands were
 bound.

She acted to her full extent of power,
 And bathed her face with a fresh, silent, shower.
 But by degrees in innocence grown bold, 945
 Her name, her country, and her birth she told:
 And how she suffer'd for her mother's pride,
 Who with the Nereids once in beauty vied.

Part yet untold, the seas began to roar,
 And mounting billows tumbled to the shore. 950
 Above the waves a monster raised his head,
 His body o'er the deep was widely spread:
 Onward he flounced; aloud the virgin cries;
 Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks replies:
 But she had deepest cause to rend the skies. 955

Weeping, to her they cling; no sign appears
 Of help, they only lend their helpless tears.
 'Too long you vent your sorrows,' Perseus said,
 'Short is the hour, and swift the time of aid;
 In me the son of thundering Jove, behold, 960
 Got in a kindly shower of fruitful gold:

Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,
 And through the clouds I boldly wing my way:
 If such desert be worthy of esteem,
 And if your daughter I from death redeem, 965
 Shall she be mine? Shall it not then be thought
 A bride, so lovely, was too cheaply bought?
 For her my arms I willingly employ,
 If I may beauties, which I save, enjoy.'

The parents eagerly the terms embrace: 970
 For who would slight such terms in such a case?
 Nor her alone they promise, but, beside,
 The dowry of a kingdom with the bride.

As well-rigg'd galleys, which slaves, sweating, row,
 With their sharp beaks the whiten'd ocean plough;
 So, when the monster moved, still at his-back 976
 The furrow'd waters left a foamy track.
 Now to the rock he was advanced so nigh,
 Whirl'd from a sling, a stone the space would fly.
 Then, bounding upwards, the brave Perseus sprung,
 And in mid air on hovering pinions hung. 981
 His shadow quickly floated on the main;
 The monster could not his wild rage restrain,
 But at the floating shadow leap'd in vain.
 As when Jove's bird a speckled serpent spies, 985
 Which in the shine of Phœbus basking lies,
 Unseen, he souses down, and bears away,
 Truss'd from behind, the vainly hissing prey.
 To writhe his neck the labor nought avails,
 Too deep the imperial talons pierce his scales. 990
 Thus the wing'd hero now descends, now soars,
 And at his pleasure the vast monster gores.
 Full in his back, swift stooping from above,
 The crooked sabre to its hilt he drove.
 The monster raged, impatient of the pain, 995
 First bounded high, and then sunk low again.
 Now, like a savage boar, when chafed with wounds,
 And bay'd with opening mouths of hungry hounds,
 He on the foe turns with collected might,
 Who still eludes him with an airy flight; 1000
 And, wheeling round, the scaly armor tries
 Of his thick sides; his thinner tail now plies;
 Till, from repeated strokes out gush'd a flood,
 And the waves redden'd with the streaming blood.
 At last the dropping wings, befoam'd all o'er, 1005
 With flaggy heaviness their master bore:
 A rock he spied, whose humble head was low,
 Bare at an ebb, but cover'd at a flow.

A ridgy hold, he, thither flying, gain'd,
 And with one hand his bending weight sustain'd; 1010
 With the other, vig'rous blows he dealt around,
 And the home thrusts the expiring monster own'd.
 In deaf'ning shouts the glad applauses rise,
 And peal on peal runs rattling through the skies.
 The saviour-youth the royal pair confess, 1015
 And with heaved hands their daughter's bridegroom
 bless.

The beauteous bride moves on, now loosed from chains,
 The cause, and sweet reward, of all the hero's pains.

Meantime on shore triumphant Perseus stood,
 And purged his hands, smear'd with the monster's
 blood: 1020

Then in the windings of a sandy bed
 Composed Medusa's execrable head.
 But to prevent the roughness, leaves he threw,
 And young green twigs, which soft in waters grew,
 There soft, and full of sap; but here, when laid, 1025
 Touch'd by the head, that softness soon decay'd.

The wonted flexibility quite gone,
 The tender scions harden'd into stone.
 Fresh juicy twigs, surprised, the Nereids brought,
 Fresh juicy twigs the same contagion caught. 1030

The nymphs the petrifying seeds still keep,
 And propagate the wonder through the deep.
 The pliant sprays of coral yet declare
 Their stiff'ning nature, when exposed to air.
 Those sprays, which did, like bending osiers move,
 Snatch'd from their element obdurate prove, 1036
 And shrubs beneath the waves, grow stones above.

The great immortals grateful Perseus praised,
 And to three powers three turfy altars raised.
 To Hermes this; and that he did assign 1040
 To Pallas; the mid honors, Jove, were thine:

He hastes for Pallas a white cow to cull,
 A calf for Hermes, but for Jove a bull.
 Then seized the prize of his victorious fight,
 Andromeda, and claim'd the nuptial rite. 1045
 Andromeda alone he greatly sought,
 The dowry kingdom was not worth his thought.
 Pleased Hymen now his golden torch displays;
 With rich oblations fragrant altars blaze,
 Sweet wreaths of choicest flowers are hung on high,
 And cloudless pleasure smiles in every eye; 1051
 The melting music melting thoughts inspires,
 And warbling songsters aid the warbling lyres;
 The palace opens wide in pompous state,
 And, by his peers surrounded, Cepheus sate; 1055
 A feast was served, fit for a king to give,
 And fit for godlike heroes to receive.
 The banquet ended, the gay cheerful bowl
 Moved round, and brighten'd, and enlarged each soul.
 Then Perseus ask'd what customs there obtain'd, 1060
 And by what laws the people were restrain'd;
 Which told, the teller a like freedom takes,
 And to the warrior his petition makes,
 To know what arts had won Medusa's snakes.

STORY OF MEDUSA'S HEAD.

MEDUSA, one of the three Gorgons, and celebrated for her personal beauty, is violated by Neptune in the temple of Minerva, who changes the flowing ringlets, which had attracted the admiration of the god, into hissing snakes, which are finally transferred to the ægis of Minerva.

THE hero with his just request complies, 1065
 Shows how a vale beneath cold Atlas lies,
 Where, with aspiring mountains fenced around,
 He the two daughters of old Phorcus found.

Fate had one common eye to both assign'd,
 Each saw by turns, and each by turns was blind. 1070
 But while one strove to lend her sister sight,
 He stretch'd his hand, and stole their mutual light,
 And left both eyeless, both involved in night.

Through devious wilds, and trackless woods, he pass'd,
 And at the Gorgon seats arrived at last : 1075

But as he journey'd, pensive, he survey'd
 What wasteful havoc dire Medusa made.

Here, stood still breathing statues, men before ;
 There, rampant lions seem'd in stone to roar.

Nor did he, yet affrighted, quit the field ; 1080

But, in the mirror of his polish'd shield,
 Reflected saw Medusa slumbers take,

And not one serpent, by good chance, awake.

Then backward an unerring blow he sped,
 And from her body lopp'd at once her head. 1085

The gore prolific proved ; with sudden force
 Sprung Pegasus, and wing'd his airy course.

The heaven-born warrior faithfully went on,
 And told the numerous dangers which he run ;
 What subject seas, what lands he had in view, 1090
 And nigh what stars the advent'rous hero flew.

At last he silent sat ; the list'ning throng
 Sigh'd at the pause of his delightful tongue.

Some begg'd to know why this alone should wear,
 Of all the sisters, such destructive hair. 1095

Great Perseus then : ' With me you shall prevail,
 Worth the relation, to relate a tale.

Medusa once had charms ; to gain her love
 A rival crowd of envious lovers strove.

They, who have seen her, own, they ne'er did trace
 More moving features in a sweeter face : 1101

Yet, above all, her length of hair, they own,
 In golden ringlets waved, and graceful shone.

Her Neptune saw, and with such beauties fired,
 Resolved to compass what his soul desired. 1105
 The bashful goddess turn'd her eyes away,
 Nor durst such bold impurity survey ;
 But on the lovely virgin vengeance takes,
 Her shining hair is changed to hissing snakes.
 These, in her ægis, Pallas joys to bear : 1110
 The hissing snakes her foes more sure ensnare,
 Than they did lovers once, when shining hair.'

BOOK V.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MAYNWARING.

STORY OF PERSEUS CONTINUED.

PHINEUS, the brother of Cepheus, had been betrothed to his niece Andromeda before she had been exposed to the rage of a sea monster ; and, in order to interrupt the marriage ceremony, he collects a considerable number of his adherents, who assault Perseus—The hero, after defending himself with courage, is in danger of being overpowered, when the assailants are suddenly turned into stone by the head of Medusa.

WHILE Perseus entertain'd with this report
 His father Cepheus, and the list'ning court,
 Within the palace walls was heard aloud
 The roaring noise of some unruly crowd ;
 Nót like the songs which cheerful friends prepare 5
 For nuptial days, but sounds that threaten'd war ;
 And all the pleasures of this happy feast,
 To tumult turn'd, in wild disorder ceased :
 So, when the sea is calm, we often find
 A storm raised sudden by some furious wind. 10

Chief in the riot Phineus first appear'd,
 The rash ringleader of this boist'rous herd,
 And brandishing his brazen-pointed lance,
 'Behold,' he said, 'an injured man advance,
 Stung with resentment for his ravish'd wife ; 15
 Nor shall thy wings, O Perseus, save thy life ;
 Nor Jove himself, though we've been often told,
 Who got thee in the form of tempting gold.'
 His lance was aim'd, when Cepheus ran, and said,
 'Hold ! brother, hold ! what brutal rage has made 20
 Your frantic mind so black a crime conceive ?
 Are these the thanks that you to Perseus give ?
 This the reward that to his worth you pay,
 Whose timely valor saved Andromeda ?
 Nor was it he, if you would reason right, 25
 That forced her from you, but the jealous spite
 Of envious Nereids, and Jove's high decree,
 And that devouring monster of the sea,
 That ready, with his jaws wide gaping, stood
 To eat my child, the fairest of my blood. 30
 You lost her then, when she seem'd past relief,
 And wish'd, perhaps, her death to ease your grief
 With my afflictions : not content to view
 Andromeda in chains, unhelp'd by you,
 Her spouse, and uncle ; will you grieve that he 35
 Exposed his life the dying maid to free ?
 And shall you claim his merit ? Had you thought
 Her charms so great, you should have bravely
 sought
 That blessing on the rocks where fix'd she lay :
 But now let Perseus bear his prize away, 40
 By service gain'd, by promised faith possess'd ;
 To him I owe it, that my age is bless'd
 Still with a child : nor think that I prefer
 Perseus to thee, but to the loss of her.'

Phineus on him and Perseus roll'd about 45
 His eyes in silent rage, and seem'd to doubt
 Which to destroy, till, resolute at length,
 He threw his spear with the redoubled strength
 His fury gave him, and at Perseus struck ;
 But missing Perseus, in his seat it stuck ; 50
 Who, springing nimbly up, return'd the dart,
 And almost plunged it in his rival's heart ;
 But he for safety to the altar ran ;
 Unfit protection for so vile a man :
 Yet was the stroke not vain, as Rhœtus found, 55
 Who in his brow received a mortal wound ;
 Headlong he tumbled, when his skull was broke,
 From which his friends the fatal weapon took,
 While he lay trembling, and his gushing blood
 In crimson streams around the table flow'd. 60

But this provoked the unruly rabble worse :
 They flung their darts ; and some in loud discourse
 To death young Perseus and the monarch doom ;
 But Cepheus left before the guilty room,
 With grief appealing to the gods above, 65
 Who laws of hospitality approve,
 Who faith protect, and succor injured right,
 That he was guiltless of this barb'rous fight.

Pallas her brother Perseus close attends,
 And with her ample shield from harm defends, 70
 Raising a sprightly courage in his heart :
 But Indian Athis took the weaker part :
 Born in the crystal grottos of the sea,
 Limnate's son, a fenny nymph, and she
 Daughter of Ganges : graceful was his mien, 75
 His person lovely, and his age sixteen :
 His habit made his native beauty more :
 A purple mantle fringed with gold he wore ;
 His neck, well turn'd, with golden chains was graced ;
 His hair, with myrrh perfumed, was nicely dress'd. 80

Though with just aim he could the javelin throw,
 Yet with more skill he drew the bending bow ;
 And now was drawing it with artful hand,
 When Perseus, snatching up a flaming brand,
 Whirl'd sudden at his face the burning wood, 85
 Crush'd his eyes in, and quench'd the fire with blood ;
 Through the soft skin the splinter'd bones appear,
 And spoil'd the face that lately was so fair.

When Lycabas his Athis thus beheld,
 How was his heart with friendly horror fill'd ! 90
 A youth so noble, to his soul so dear,
 To see his shapeless look, his dying groans to hear !
 He snatch'd the bow the boy was used to bend,
 And cried, ' with me, false traitor, dare contend ;
 Boast not a conquest o'er a child, but try 95
 Thy strength with me, who all thy powers defy,
 Nor think so mean an act a victory.'

While yet he spoke he flung the whizzing dart,
 Which pierced the plaited robe, but miss'd his heart.
 Perseus defied, upon him fiercely press'd 100
 With sword unsheathed, and plunged it in his breast :
 His eyes o'erwhelm'd with night, he stumbling falls,
 And with his latest breath on Athis calls ;
 Pleased that so near the lovely youth he lies,
 He sinks his head upon his friend, and dies. 105

Next eager Phorbas, old Methion's son,
 Came rushing forward with Amphimedon,
 When the smooth pavement, slippery made with
 gore,
 Tripp'd up their feet, and flung them on the floor :
 The sword of Perseus, who by chance was nigh, 110
 Prevents their rise ; and where they fall, they lie ;
 Full in his ribs Amphimedon he smote,
 And then stuck fiery Phorbas in the throat,
 Eurythus lifting up his axe, the blow
 Was thus prevented by his nimble foe ; 115

A golden cup he seizes, high emboss'd,
 And at his head the massy goblet toss'd :
 It hits, and from his forehead bruised rebounds,
 And blood and brains he vomits from his wounds ;
 With his slain fellows on the floor he lies, 120
 And death for ever shuts his swimming eyes.
 Then Polydæmon fell, a goddess born :
 Phlegias and Elycen, with locks unshorn,
 Next follow'd : next the stroke of death he gave
 To Clytus, Abanis, and Lycetus brave ; 125
 While o'er unnumber'd heaps of ghastly dead
 The Argive hero's feet triumphant tread.

But Phineus stands aloof, and dreads to feel
 His rival's force, and flies his pointed steel ;
 Yet threw a dart from far ; by chance it lights 130
 On Idas, who for neither party fights :
 But wounded, sternly thus to Phineus said :
 ' Since of a neuter thou a foe hast made,
 This I return thee,' drawing from his side
 The dart, which, as he strove to fling, he died. 135
 Odites fell by Clymenus' sword ;
 The Cephén court had not a greater lord.
 Hypseus his blade does in Protenor sheath ;
 But brave Lyncides soon revenged his death.
 Here too was old Emathion, one that fear'd 140
 The gods, and in the cause of Heaven appear'd,
 Who, only wishing the success of right,
 And by his age exempted from the fight,
 Both sides alike condemns : ' This impious war
 Cease, cease,' he cries ; ' these bloody broils forbear.'
 This scarce the sage, with high concern, had said, 146
 When Chromis, at a blow, struck off his head,
 Which, dropping, on the royal altar roll'd,
 Still staring on the crowd with aspect bold ;
 And still it seem'd their horrid strife to blame ; 150
 In life and death his pious zeal the same :

While clinging to the horns the trunk expires,
The sever'd head consumes amidst the fires.

Then Phineus, who from far his javelin threw,
Broteas and Ammon, twins and brothers, slew; 155
For knotted gauntlets matchless in the field;
But gauntlets must to swords and javelins yield.
Ampycus next, with hallow'd fillets bound,
As Ceres' priest, and with a mitre crown'd,
His spear transfix'd, and struck him to the ground.

O Iapetides, with pain I tell 161
How you, sweet lyrist, in the riot fell:
What worse than brutal rage his breast could fill
Who did thy blood, O bard celestial! spill?
Kindly you press'd amid the princely throng, 165
To crown the feast, and give the nuptial song:
Discord abhorr'd the music of thy lyre,
Whose notes did gentle peace so well inspire:
Thee when fierce Pettalus far off espied,
Defenceless with thy harp, he scoffing cried, 170
'Go, to the ghosts thy soothing lessons play;
We loath thy lyre, and scorn thy peaceful lay:'
And, as again he fiercely bid him go,
He pierced his temples with a mortal blow.
His harp he held, though sinking on the ground, 175
Whose strings in death his trembling fingers found,
By chance, and tuned by chance a dying sound.

With grief Lycormas saw him fall, from far,
And wresting from the door a massy bar,
Full in his poll lays on a load of knocks, 180
Which stun him, and he falls like a devoted ox.
Another bar Pelates would have snatch'd,
But Corythus his motions slyly watch'd;
He darts his weapon from a private stand,
And rivets to the post his veiny hand; 185
When straight a missive spear transfix'd his side,
By Abas thrown, and, as he hung, he died.

Melaneus on the prince's side was slain,
 And Dorylas, who own'd a fertile plain,
 Of Nasamonia's fields the wealthy lord, 190
 Whose crowded barns could scarce contain their hoard :
 A whizzing spear obliquely gave a blow,
 Stuck in his groin, and pierced the nerves below :
 His foe beheld his eyes convulsive roll,
 His ebbing veins, and his departing soul, 195
 Then taunting said : ' Of all thy spacious plains,
 This spot thy only property remains.'
 He left him thus ; but had no sooner left,
 Than Perseus in revenge his nostrils cleft ;
 From his friend's breast the murdering dart he drew,
 And the same weapon at the murderer threw ; 201
 His head in halves the darted javelin cut,
 And on each side the brain came issuing out.

Fortune, his friend, his deaths around he deals,
 And this his lance, and that his falchion, feels : 205
 Now Clytius dies ; and, by a different wound,
 The twin, his brother Clanis, bites the ground :
 In his rent jaw the bearded weapon sticks,
 And the steel'd dart does Clytius' thigh transfix.
 With these Mendesian Celadon he slew ; 210
 And Astreus next, whose mother was a Jew ;
 His sire uncertain : then by Perseus fell
 Æthion, who could things to come foretell ;
 But now he knows not whence the javelin flies
 That wounds his breast, nor by whose arm he dies.

The squire to Phineus next his valor tried, 216
 And fierce Agyrtes stain'd with parricide.

As these are slain, fresh numbers still appear,
 And wage with Perseus an unequal war ;
 To rob him of his right—the maid he won, 220
 By honor, promise, and desert, his own.
 With him the father of the beauteous bride,
 The mother, and the frighted virgin, side :

With shrieks and doleful cries they rend the air :
 Their shrieks confounded with the din of war, 225
 With clashing arms, and groanings of the slain,
 They grieve unpitied, and unheard complain.
 The floor with ruddy streams Bellona stains ;
 And Phineus a new war with double rage main-
 tains.

Perseus begirt, from all around they pour 230
 Their lances on him, a tempestuous shower,
 Aim'd all at him ; a cloud of darts and spears
 Or blind his eyes, or whistle round his ears.

Their numbers to resist, against the wall
 He guards his back secure, and dares them all. 235

Here from the left Molpeus renews the fight,
 And bold Ethemon presses on the right :
 As when a hungry tiger near him hears
 Two lowing herds, awhile he both forbears,
 Nor can his hopes of this or that renounce, 240

So strong he lusts to prey on both at once :
 Thus Perseus now with that or this is loth
 To war distinct, but fain would fall on both :
 And first Chaonian Molpeus felt his blow,
 And fled, and never after faced his foe : 245

Then fierce Ethemon, as he turn'd his back,
 Hurried with fury, aiming at his neck,
 His brandish'd sword against the marble struck
 With all his might ; the brittle weapon broke,
 And in his throat the point rebounding stuck. 250

Too slight the wound for life to issue thence,
 And yet too great for battle or defence :
 His arms extended, in this piteous state,
 For mercy he would sue, but sues too late ;
 Perseus has in his bosom plunged the sword, 255
 And ere he speaks, the wound prevents the word.

'The crowds increasing, and his friends distress'd,
 Himself by warring multitudes oppress'd ;

‘ Since thus unequally you fight, ’tis time,’
 He cried, ‘ to punish your presumptuous crime : 260
 Beware my friends :’ his friends were soon prepared ;
 Their sight averting, high the head he rear’d,
 And Gorgon on his foes severely stared.

‘ Vain shift !’ says Thescelus, with aspect bold,
 ‘ Thee and thy bugbear monster I behold 265
 With scorn :’ he lifts his arm, but ere he threw
 The dart, the hero to a statue grew.

In the same posture still the marble stands,
 And holds the warrior’s weapons in its hands.

Amphyx, whom yet this wonder can’t alarm, 270
 Heaves at Lyncides’ breast his impious arm ;
 But, while thus daringly he presses on,
 His weapon and his arm are turn’d to stone.

Next Nileus, he who vainly said he owed
 His origin to Nile’s prolific flood ; 275

Who on his shield seven silver rivers bore,
 His birth to witness by the arms he wore ;
 Full of his sevenfold father, thus express’d
 His boast to Perseus, and his pride confess’d :

‘ See whence we sprung : let this thy comfort be, 280
 In thy sure death, that thou didst die by me.’

While yet he spoke, the dying accents hung
 In sounds imperfect on his marble tongue :
 Though changed to stone, his lips he seem’d to stretch,
 And through the insensate rock would force a speech.

This Eryx saw, but seeing would not own : 285
 ‘ The mischief by yourselves,’ he cries, ‘ is done ;

’Tis your cold courage turns your hearts to stone :
 Come, follow me ; fall on the stripling boy,

Kill him, and you his magic arms destroy.’ 290
 Then rushing on, his arm to strike he rear’d,

And marbled o’er his varied frame appear’d.
 These for affronting Pallas were chastised,
 And justly met the death they had despised ;

But brave Aconteus, Perseus' friend, by chance 295
 Look'd back, and met the Gorgon's fatal glance ;
 A statue now become, he ghastly stares,
 And still the foe to mortal combat dares.
 Astyages the living likeness knew,
 On the dead stone with vengeful fury flew ; 300
 But impotent his rage ; the jarring blade
 No print upon the solid marble made :
 Again, as with redoubled might he struck,
 Himself astonish'd in the quarry stuck.
 The vulgar deaths 'twere tedious to rehearse, 305
 And fates below the dignity of verse :
 Their safety in their flight two hundred found ;
 Two hundred by Medusa's head were stoned.
 Fierce Phineus now repents the wrongful fight,
 And views his varied friends ; a dreadful sight ; 310
 He knows their faces, for their help he sues,
 And thinks, not hearing him, that they refuse ;
 By name he begs their succor, one by one,
 Then doubts their life, and feels the friendly stone.
 Struck with remorse, and conscious of his pride, 315
 Convict of sin, he turn'd his eyes aside ;
 With suppliant mien, to Perseus thus he prays :
 ' Hence with the head, as far as winds and seas
 Can bear thee ; hence ; O quit the Cephene shore,
 And never curse us with Medusa more ; 320
 That horrid head, which stiffens into stone
 Those impious men, who, daring death, look on.
 I warr'd not with thee out of hate or strife ;
 My honest cause was to defend my wife,
 First pledged to me : what crime could I suppose, 325
 To arm my friends, and vindicate my spouse ?
 But vain, too late, I see, was our design ;
 Mine was the title, but the merit thine.
 Contending made me guilty, I confess ;
 But penitence should make that guilt the less : 330

'Twas thine to conquer by Minerva's power :
 Favor'd of heaven, thy mercy I implore ;
 For life I sue ; the rest to thee I yield :
 In pity, from my sight remove the shield.'

He suing said ; nor durst revert his eyes 335
 On the grim head : and Perseus thus replies :

' Coward, what is in me to grant I will,
 Nor blood, unworthy of my valor, spill :
 Fear not to perish by my vengeful sword ;
 From that secure ; 'tis all the Fates afford. 340

Where I now see thee, thou shalt still be seen,
 A lasting monument, to please our queen ;
 There still shall thy betroth'd behold her spouse,
 And find his image in her father's house.'

This said ; where Phineus turn'd to shun the shield,
 Full in his face the staring head he held ; 346

As here and there he strove to turn aside,
 The wonder wrought ; the man was petrified :
 All marble was his frame ; his humid eyes
 Dropp'd teafs, which hung upon the stone like
 ice : 350

In suppliant posture, with uplifted hands,
 And fearful look, the guilty statue stands.

Hence Perseus to his native city hies,
 Victorious, and rewarded with his prize :
 Conquest, o'er Prætus the usurper, won, 355
 He reinstates his grandsire in the throne.

Prætus his brother dispossess'd by might,
 His realm enjoy'd, and still detain'd his right :
 But Perseus pull'd the haughty tyrant down,
 And to the rightful king restored the throne : 360

Weak was the usurper, as his cause was wrong ;
 Where Gorgon's head appears, what arms are strong ?
 When Perseus to his host the monster held,
 They soon were statues, and their king expell'd.

Thence to Seriphus with the head he sails, 365
 Whose prince his story treats as idle tales :
 Lord of a little isle, he scorns to seem
 Too credulous, but laughs at that and him ;
 Yet did he not so much suspect the truth,
 As, out of pride or envy, hate the youth. 370
 The Argive prince, at his contempt enraged,
 To force his faith by fatal proof engaged :
 ' Friends, shut your eyes,' he cries : his shield he takes,
 And to the king exposed Medusa's snakes :
 The monarch felt the power he would not own, 375
 And stood convict of folly in the stone.

MINERVA'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MUSES.

MINERVA visits Mount Helicon, the seat of the Muses, by whom she is hospitably entertained.

Thus far Minerva was content to rove
 With Perseus, offspring of her father Jove :
 Now hid in clouds Seriphus she forsook,
 And to the Theban towers her journey took : 380
 Cythnos and Gyaros, lying to the right,
 She pass'd unheeded in her eager flight ;
 And choosing first on Helicon to rest,
 The virgin muses in these words address'd :
 ' Me the strange tidings of a new-found spring, 385
 Ye learned sisters, to this mountain bring.
 If all be true that Fame's wide rumors tell,
 'Twas Pegasus discover'd first your well ;
 Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow,
 Which broke the surface where these waters flow. 390
 I saw that horse by miracle obtain
 Life, from the blood of dire Medusa slain ;
 And now this equal prodigy to view,
 From distant isles to famed Bœotia flew.'

The muse Urania said : ' Whatever cause 396
 So great a goddess to this mansion draws,
 Our shades are happy with so bright a guest ;
 You, queen, are welcome, and we muses bless'd.
 What Fame has publish'd of our spring is true ;
 Thanks for our spring to Pegasus are due.' 400
 Then, with becoming courtesy, she led
 The curious stranger to their fountain's head,
 Who long survey'd, with wonder and delight,
 Their sacred water, charming to the sight ;
 Their ancient groves, dark grottos, shady bowers,
 And smiling plains, adorn'd with various flowers. 406
 ' O happy muses !' she with rapture cried,
 ' Who, safe from cares, on this fair hill reside ;
 Bless'd in your seat, and free yourselves to please
 With joys of study, and with glorious ease.' 410

FATE OF PYRENEUS.

THE Muses find shelter from the fury of the elements in the house of Pyreneus, king of Thrace, who presumes to offer violence to his guests—The goddesses take to their wings, and are pursued by their perfidious host, who is killed by a fall from a lofty precipice.

THEN one replies : ' O goddess, fit to guide
 Our humble works, and in our choir preside,
 Who sure would wisely to these fields repair,
 To taste our pleasures, and our labors share,
 Were not your virtue and superior mind 415
 To higher arts and nobler deeds inclined ;
 Justly you praise our works, and pleasing seat,
 Which all might envy in this soft retreat,
 Were we secured from dangers and from harms ;
 But maids are frighten'd with the least alarms, 420
 And none are safe in this licentious time :
 Still fierce Pyreneus, and his daring crime,

With lasting horror strikes my feeble sight,
 Nor is my mind recover'd from the fright.
 With Thracian arms this bold usurper gain'd 425
 Daulis and Phocis, where he proudly reign'd.
 It happen'd once, as through his lands we went,
 For the bright temple of Parnassus bent,
 He met us there, and, in his artful mind,
 Hiding the faithless action he design'd, 430
 Conferr'd on us (whom, O too well he knew !)
 All honors that to goddesses are due.
 ' Stop, stop, ye muses, 'tis your friend who calls,
 The tyrant said ; ' behold the rain that falls
 On every side, and that ill-boding sky, 435
 Whose lowering face portends more storms are nigh :
 Pray make my house your own, and, void of fear,
 While this bad weather lasts, take shelter here :
 Gods have made meaner places their resort,
 And for a cottage left their shining court.' 440
 ' Obliged to stop, by the united force
 Of pouring rains, and complaisant discourse,
 His courteous invitation we obey,
 And in his hall resolve awhile to stay.
 Soon it clear'd up ; the clouds began to fly ; 445
 The driving north refined the showery sky ;
 Then to pursue our journey we began ;
 But the false traitor to his portal ran ;
 Stopp'd our escape ; the door securely barr'd,
 And to our honor violence prepared ; 450
 But we, transform'd to birds, avoid his snare,
 On pinions rising in the yielding air.
 ' But he, by lust and indignation fired,
 Up to his highest tower with speed retired,
 And cries : ' In vain you from my arms with-
 drew ; 455
 The way you go your lover will pursue.

Then in a flying posture wildly placed,
 And daring from that height himself to cast,
 The wretch fell headlong, and the ground bestrew'd
 With broken bones, and stains of guilty blood.' 460

STORY OF THE PIERIDES.

THE daughters of Pierus challenge the Muses to a trial in
 music.

THE muse yet spoke, when they began to hear
 A noise of wings that flutter'd in the air ;
 And straight a voice, from some high-spreading bough,
 Seem'd to salute the company below.
 The goddess wonder'd, and inquired from whence 465
 That tongue was heard, that spoke so plainly sense.
 (It seem'd to her a human voice to be,
 But proved a bird's ; for in a shady tree
 Nine magpies perch'd lament their alter'd state,
 And what they hear are skilful to repeat.) 470

The sister to the wondering goddess said,
 ' These, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid :
 These did Evippe of Pæonia bring,
 With nine hard labor-pangs, to Pella's king. 475
 The foolish virgins, of their number proud,
 And puff'd with praises of the senseless crowd,
 Through all Achaia, and the Æmonian plains,
 Defied us thus, to match their artless strains :
 ' No more, ye Thespian girls, your notes repeat,
 Nor with false harmony the vulgar cheat ; 480
 In voice or skill if you with us will vie,
 As many we in voice or skill will try :
 Surrender you to us, if we excel,
 Famed Aganippe, and Medusa's well :
 The conquest yours, your prize from us shall be 485
 The Æmathian plains to snowy Pæone :

The nymphs our judges.' To dispute the field
 We thought a shame ; but greater shame to yield.
 On seats of living stone the sisters sit,
 And by the rivers swear to judge aright. 490

SONG OF THE PIERIDES.

THE challengers select the rebellion of the giants, and the various transformations of the gods to avoid their rage, as the subject of their song.

' THEN rises one of the presumptuous throng,
 Steps rudely forth, and first begins the song ;
 With vain address describes the giants' wars,
 And to the gods their fabled acts prefers.
 She sings from earth's dark womb how Typhon rose,
 And struck with mortal fear his heavenly foes ; 496
 How the gods fled to Egypt's slimy soil,
 And hid their heads beneath the banks of Nile ;
 How Typhon from the conquer'd skies pursued
 Their routed godheads to the seven-mouth'd flood ;
 Forced every god, his fury to escape, 501
 Some beastly form to take, or earthly shape.
 Jove (so she sung) was changed into a ram,
 From whence the horns of Libyan Ammon came :
 Bacchus a goat ; Apollo was a crow ; 505
 Phœbe a cat ; the wife of Jove a cow,
 Whose hue was whiter than the falling snow :
 Mercury to a nasty ibis turn'd,
 The change obscene, afraid of Typhon mourn'd ;
 While Venus from a fish protection craves, 510
 And once more plunges in her native waves.
 ' She sung, and to her harp her voice applied :
 Then us again to match her they defied :
 But our poor song, perhaps, for you to hear,
 Nor leisure serves, nor is it worth your ear.' 515

‘ That causeless doubt remove, O muse ; rehearse,’
 The goddess cried, ‘ your ever-grateful verse :’
 Beneath a chequer’d shade she takes her seat,
 And bids the sister her whole song repeat.
 The sister thus : ‘ Calliope we chose 520
 For the performance.’ The sweet virgin rose,
 With ivy crown’d ; she tunes her golden strings,
 And to her harp this composition sings :

SONG OF THE MUSES.

THE MUSES commence their song with describing the arts of
 Venus and Cupid to inflame the god Pluto with a passion
 for Proserpine.

‘ FIRST Ceres taught the laboring hind to plough
 The pregnant earth, and quick’ning seed to sow ; 525
 She first for man did wholesome food provide,
 And with just laws the wicked world supplied :
 All good from her derived, to her belong
 The grateful tributes of the muse’s song :
 Her more than worthy of our verse we deem ; 530
 Oh ! were our verse more worthy of the theme !
 ‘ Jove on the giant fair Trinacria hurl’d,
 And with one bolt revenged his starry world.
 Beneath her burning hills Typhœus lies,
 And, struggling always, strives in vain to rise. 535
 Down does Pelorus his right hand suppress
 Toward Latium ; on the left Pachyne weighs :
 His legs are under Lilybæum spread,
 And Ætna presses hard his horrid head :
 On his broad back he there extended lies, 540
 And vomits clouds of ashes to the skies :
 Oft laboring with his load, at last he tires,
 And pours out in revenge a flood of fires :
 Mountains he struggles to o’erwhelm, and towns ;
 Earth’s inmost bowels quake, and Nature groans : 545

His terrors reach the direful king of hell ;
 He fears his throws will to the day reveal
 The realms of night, and fright his trembling ghosts.

‘ This to prevent, he quits the Stygian coasts,
 In his black car, by sooty horses drawn, 550

Fair Sicily he seeks, and dreads the dawn :
 Around her plains he casts his eager eyes,
 And every mountain to the bottom tries.

But when, in all the careful search, he saw
 No cause of fear, no ill-suspected flaw ; 555

Secure from harm, and wond’ring on at will,
 Venus beheld him from her flowery hill ;

When straight the dame her little Cupid press’d,
 With secret rapture, to her snowy breast,
 And in these words the fluttering boy address’d : 560

‘ ‘ O thou, my arms, my glory, and my power,
 My son, whom men and deathless gods adore,
 Bend thy sure bow, whose arrows never miss’d,
 No longer let hell’s king thy sway resist ;
 Take him, while straggling from his dark abodes, 565
 He coasts the kingdoms of superior gods.

If sovereign Jove, if gods who rule the waves,
 And Neptune, who rules them, have been thy slaves ;
 Shall hell be free ? The tyrant strike, my son ;
 Enlarge thy mother’s empire, and thy own : 570

Let not our heaven be made the mock of hell,
 But Pluto to confess thy power compel.

Our rule is slighted in our native skies ;
 See Pallas, see Diana too, defies
 Thy darts, which Ceres’ daughter would despise : 575

She too our empire treats with awkward scorn :
 Such insolence no longer’s to be borne :

Revenge our slighted reign, and with thy dart
 Transfix the virgin’s to the uncle’s heart.’

‘ She said ; and from his quiver straight he drew
 A dart that surely would the business do : 581

She guides his hand ; she makes her touch the test,
 And of a thousand arrows chose the best :
 No feather better poised, a sharper head
 None had, and sooner none, and surer sped. 585
 He bends his bow, he draws it to his ear,
 Through Pluto's heart it drives, and fixes there.'

RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

PLUTO surprises Proserpine while gathering flowers in the
 plains of Enna, and transports her to the infernal regions.

NEAR Enna's walls a spacious lake is spread,
 Famed for the sweetly-singing swans it bred ;
 Pergusa is its name : and never more 590
 Were heard, or sweeter on Cayster's shore.

Woods crown the lake ; and Phœbus ne'er invades
 The tufted fences, or offends the shades :
 Fresh fragrant breezes fan the verdant bowers,
 And the moist ground smiles with enamell'd flowers :
 The cheerful birds their airy carols sing, 595
 And the whole year is one eternal spring.

Here while young Proserpine, among the maids,
 Diverts herself in these delicious shades ;
 While, like a child, with busy speed and care, 600
 She gathers lilies here, and violets there ;

While first to fill her little lap she strives,
 Hell's grisly monarch at the shade arrives ;
 Sees her thus sporting on the flowery green,
 And loves the blooming maid as soon as seen. 605

His urgent flame impatient of delay,
 Swift as his thought he seized the beauteous prey,
 And bore her in his sooty car away.

The frightened goddess to her mother cries ;
 But all in vain, for now far off she flies ; 610
 Far she behind her leaves her virgin train ;
 To them too cries, and cries to them in vain ;

And while with passion she repeats her call,
 The violets from her lap and lilies fall :
 She misses them, poor heart! and makes new moan ;
 Her lilies, ah! are lost, her violets gone. 616

O'er hills the ravisher and valleys speeds,
 By name encouraging his foamy steeds ;
 He rattles o'er their necks the rusty reins,
 And ruffles with the stroke their shaggy manes. 620

O'er lakes he whirls his flying wheels, and comes
 To the Palici, breathing sulph'rous fumes ;
 And thence to where the Bacchiads of renown,
 Between unequal havens, built their town ;
 Where Arethusa, round the imprison'd sea, 625

Extends her crooked coast to Cyane ;
 The nymph who gave the neighb'ring lake a name,
 Of all Sicilian nymphs the first in fame :
 She from the waves advanced her beauteous head ;
 The goddess knew, and thus to Pluto said : 630

' Farther thou shalt not with the virgin run ;
 Ceres unwilling, canst thou be her son ?
 The maid should be by sweet persuasion won :
 Force suits not with the softness of the fair ;
 For, if great things with small I may compare, 635
 Me Anapis once loved ; a milder course
 He took, and won me by his words, not force.'

Then, stretching out her arms, she stopp'd his way :
 But he, impatient of the shortest stay,
 Throws to his dreadful steeds the slacken'd rein, 640
 And strikes his iron sceptre through the main ;
 The depths profound through yielding waves he
 cleaves,

And to hell's centre a free passage leaves ;
 Down sinks his chariot, and his realms of night
 The god soon reaches with a rapid flight. 645

CYANE DISSOLVES TO A FOUNTAIN.

THE nymph Cyane, bewailing the loss of Proserpine, is changed into a fountain.

BUT still does Cyane the rape bemoan,
 And with the goddess' wrongs laments her own :
 For the stolen maid, and for her injured spring,
 Time to her trouble no relief can bring ;
 In her sad heart a heavy load she bears, 650
 Till the dumb sorrow turns her all to tears :
 Her mingling waters with that fountain pass,
 Of which she late immortal goddess was ;
 Her varied members to a fluid melt ;
 A pliant softness in her bones is felt ; 655
 Her wavy locks first drop away in dew,
 And liquid next her slender fingers grew ;
 The body's change soon seizes its extreme ;
 Her legs dissolve, and feet flow off in stream ;
 Her arms, her back, her shoulders, and her side, 660
 Her swelling breasts, in little currents glide ;
 A silver liquor only now remains
 Within the channel of her purple veins ;
 Nothing to fill love's grasp : her husband chaste
 Bathes in that bosom he before embraced. 665

BOY TRANSFORMED TO AN EFT.

OVERCOME with fatigue, while in pursuit of her daughter, Ceres requests an old woman to supply her with a draught of water—A more generous liquor is hospitably afforded by the matron ; and the goddess, while eagerly allaying her thirst, is derided by a boy, who is immediately transformed into an eft.

THUS while through all the earth and all the main,
 Her daughter mournful Ceres sought in vain,

Aurora, when with dewy looks she rose,
 Nor burnish'd Vesper found her in repose.
 At Ætna's flaming mouth two pitchy pines, 670
 To light her in her search, at length she tines ;
 Restless, with these, through frosty night she goes,
 Nor fears the cutting winds, nor heeds the snows ;
 And when the morning star the day renews,
 From east to west her absent child pursues. 675

Thirsty at last by long fatigue she grows,
 But meets no spring, no riv'let near her flows :
 Then looking round, a lowly cottage spies,
 Smoking among the trees, and thither hies.
 The goddess knocking at the little door, 680
 'Twas open'd by a woman old and poor,
 Who, when she begg'd for water, gave her ale
 Brew'd long, but well preserved from being stale.
 The goddess drank : a chuffy lad was by,
 Who saw the liquor with a grudging eye, 685
 And grinning cries ; ' She 's greedy more than dry.'

Ceres, offended at his foul grimace,
 Flung what she had not drunk into his face.
 The sprinklings speckle where they hit the skin,
 And a long tail does from his body spin ; 690
 His arms are turn'd to legs, and, lest his size
 Should make him mischievous, and he might rise
 Against mankind, diminutives his frame
 Less than a lizard, but in shape the same.
 Amazed the dame the wondrous sight beheld, 695
 And weeps, and fain would touch her quondam child ;
 Yet her approach the affrighted vermin shuns,
 And fast into the greatest crevice runs :
 A name they gave him, which the spots express'd,
 That rose like stars, and varied all his breast. 700

700 Stellio.

What lands, what seas, the goddess wander'd o'er,
 Were long to tell ; for there remain'd no more ;
 Searching all round, her fruitless toil she mourns,
 And with regret to Sicily returns.
 At length, where Cyane now flows she came, 705
 Who could have told her, were she still the same
 As when she saw her daughter sink to hell ;
 But what she knows she wants a tongue to tell ;
 Yet this plain signal manifestly gave ;
 The virgin's girdle floating on a wave, 710
 As late she dropp'd it from her slender waist,
 When with her uncle through the deep she pass'd.
 Ceres the token by her grief confess'd,
 And tore her golden hair, and beat her breast :
 She knows not on what land her curse should fall, 715
 But, as ingrate, alike upbraids them all,
 Unworthy of her gifts ; Trinacria most,
 Where the last steps she found of what she lost.
 The plough for this the vengeful goddess broke,
 And with one death the ox and owner struck : 720
 In vain the fallow fields the peasant tills,
 The seed, corrupted ere 'tis sown, she kills ;
 The fruitful soil, that once such harvests bore,
 Now mocks the farmer's care, and teems no more,
 And the rich grain, which fills the furrow'd glade, 725
 Rots in the seed, or shrivels in the blade ;
 Or too much sun burns up, or too much rain
 Drowns, or black blights destroy the blasted plain ;
 Or greedy birds the new-sown seed devour ;
 Or darnel, thistles, and a crop impure 730
 Of knotted grass, along the acres stand,
 And spread their thriving roots through all the land.
 Then from the waves soft Arethusa rears
 Her head, and back she flings her dropping hairs.
 ' O mother of the maid, whom thou so far 735
 Hast sought, of whom thou canst no tidings hear ;

O thou, she cried, ' who art to life a friend,
 Cease here thy search, and let thy labor end.
 Thy faithful Sicily's a guiltless clime,
 And should not suffer for another's crime ; 740
 She neither knew, nor could prevent the deed :
 Nor think that for my country thus I plead :
 My country's Pisa ; I'm an alien here ;
 Yet these abodes to Elis I prefer ;
 No clime to me so sweet, no place so dear. 745
 These springs I Arethusa now possess,
 And this my seat, O gracious goddess, bless.
 This island why I love, and why I cross'd
 Such spacious seas to reach Ortygia's coast,
 To you I shall impart, when void of care, 750
 Your heart's at ease, and you're more fit to hear ;
 When on your brow no pressing sorrow sits ;
 For gay content alone such tales admits.
 When through earth's caverns I awhile have roll'd
 My waves, I rise, and here again behold 755
 The long-lost stars ; and, as I late did glide
 Near Styx, Proserpina there I espied :
 Fear still with grief might in her face be seen ;
 She still her loss laments : yet, made a queen,
 Beneath those gloomy shades her sceptre sways ; 760
 And ev'n the infernal king her will obeys.'

' This heard, the goddess like a statue stood,
 Stupid with grief, and in that musing mood
 Continued long ; new cares awhile suppress'd
 The reigning powers of her immortal breast. 765
 At last to Jove, her daughter's sire, she flies,
 And with her chariot cuts the crystal skies :
 She comes in clouds, and with dishevell'd hair,
 Standing before his throne, prefers her prayer :
 ' King of the gods, defend my blood and thine, 770
 And use it not the worse for being mine.

If I no more am gracious in thy sight,
 Be just, O Jove, and do thy daughter right.
 In vain I sought her the wide world around,
 And when I most despair'd to find her, found. 775
 But how can I the fatal finding boast,
 By which I know she is for ever lost?
 Without her father's aid, what other power
 Can to my arms the lovely maid restore?
 Let him restore her, I'll the crime forgive; 780
 My child, dishonor'd, I'd with joy receive.
 Pity your daughter with a thief should wed,
 Though mine, you think, deserves no better bed.'

Jove thus replies: 'It equally belongs
 To both to guard our common pledge from wrongs:
 But if to things we proper names apply, 786
 This hardly can be call'd an injury:
 The theft is love; nor need we blush to own
 The thief, if I can judge, to be our son;
 Had you of his desert no other proof, 790
 To be Jove's brother is methinks enough:
 Nor was my throne by worth superior got;
 Heaven fell to me, as hell to him, by lot:
 If you are still resolved her loss to mourn,
 And nothing less will serve than her return, 795
 Upon these terms she may again be yours
 (The irrevocable terms of fate, not ours);
 Of Stygian food if she did never taste,
 Hell's bounds may then, and only then, be pass'd.'

TRANSFORMATION OF ASCALAPHUS INTO AN OWL.

WHEN Ceres has obtained from Jupiter her daughter's freedom and return to earth, provided she has eaten nothing in the kingdom of Pluto, the goddess hastens to the infernal regions, and finds that Proserpine has already partaken of the fruit of the pomegranate-tree by the testimony of Asca-

laphus, whose loquacity is punished by his transformation into an owl.

THE goddess now, resolving to succeed, 800

Down to the gloomy shades descends with speed ;

But adverse fate had otherwise decreed ;

For, long before, her giddy thoughtless child

Had broke her fast, and all her projects spoil'd.

As in the garden's shady walk she stray'd, 805

A fair pomegranate charm'd the simple maid,

Hung in her way, and tempting her to taste,

She pluck'd the fruit, and took a short repast.

Seven times, a seed at once, she eat the food :

The fact Ascalaphus had only view'd, 810

Whom Acheron begot, in Stygian shades,

On Orphne, famed among Avernall maids ;

He saw what pass'd, and, by discovering all,

Detain'd the ravish'd nymph in cruel thrall.

But now a queen, she with resentment heard, 815

And changed the vile informer to a bird.

In Phlegethon's black stream her hand she dips,

Sprinkles his head, and wets his babbling lips.

Soon on his face, bedropp'd with magic dew,

A change appear'd, and gaudy feathers grew ; 820

A crooked beak the place of nose supplies ;

Rounder his head, and larger are his eyes ;

His arms and body waste, but are supplied

With yellow pinions, flagging on each side ;

His nails grow crooked, and are turn'd to claws, 825

And lazily along his heavy wings he draws :

Ill-omen'd in his form, the unlucky fowl,

Abhorr'd by men, and call'd a screeching owl.

DAUGHTERS OF ACHELOUS TRANSFORMED INTO SIRENS.

THE Sirens, daughters of Achelous and the Muse Melpomene, disconsolate at the abduction of Proserpine, intreat the gods to afford them wings, that they may seek her by sea as well as by land—Jupiter, to appease the resentment of Ceres and soothe her grief, decrees that Proserpine shall remain six months in each year with her husband, and the remainder with her mother on earth.

‘JUSTLY this punishment was due to him,
 And less had been too little for his crime ; 830
 But, O ye nymphs ! that from the flood descend,
 What fault of yours the gods could so offend,
 With wings and claws your beauteous forms to spoil,
 Yet save your maiden face and winning smile ?
 Were you not with her in Pergusa’s bowers, 835
 When Proserpine went forth to gather flowers ?
 Since Pluto in his car the goddess caught,
 Have you not for her in each climate sought ?
 And when on land you long had search’d in vain,
 You wish’d for wings to cross the pathless main : 840
 The earth and sea might witness to your care :
 The gods were easy, and return’d your prayer :
 With golden wing o’er foamy waves you fled,
 And to the sun your plumy glories spread.
 But lest the soft enchantment of your songs, 845
 And the sweet music of your flatt’ring tongues,
 Should quite be lost (as courteous fates ordain),
 Your voice and virgin beauty still remain.’
 Jove, some amends for Ceres’ loss to make,
 Yet unwilling Pluto should the joy partake, 850
 Gives them of Proserpine an equal share,
 Who, claim’d by both, with both divides the year.
 The goddess now in either empire sways,
 Six moons in hell, and six with Ceres stays :

Her peevish temper's changed ; that sullen mind 855
 Which made ev'n hell uneasy, now is kind ;
 Her voice refines ; her mien more sweet appears ;
 Her forehead free from frowns, her eyes from tears.
 As when, with golden light, the conqu'ring day
 Through dusky exhalations clears a way ; 860
 Ceres her daughter's loss no longer mourn'd,
 But back to Arethusa's spring return'd ;
 And, sitting on the margin, bid her tell
 From whence she came, and why a sacred well.

STORY OF ARETHUSA.

THE god Alpheus, becoming enamored of Arethusa, a follower of Diana, pursues her for a considerable distance, when the nymph, ready to sink under fatigue, implores the aid of her protectress, who changes her into a fountain ; with whose streams the river Alpheus mingles.

STILL were the purling waters, and the maid 865
 From the smooth surface raised her beauteous head,
 Wipes off the drops that from her tresses ran,
 And thus to tell Alpheus' loves began.

' In Elis first I breathed the living air ;
 The chase was all my pleasure, all my care : 870
 None loved like me the forest to explore,
 To pitch the toils, and drive the bristled boar.
 Of fair, though masculine, I had the name,
 But gladly would to that have quitted claim :
 It less my pride than indignation raised, 875
 To hear the beauty I neglected praised ;
 Such compliments I loathed, such charms as these
 I scorn'd, and thought it infamy to please.

' Once, I remember, in the summer's heat,
 Tired with the chase, I sought a cool retreat, 880
 And walking on, a silent current found,
 Which gently glided o'er the gravelly ground ;

The crystal water was so smooth, so clear,
 My eye distinguish'd every pebble there ;
 So soft its motion, that I scarce perceived 885
 The running stream, or what I saw believed :
 The hoary willow and the poplar made,
 Along the shelving bank, a grateful shade.
 In the cool rivulet my feet I dipp'd,
 Then waded to the knee, and then I stripp'd : 890
 My robe I careless on an osier threw,
 That near the place commodiously grew ;
 Nor long upon the border naked stood,
 But plunged with speed into the silver flood :
 My arms a thousand ways I moved, and tried 895
 To quicken, if I could, the lazy tide,
 Where, while I play'd my swimming gambols o'er,
 I heard a murm'ring voice, and frighted sprung to
 shore.
 ' O ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou fly ?'
 From the brook's bottom did Alpheus cry. 900
 Again I heard him, in a hollow tone :
 ' O ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou run ?'
 Naked I flew, nor could I stay to hide
 My limbs ; my robe was on the other side :
 Alpheus follow'd fast ; the inflaming sight 905
 Quicken'd his speed, and made his labor light :
 He sees me ready for his eager arms,
 And with a greedy glance devours my charms.
 As trembling doves from pressing danger fly, 909
 When the fierce hawk comes sousing from the sky,
 And as fierce hawks the trembling doves pursue, 635
 From him I fled, and after me he flew.
 First by Orchomenus I took my flight,
 And soon had Psophis and Cyllene in sight ;
 Behind me then high Mænalus I lost, 915
 And craggy Erimanthus, scaled with frost ;

Elis was next : thus far the ground I trod,
 With nimble feet, before the distanced god :
 But here I lagg'd, unable to sustain
 The labor longer, and my flight maintain ; 920
 While he more strong, more patient of the toil,
 And fired with hopes of beauty's speedy spoil,
 Gain'd my lost ground, and, by redoubled pace,
 Now left between us but a narrow space.
 Unwearied I till now o'er hills and plains, 925
 O'er rocks and rivers, ran, and felt no pains ;
 The sun behind me and the god I kept ;
 But when I fastest should have run, I stepp'd.
 Before my feet his shadow now appear'd ;
 As what I saw, or rather what I fear'd : 930
 Yet there I could not be deceived by fear,
 Who felt his breath pant on my braided hair,
 And heard his sounding tread, and knew him to be
 near.

Tired and despairing : ' O celestial maid,
 I'm caught,' I cried, ' without thy heavenly aid ; 935
 Help me, Diana, help a nymph forlorn,
 Devoted to the woods, who long has worn
 Thy livery, and long thy quiver borne.'
 The goddess heard ; my pious prayer prevail'd ;
 In muffling clouds my virgin head was veil'd. 940
 The am'rous god, deluded of his hopes,
 Searches the gloom, and through the darkness gropes :
 Twice where Diana did her servant hide
 He came, and twice, ' O Arethusa !' cried.
 How shaken was my soul, how sunk my heart ! 945
 The terror seized on every trembling part.
 Thus when the wolf about the mountain prowls
 For prey, the lambkin hears his horrid howls :
 The tim'rous hare, the pack approaching nigh,
 Thus hearkens to the hounds, and trembles at the cry ;

Nor dares she stir, for fear her scented breath 951
 Direct the dogs, and guide the threaten'd death.
 Alpheus in the cloud no traces found
 To mark my way, yet stays to guard the ground.
 The god so near, a chilly sweat possess'd 955
 My fainting limbs, at every pore express'd ;
 My strength distill'd in drops, my hair in dew ;
 My form was changed, and all my substance new :
 Each motion was a stream, and my whole frame
 Turn'd to a fount, which still preserves my name. 960
 Resolved I should not his embrace escape,
 Again the god resumes his fluid shape ;
 To mix his streams with mine he fondly tries,
 But still Diana his attempt denies:
 She cleaves the ground ; through caverns dark I
 run 965
 A different current, while he keeps his own ;
 To dear Ortygia she conducts my way,
 And here I first review the welcome day.' }
 Here Arethusa stopp'd ; then Ceres takes
 Her golden car, and yokes her fiery snakes ; 970
 With a just rein, along mid-heaven she flies,
 O'er earth and seas, and cuts the yielding skies :
 She halts at Athens, dropping like a star,
 And to Triptolemus resigns her car.
 Parent of seed, she gave him fruitful grain, 975
 And bade him teach to till and plough the plain ;
 The seed to sow, as well in fallow fields,
 As where the soil manured a richer harvest yields.

TRANSFORMATION OF LYNCUS.

TRIPTOLEMUS, whom Ceres commissions to teach mankind husbandry, arrives at the court of Lyncus, king of Scythia, who determines to assassinate his guest during sleep—The

fatal weapon is already raised, when the monarch is suddenly changed into a lynx.

THE youth o'er Europe and o'er Asia drives,
 Till at the court of Lyncus he arrives : 980
 The tyrant Scythia's barb'rous empire sway'd ;
 And when he saw Triptolemus, he said :
 ' How camest thou, stranger, to our court, and why ?
 Thy country, and thy name ?' The youth did thus
 reply :
 ' Triptolemus my name ; my country's known 985
 O'er all the world, Minerva's fav'rite town,
 Athens, the first of cities in renown :
 By land I neither walk'd, nor sail'd by sea,
 But hither through the ether made my way ;
 By me the goddess who the fields befriends, 990
 These gifts, the greatest of all blessings, sends ;
 The grain she gives if in your soil you sow,
 Thence wholesome food in golden crops shall grow.'
 Soon as the secret to the king was known,
 He grudged the glory of the service done, 995
 And wickedly resolved to make it all his own.
 To hide his purpose, he invites his guest,
 The friend of Ceres, to a royal feast,
 And when sweet sleep his heavy eyes had seized,
 The tyrant with his steel attempts his breast : 1000
 Him straight a lynx's shape the goddess gives,
 And home the youth her sacred dragons drives.

THE PIERIDES TRANSFORMED TO MAGPIES.

THE Muses are unanimously pronounced victorious, and the daughters of Pierus are punished for their presumption by their transformation into magpies.

THE chosen muse here ends her sacred lays :
 The nymphs, unanimous, decree the bays,
 And give the Heliconian goddesses the praise. 1005

Then, far from vain that we should thus prevail,
 But much provoked to hear the vanquish'd rail,
 Calliope resumes : ' Too long we 've borne
 Your daring taunts, and your affronting scorn :
 Your challenge justly merited a curse, 1010
 And this unmanner'd railing makes it worse :
 Since you refuse us calmly to enjoy
 Our patience, next our passions we 'll employ,
 The dictates of a mind enraged pursue,
 And what our just resentment bids us, do.' 1015
 The railers laugh, our threats and wrath despise,
 And clap their hands, and make a scolding noise :
 But in the fact they 're seized : beneath their nails
 Feathers they feel, and on their faces scales :
 Their horny beaks at once each other scare ; 1020
 Their arms are plumed, and on their backs they bear
 Pied wings, and flutter in the fleeting air :
 Chatt'ring, the scandal of the woods they fly,
 And there continue still their clam'rous cry ;
 The same their eloquence as maids or birds, 1025
 Now only noise, and nothing then but words.



BOOK VI.

TRANSLATED BY CROXALL.

TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNE INTO A SPIDER.

ARACHNE presumes to challenge Minerva to a trial of skill in needle-work—Being defeated, she hangs herself in despair, and is changed into a spider by the goddess.

PALLAS, attending to the muse's song,
 Approved the just resentment of their wrong,
 And thus reflects : ' While tamely I commend
 Those who their injured deities defend,

My own divinity affronted stands, 5
 And calls aloud for justice at my hands ;
 Then takes the hint, ashamed to lag behind,
 And on Arachne bends her vengeful mind ;
 One at the loom so excellently skill'd,
 That to the goddess she refused to yield. 10

Low was her birth, and small her native town ;
 She from her art alone obtain'd renown.
 Idmon, her father, made it his employ
 To give the spongy fleece a purple dye :
 Of vulgar strain her mother, lately dead, 15
 With her own rank had been content to wed ;
 Yet she their daughter, though her time was spent
 In a small hamlet, and of mean descent,
 Through the great towns of Lydia gain'd a name,
 And fill'd the neighb'ring countries with her fame. 20

Oft, to admire the niceness of her skill,
 The nymphs would quit their fountain, shade, or hill ;
 Thither, from green Tymolus, they repair,
 And leave the vineyards, their peculiar care :
 Thither, from famed Pactolus' golden stream, 25
 Drawn by her art, the curious Naiads came :
 Nor would the work, when finish'd, please so much,
 As, while she wrought, to view each graceful touch :
 Whether the shapeless wool in balls she wound,
 Or with quick motion turn'd the spindle round, 30
 Or with her pencil drew the neat design,
 Pallas, her mistress, shone in every line.
 This the proud maid, with scornful air, denies,
 And ev'n the goddess at her work defies ;
 Disowns her heavenly mistress every hour, 35
 Nor asks her aid, nor deprecates her power.
 ' Let us,' she cries, ' but to a trial come,
 And, if she conquers, let her fix my doom.'

The goddess then a beldame's form put on ;
 With silver hairs her hoary temples shone ; 40

Propp'd by a staff, she hobbles in her walk,
 And, tottering, thus begins her old wives' talk :
 ' Young maid attend, nor stubbornly despise
 The admonitions of the old and wise ;
 For age, though scorn'd, a ripe experience bears, 45
 That golden fruit, unknown to blooming years :
 Still may remotest fame your labors crown,
 And mortals your superior genius own ;
 But to the goddess yield, and, humbly meek,
 A pardon for your bold presumption seek : 50
 The goddess will forgive.' At this the maid,
 With passion fired, her gliding shuttle stay'd,
 And, darting vengeance, with an angry look,
 To Pallas in disguise thus fiercely spoke :
 ' Thou doating thing, whose idle babbling tongue 55
 But too well shows the plague of living long,
 Hence, and reprove, with this your sage advice,
 Your giddy daughter, or your awkward niece :
 Know I despise your counsel, and am still
 A woman, ever wedded to my will ; 60
 And, if your skilful goddess better knows,
 Let her accept the trial I propose.'
 ' She does,' impatient Pallas straight replies,
 And, clothed with heavenly light, sprung from her odd
 disguise.
 The nymphs, and virgins of the plain, adore 65
 The awful goddess, and confess her power :
 The maid alone stood unappall'd, yet show'd
 A transient blush, that for a moment glow'd,
 Then disappear'd, as purple streaks adorn
 The opening beauties of the rosy morn ; 70
 Till Phœbus, rising prevalently bright,
 Allays the tincture with his silver light.
 Yet she persists, and, obstinately great,
 In hopes of conquest, hurries on her fate.

The goddess now the challenge waves no more, 75
Nor, kindly good, advises as before.

Straight to their posts appointed both repair,
And fix their threaded looms with equal care :
Around the solid beam the web is tied,
While hollow canes the parting warp divide, 80
Through which, with nimble flight, the shuttles play,
And for the woof prepare a ready way :
The woof and warp unite, press'd by the toothy
sley.

Thus both, their mantles button'd to their breast,
Their skilful fingers ply with willing haste, 85
And work with pleasure, while they cheer the eye
With glowing purple of the Tyrian dye ;
Or, justly intermixing shades with light,
Their colorings insensibly unite.

As when a shower, transpierced with sunny rays, 90
Its mighty arch along the heaven displays,
From whence a thousand different colors rise,
Whose fine transition cheats the clearest eyes ;
So like the intermingled shading seems,
And only differs in the last extremes. 95

Then threads of gold both artfully dispose,
And, as each part in just proportion rose,
Some antique fable in their work disclose.

Pallas in figures wrought the heavenly powers,
And Mars's hill among the Athenian towers : 100

On lofty thrones twice six celestials sate,
Jove in the midst, and held their warm debate ;
The subject weighty, and well known to fame,—
' From whom the city should receive its name.'
Each god by proper features was express'd ; 105
Jove, with majestic mien, excell'd the rest :
His three-fork'd mace the dewy sea-god shook,
And, looking sternly, smote the ragged rock,

When from the stone leap'd forth a sprightly steed,
And Neptune claims the city for the deed. 110

Herself she blazons, with a glittering spear,
And crested helm, that veil'd her braided hair,
With shield, and scaly breastplate, implements of war.
Struck with her pointed lance, the teeming earth
Seem'd to produce a new surprising birth, 115
When, from the glebe, the pledge of conquest sprung,—
A tree pale green, with fairest olives hung.

And then, to let her giddy rival learn
What just rewards such boldness was to earn,
Four trials at each corner had their part, 120
Design'd in miniature, and touch'd with art.

Hæmus in one, and Rhodope of Thrace,
Transform'd to mountains, fill'd the foremost place,
Who claim'd the titles of the gods above,
And vainly used the epithets of Jove. 125

Another show'd where the Pigmæan dame,
Profaning Juno's venerable name,
Turn'd to an airy crane, descends from far,
And with her pigmy subjects wages war.

In a third part, the rage of heaven's great queen, 130
Display'd on proud Antigone, was seen,
Who, with presumptuous boldness, dared to vie,
For beauty, with the empress of the sky.

Ah! what avails her ancient princely race;
Her sire a king, and Troy her native place? 135
Now, to a noisy stork transform'd, she flies,
And with her whiten'd pinions cleaves the skies:

And in the last remaining part was drawn
Poor Cinyras, that seem'd to weep in stone;
Clasping the temple steps, he sadly mourn'd 140
His lovely daughters, now to marble turn'd.

With her own tree the finish'd piece is crown'd,
And wreaths of peaceful olive all the work surround.

Arachne drew the famed intrigues of Jove,
 Changed to a bull, to gratify his love ; 145
 How through the briny tide, all foaming hoar,
 Lovely Europa on his back he bore.
 The sea seem'd waving, and the trembling maid
 Shrunk up her tender feet, as if afraid,
 And, looking back on the forsaken strand, 150
 To her companions wafts her distant hand.
 Next she design'd Asteria's fabled rape,
 When Jove assumed a soaring eagle's shape :
 And show'd how Leda lay supinely press'd,
 Whilst the soft snowy swan sat hovering o'er her
 breast : 155
 How in a satyr's form the god beguiled,
 When fair Antiope with twins he fill'd :
 Then, like Amphitryon, but a real Jove,
 In fair Alcmena's arms he cool'd his love :
 In fluid gold to Danae's heart he came : 160
 Ægina felt him in a lambent flame :
 He took Mnemosyne in shepherd's make ;
 And for Deois was a speckled snake.
 She made thee, Neptune, like a wanton steer,
 Pacing the meads for love of Arne dear : 165
 Next like a stream, thy burning flame to slake ;
 And like a ram, for fair Bisaltis' sake.
 Then Ceres in a steed your vigor tried,
 Nor could the mare the yellow goddess hide :
 Next, to a fowl transform'd, you won by force 170
 The snake-hair'd mother of the winged horse ;
 And, in a dolphin's fishy form, subdued
 Melantho sweet, beneath the oozy flood.
 All these the maid with lively features drew,
 And open'd proper landscapes to the view. 175
 There Phœbus, roving like a country swain,
 Attunes his jolly pipe along the plain ;

For lovely Isse's sake, in shepherd's weeds,
 O'er pastures green his bleating flock he feeds.
 There Bacchus, imaged like the clustering grape, 180
 Melting, bedrops Erigone's fair lap:
 And there old Saturn, stung with youthful heat,
 Form'd like a stallion, rushes to the feat.
 Fresh flowers, which twists of ivy intertwine,
 Mingling a running foliage, close the neat design. 185
 This the bright goddess, passionately moved,
 With envy saw, yet inwardly approved.
 The scene of heavenly guilt with haste she tore,
 Nor longer the affront with patience bore:
 A boxen shuttle in her hand she took, 190
 And more than once Arachne's forehead struck.
 The unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,
 Down from a beam her injured person hung;
 When Pallas, pitying her wretched state,
 At once prevented, and pronounced her fate: 195
 'Live; but depend, vile wretch,' the goddess cried,
 'Doom'd in suspense for ever to be tied;
 That all your race, to utmost date of time,
 May feel the vengeance, and detest the crime.'
 Then, going off, she sprinkled her with juice, 200
 Which leaves of baneful aconite produce.
 Touch'd with the pois'nous drug, her flowing hair
 Fell to the ground, and left her temples bare;
 Her usual features vanish'd from their place;
 Her body lessen'd all, but most her face: 205
 Her slender fingers, hanging on each side,
 With many joints, the use of legs supplied;
 A spider's bag the rest, from which she gives
 A thread, and still by constant weaving lives. 209

STORY OF NIOBE.

NIOBE, the daughter of Tantalus, is united in marriage to Am-
phion, by whom she has seven sons and as many daughters
—She has the imprudence to exalt herself above Latona, who
intreats her children to punish the arrogant Niobe—Her
prayers are heard, and all the sons expire by the shafts of
Apollo, while the daughters are in like manner destroyed by
Diana—Amphion, in despair, puts a period to his existence.

SWIFT through the Phrygian towns the rumor flies,
And the strange news each female tongue employs :
Niobe, who, before she married, knew
The famous nymph, now found the story true ;
Yet, unreclaim'd by poor Arachne's fate,
Vainly above the gods assumed a state. 215
Her husband's fame, their family's descent,
Their power, and rich dominions' wide extent,
Might well have justified a decent pride :
But not on these alone the dame relied.
Her lovely progeny, that far excell'd, 220
The mother's heart with vain ambition swell'd :
The happiest mother not unjustly styled,
Had no conceited thoughts her tow'ring fancy fill'd.
For once a prophetess, with zeal inspired,
Their slow neglect to warm devotion fired ; 225
Through every street of Thebes who ran possess'd,
And thus, in accents wild, her charge express'd :
' Haste, haste, ye Theban matrons, and adore,
With hallow'd rites, Latona's mighty power,
And to the heavenly twins that from her spring, 230
With laurel crown'd, your smoking incense bring.'
Straight the great summons every dame obey'd,
And due submission to the goddess paid :
Graceful, with laurel chaplets dress'd, they came,
And offer'd incensé in the sacred flame. 235

Meanwhile, surrounded with a courtly guard,
 The royal Niobe in state appear'd,
 Attired in robes embroider'd o'er with gold,
 And mad with rage, yet lovely to behold :
 Her comely tresses, trembling as she stood, 240
 Down her fine neck with easy motion flow'd ;
 Then, darting round a proud disdainful look,
 In haughty tone her hasty passion broke,
 And thus began : ' What madness this, to court
 A goddess, founded merely on report ? 245
 Dare ye a poor pretended power invoke,
 While yet no altars to my godhead smoke ?
 Mine, whose immediate lineage stands confess'd
 From Tantalus, the only mortal guest
 That e'er the gods admitted to their feast. 250
 A sister of the Pleiads gave me birth ;
 And Atlas, mightiest mountain upon earth,
 Who bears the globe of all the stars above,
 My grandsire was ; and Atlas sprung from Jove.
 The Theban towns my majesty adore ; 255
 And neighb'ring Phrygia trembles at my power :
 Raised by my husband's lute, with turrets crown'd,
 Our lofty city stands secured around :
 Within my court, where'er I turn my eyes,
 Unbounded treasures to my prospect rise : 260
 With these, my face I modestly may name
 As not unworthy of so high a claim.
 Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,
 With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
 Go, fools ! consider this, and ask the cause 265
 From which my pride its strong presumption draws ;
 Consider this, and then prefer to me
 Cæus the Titan's vagrant progeny,
 To whom, in travail, the whole spacious earth
 No room afforded for her spurious birth : 270

Not the least part in earth, in heaven, or seas,
 Would grant your outlaw'd goddess any ease,
 Till, pitying hers, from his own wandering case,
 Delos, the floating island, gave a place ;
 There she a mother was of two at most ; 275
 Only the seventh part of what I boast.
 My joys all are beyond suspicion fix'd,
 With no pollutions of misfortune mix'd ;
 Safe on the basis of my power I stand,
 Above the reach of Fortune's fickle hand ; 280
 Lessen she may my inexhausted store,
 And much destroy, yet still must leave me more.
 Suppose it possible that some may die
 Of this my numerous lovely progeny,
 Still with Latona I might safely vie, 285
 Who, by her scanty breed, scarce fit to name,
 But just escapes the childless woman's shame.
 Go then, with speed your laurel'd heads uncrown,
 And leave the silly farce you have begun.'

The tim'rous throng their sacred rites forbore, 290
 And from their heads the verdant laurel tore ;
 Their haughty queen they with regret obey'd,
 And still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.

High on the top of Cynthus' shady mount,
 With grief the goddess saw the base affront, 295
 And, the abuse revolving in her breast,
 The mother her twin offspring thus address'd :
 ' Lo I, my children, who with comfort knew
 Your godlike birth, and thence my glory drew,
 And thence have claim'd precedency of place 300
 From all but Juno of the heavenly race,
 Must now despair, and languish in disgrace.
 My godhead question'd, and all rites divine,
 Unless you succor, banish'd from my shrine :
 Nay more, the imp of Tantalus has flung 305
 Reflections with her vile paternal tongue ;

Has dared prefer her mortal breed to mine,
 And call'd me childless, which, just Fate, may she re-
 pine !'

When to urge more the goddess was prepared,
 Phœbus in haste replies : ' Too much we've heard, 310
 And every moment's lost while vengeance is de-
 ferr'd.'

Diana spoke the same. Then both enshroud
 Their heavenly bodies in a sable cloud,
 And to the Theban towers descending light,
 Through the soft yielding air direct their flight. 315

Without the wall there lies a champagne ground,
 With even surface, far extending round,
 Beaten and levell'd, while it daily feels
 The trampling horse, and chariot's grinding wheels.
 Part of proud Niobe's young rival breed, 320
 Practising there to ride the managed steed,
 Their bridles boss'd with gold, were mounted high
 On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.

Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been
 The first fair issue of the fruitful queen, 325
 Just as he drew the rein, to guide his horse
 Around the compass of the circling course,
 Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart express'd,
 While the shaft stuck, engored within his breast ;
 And, the reins dropping from his dying hand, 330
 He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the sand.

Sipylos next the rattling quiver heard,
 And with full speed for his escape prepared.
 As when the pilot from the black'ning skies
 A gathering storm of wintry rain descries, 335
 His sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with wind,
 He strives to leave the threat'ning cloud behind ;
 So fled the youth ; but an unerring dart
 O'ertook him, quick discharged, and sped with art ;

Fix'd in his neck behind it trembling stood, 340
 And at his throat display'd the point besmear'd with
 blood :

Prone as his posture was, he tumbled o'er,
 And bathed his courser's mane with steaming gore.
 Next at young Phædimus they took their aim,
 And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name ; 345

These, when their other exercise was done,
 To try the wrestler's oily sport begun,
 And, straining every nerve, their skill express'd
 In closest grapple, joining breast to breast,
 When from the bending bow an arrow sent, 350

Join'd as they were, through both their bodies went :
 Both groan'd, and writhing both their limbs with pain,
 They fell together, bleeding on the plain ;
 Then both their languid eyeballs faintly roll,
 And thus together breathe away their soul. 355

With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,
 And smote his breast, and sicken'd at the sight,
 Then to their succor ran, with eager haste,
 And, fondly grieved, their stiff'ning limbs embraced ;
 But in the action falls : a thrilling dart, 360

By Phœbus guided, pierced him to the heart :
 This, as they drew forth, his midriff tore ;
 Its barbed point the fleshy fragments bore,
 And let the soul gush out in streams of purple gore.
 But Damasichthon, by a double wound, 365

Beardless and young, lay gasping on the ground :
 Fix'd in his sinewy ham, the steely point
 Stuck through his knee, and pierced the nervous joint ;
 And as he stoop'd to tug the painful dart,
 Another stuck him in a vital part ; 370

Shot through his windpipe, by the wing it hung,
 The life-blood forced it out, and darting upward
 sprung.

Ilioneus, the last, with terror stands,
 Lifting in prayer his unavailing hands,
 And ignorant from whom his griefs arise : 375
 ‘ Spare me, O all ye heavenly powers,’ he cries.
 Phœbus was touch’d too late ; the sounding bow
 Had sent the shaft, and struck the fatal blow,
 Which yet but gently gored his tender side ;
 So by a slight and easy wound he died. 380
 Swift to the mother’s ears the rumor came,
 And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim.
 With anger and surprise inflamed by turns,
 In furious rage her haughty stomach burns.
 First she disputes the effects of heavenly power ; 385
 Then at their daring boldness wonders more ;
 For poor Amphion, with sore grief distress’d,
 Hoping to soothe his cares by endless rest,
 Had sheathed a dagger in his wretched breast :
 And she who toss’d her high disdainful head 390
 When through the streets, in solemn pomp, she led
 The throng that from Latona’s altar fled,
 Assuming state beyond the proudest queen,
 Was now the miserablest object seen :
 Prostrate among the clay-cold dead she fell, 395
 And kiss’d an undistinguish’d last farewell ;
 Then, her pale arms advancing to the skies,
 ‘ Cruel Latona ! triumph now,’ she cries.
 ‘ My grieving soul in bitter anguish drench,
 And with my woes your thirsty passion quench ; 400
 Feast your black malice at a price thus dear,
 While the sore pangs of seven such deaths I bear.
 Triumph, too cruel rival, and display
 Your conquering standard ; for you’ve won the
 day :
 Yet I’ll excel ; for yet, though seven are slain, 405
 Superior still in number I remain.’

Scarce had she spoke, the bow-string's twanging sound
Was heard, and dealt fresh terrors all around,
Which all, but Niobe alone, confound.

Stunn'd and obdurate by her load of grief, 410
Insensible she sits, nor hopes relief.

Before the funeral biers, all weeping sad,
Her daughters stood, in vests of sable clad.
When one surprised, and stung with sudden smart,
In vain attempts to draw the sticking dart: 415

But to grim death her blooming youth resigns,
And o'er her brother's corpse her dying head reclines ;
This, to assuage her mother's anguish tries,
And, silenced in the pious action, dies ;
Shot by a secret arrow, wing'd with death, 420

Her fault'ring lips but only gasp'd for breath.
One, on her dying sister, breathes her last ;
Vainly in flight another's hopes are placed :
This, hiding from her fate, a shelter seeks ;
That, trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks.
And all in vain ; for now all six had found 426

Their way to death, each by a diff'rent wound.
The last, with eager care, the mother veil'd,
Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd,
And with her body guarded, as a shield. 430

' Only for this, this youngest, I implore,
Grant me this one request, I ask no more ;
O grant me this !' she passionately cries :
But, while she speaks, the destined virgin dies.

TRANSFORMATION OF NIOBE.

NIOBE, struck with horror at the magnitude of her calamities,
is changed into a stone.

WIDOW'D, and childless, lamentable state ! 435
A doleful sight, among the dead she sate ;

Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,
 To ev'ry breath of wind unmoved her hair ;
 Her cheek still reddening, but its color dead,
 Faded her eyes, and set within her head ; 440
 No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
 But stands congeal'd within her frozen lips ;
 Stagnate and dull, within her purple veins,
 Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains ;
 Her feet their usual offices refuse ; 445
 Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose ;
 Action and life from ev'ry part are gone,
 And ev'n her entrails turn to solid stone :
 Yet still she weeps, and whirl'd by stormy winds,
 Borne through the air, her native country finds ; 450
 There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
 There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.

PEASANTS OF LYCIA TRANSFORMED TO FROGS.

THE goddess Latona, while concealing herself from the rage of Juno, arrives in Lycia, where she is insulted and ridiculed by peasants, of whom she begs a draught of water, while they are weeding a marsh—Their refusal and insolence provoke her, and she implores Jupiter to punish their barbarity—The god consents, and transforms them into frogs.

THEN all, reclaim'd by this example, show'd
 A due regard for each peculiar god :
 Both men and women their devoirs express'd, 455
 And great Latona's awful power confess'd.
 Then, tracing instances of older time,
 To suit the nature of the present crime,
 Thus one begins his tale :—' Where Lycia yields
 A golden harvest from its fertile fields, 460
 Some churlish peasants, in the days of yore,
 Provoked the goddess to exert her power.

The thing, indeed, the meanness of the place
 Has made obscure, surprising as it was ;
 But I myself once happen'd to behold 465
 This famous lake, of which the story 's told.
 My father, then, worn out by length of days,
 Nor able to sustain the tedious ways,
 Me with a guide had sent the plains to roam,
 And drive his well-fed straggling heifers home. 470
 Here, as we saunter'd through the verdant meads,
 We spied a lake o'ergrown with trembling reeds,
 Whose wavy tops an op'ning scene disclose,
 From which an antique smoky altar rose.
 I, as my superstitious guide had done, 475
 Stopp'd short, and bless'd myself, and then went on :
 Yet I inquired to whom the altar stood,
 Faunus, the Naiads, or some native god ?
 ' No sylvan deity,' my friend replies,
 ' Enshrined within this hallow'd altar lies : 480
 For this, O youth, to that famed goddess stands,
 Whom, at the imperial Juno's rough commands,
 Of ev'ry quarter of the earth bereaved,
 Delos, the floating isle, at length received ;
 Who there, in spite of enemies, brought forth, 485
 Beneath an olive shade, her great twin birth.
 ' Hence too she fled the furious stepdame's power,
 And in her arms a double godhead bore ;
 And now the borders of fair Lycia gain'd,
 Just when the summer solstice parch'd the land. 490
 With thirst the goddess languishing, no more
 Her emptied breast would yield its milky store,
 When, from below, the smiling valley show'd
 A silver lake that in its bottom flow'd :
 A sort of clowns were reaping, near the bank 495
 The bending osier, and the bulrush, drank,
 The cress, and water-lily, fragrant weed,
 Whose juicy stalk the liquid fountains feed :

The goddess came, and kneeling on the brink,
 Stoop'd at the fresh repast, prepared to drink. 500
 Then thus, being hinder'd by the rabble race,
 In accents mild, expostulates the case.'

' Water I only ask, and sure 'tis hard
 From Nature's common rights to be debarr'd :
 This, as the genial sun, and vital air, 505
 Should flow alike to ev'ry creature's share.

Yet still I ask, and as a favor crave,
 That which a public bounty nature gave :
 Nor do I seek my weary limbs to drench,
 Only, with one cool draught, my thirst I 'd quench.
 Now from my throat the usual moisture dries, 511

And ev'n my voice in broken accents dies :
 One draught as dear as life I should esteem,
 And water, now I thirst, would nectar seem :
 O ! let my little babes your pity move, 515
 And melt your hearts to charitable love ;
 They (as by chance they did) extend to you
 Their little hands, and my request pursue.'

' Whom would these soft persuasions not subdue,
 Though the most rustic and unmanner'd crew ? 520
 Yet they the goddess's request refuse,
 And with rude words reproachfully abuse :
 Nay, more, with spiteful feet the villains trode
 O'er the soft bottom of the marshy flood,
 And blacken'd all the lake with clouds of rising mud.

' Her thirst, by indignation was suppress'd ; 526
 Bent on revenge, the goddess stood confess'd.
 Her suppliant hands uplifting to the skies,
 For a redress to heaven she now applies :
 ' And, may you live, she passionately cried, 530
 Doom'd in that pool for ever to abide.'

' The goddess has her wish ; for now they choose
 To plunge and dive among the watery ooze ;

Sometimes they show their head above the brim,
 And on the glassy surface spread to swim; 535
 Often upon the bank their station take,
 Then spring and leap into the cooly lake.
 Still, void of shame, they lead a clam'rous life,
 And, croaking, still scold on in endless strife;
 Compell'd to live beneath the liquid stream, 540
 Where still they quarrel, and attempt to scream.
 Now, from their bloated throat, their voice puts on
 Imperfect murmurs in a hoarser tone;
 Their noisy jaws, with bawling now grown wide,
 An ugly sight! extend on either side; 545
 Their motley back, streak'd with a list of green,
 Join'd to their head, without a neck, is seen;
 And, with a belly broad and white, they look
 Mere frogs, and still frequent the muddy brook.'

FATE OF MARSYAS.

MARSYAS, a celebrated player on the flute, is hanged and flayed alive by Apollo, as a punishment for his imprudence in challenging the god to a trial of skill—The death of the musician is universally lamented by the Fauns, Satyrs, and Dryads; and from their abundant tears arises a river of Phrygia, well known by the name of Marsyas.

SCARCE had the man this famous story told, 550
 Of vengeance on the Lycians shown of old,
 When, straight, another pictures to their view
 The satyr's fate, whom angry Phœbus slew;
 Who, raised with high conceit, and puff'd with pride,
 At his own pipe the skilful god defied. 555
 'Why do you tear me from myself?' he cries;
 'Ah! cruel; must my skin be made the prize?
 This for a silly pipe?' he roaring said;
 Meanwhile, the skin from off his limbs was flay'd.

All bare, and raw, one large continued wound, 560
 With streams of blood his body bathed the ground.
 The bluish veins their trembling pulse disclosed,
 The stringy nerves lay naked and exposed,
 His entrails too distinctly each express'd,
 With every shining fibre of his breast. 565

The fauns, and sylvans, with the nymphs that rove
 Among the satyrs in the shady grove,
 Olympus, known of old, and every swain
 That fed, or flock, or herd, upon the plain,
 Bewail'd the loss, and with their tears, that flow'd,
 A kindly moisture on the earth bestow'd, 571
 That soon, conjoin'd and in a body ranged,
 Sprung from the ground, to limpid water changed ;
 Which, down through Phrygia's rocks, a mighty
 stream,
 Comes tumbling to the sea, and Marsya is its name.

STORY OF PELOPS.

PELOPS, the son of Tantalus, is murdered by his father, and served up in an entertainment to the gods, to make trial of their divinity—Jupiter discovers the perfidious cruelty, and restores Pelops to life—Part of the shoulder, which Ceres incautiously devoured, is supplied by a substitute made of ivory.

FROM these relations straight the people turn 576
 To present truths, and lost Amphion mourn ;
 The mother most was blamed, yet some relate
 That Pelops pitied and bewail'd her fate,
 And stripp'd his clothes, and laid his shoulder bare,
 And made the ivory miracle appear. 581
 This shoulder, from the first, was form'd of flesh,
 As lively as the other, and as fresh ;
 But, when the youth was by his father slain,
 The gods restored his mangled limbs again ; 585

Ouly that place which joins the neck and arm,
 The rest untouch'd, was found to suffer harm ;
 The loss of which an ivory piece sustain'd ;
 And thus the youth his limbs and life regain'd.

STORY OF TEREUS, PROCNE, AND PHILOMELA.

PROCNE, the wife of Tereus, king of Thrace, revenges the injuries which her sister Philomela has sustained from her husband on her son Itys, whom she sacrifices to her resentment, and serves as a dish at the table of his father, who partakes of the horrible repast without suspicion, till Philomela appears with the head of the unfortunate youth—The monarch draws his sword, and pursues the two sisters, when he is transformed into a lapwing, Philomela into a nightingale, Procne into a swallow, and Itys into a pheasant.

To Thebes the neighb'ring princes all repair, 590
 And with condolence the misfortune share.
 Each bord'ring state in solemn form address'd,
 And each, betimes, a friendly grief express'd :
 Argos, with Sparta's, and Mycenæ's towns,
 And Calydon, yet free from fierce Diana's frowns ; 595
 Corinth for finest brass well famed of old ;
 Orchomenos for men of courage bold ;
 Cleonæ lying in the lowly dale ;
 And rich Messene with its fertile vale ;
 Pylos for Nestor's city after famed ; 600
 And Trœzen, not as yet from Pitheus named ;
 And those fair cities, which are hemm'd around,
 By double seas within the Isthmian ground ;
 And those, which farther from the sea-coast stand,
 Lodged in the bosom of the spacious land. 605

Who can believe it? Athens was the last,
 Though for politeness famed for ages past :
 For a strait siege, which then their walls inclosed,
 Such acts of kind humanity opposed ;

And thick with ships, from foreign nations bound, 610
Seaward their city lay invested round.

These, with auxiliar forces led from far,
Tereus of Thrace, brave, and inured to war,
Had quite defeated, and obtain'd a name,
The warrior's due, among the sons of fame. 615
This, with his wealth, and power, and ancient line,
From Mars derived, Pandion's thoughts incline
His daughter Procne with the prince to join.

Nor Hymen, nor the Graces, here preside,
Nor Juno, to befriend the blooming bride ; 620
But fiends with funeral brands the process led,
And furies waited at the genial bed ;
And, all night long, the screeching owl aloof,
With baleful notes, sat brooding o'er the roof.

With such ill omens was the match begun, 625
That made them parents of a hopeful son.

Now Thrace congratulates their seeming joy,
And they, in thankful rites, their minds employ :
If the fair queen's espousals pleased before,
Itys, the new-born prince, now pleases more ; 630
And each bright day, the birth, and bridal feast,
Were kept with hallow'd pomp above the rest.
So far true happiness may lie conceal'd,
When, by false lights, we fancy 'tis reveal'd !

Now, since their nuptials, had the golden sun 635
Five courses round his ample zodiac run,
When gentle Procne thus her lord address'd,
And spoke the secret wishes of her breast :
' If I,' she said, ' have ever favor found,
Let my petition with success be crown'd. 640

Let me at Athens my dear sister see ;
Or, let her come to Thrace, and visit me ;
And, lest my father should her absence mourn,
Promise that she shall make a quick return.

With thanks I'd own the obligation due, 645
 Only, O Tereus, to the gods and you.'

Now, plied with oar and sail at his command,
 The nimble galleys reach'd the Athenian land,
 And anchor'd in the famed Piræan bay,
 While Tereus to the palace takes his way ; 650
 The king salutes, and ceremonies pass'd,
 Begins the fatal embassy at last :

The occasion of his voyage he declares,
 And, with his own, his wife's request prefers ; 655
 Asks leave that, only for a little space,
 Their lovely sister might embark for Thrace.

Thus, while he spoke, appear'd the royal maid,
 Bright Philomela splendidly array'd ;
 But most attractive in her charming face,
 And comely person, turn'd with ev'ry grace : 660
 Like those fair nymphs, that are described to rove
 Across the glades, and op'nings of the grove ;
 Only that these are dress'd for sylvan sports,
 And less become the finery of courts.

Tereus beheld the virgin, and admired, 665
 And with the coals of burning love was fired ;
 Like crackling stubble, or the summer hay,
 When forked lightnings o'er the meadows play.
 Such charms in any breast might kindle love,
 But him the heats of inbred passion move, 670
 To which, though Thrace is naturally prone,
 Yet his is still superior, and his own.

Straight her attendants he designs to buy,
 And with large bribes her governess would try ;
 Herself with ample gifts resolves to bend, 675
 And his whole kingdom in the attempt expend ;
 Or, snatch'd away, by force of arms, to bear,
 And justify the act with open war.
 The boundless passion boils within his breast,
 And his projecting soul admits no rest. 680

And now, impatient of the least delay,
 By pleading Procne's cause, he speeds his way :
 The eloquence of love his tongue inspires,
 And, in his wife's, he speaks his own desires ;
 Hence all his importunities arise, 685
 And tears unmanly trickle from his eyes.

Ye gods ! what thick involving darkness blinds
 The stupid faculties of mortal minds !
 Tereus the credit of good nature gains
 From these his crimes ; so well the villain feigns, 690
 And, unsuspecting of his base designs,
 In the request fair Philomela joins ;
 Her snowy arms her aged sire embrace,
 And clasp his neck with an endearing grace :
 Only to see her sister she intreats, 695
 A seeming blessing, which a curse completes.

Tereus surveys her with a luscious eye,
 And in his mind forestalls the blissful joy :
 Her circling arms a scene of love inspire,
 And ev'ry kiss foment the raging fire. 700
 Fondly he wishes for the father's place,
 To feel, and to return, the warm embrace ;
 Since not the nearest ties of filial blood
 Would damp his flame, and force him to be good.

At length, for both their sakes, the king agrees ; 705
 And Philomela, on her bended knees,
 Thanks him for what her fancy calls success,
 When cruel Fate intends her nothing less.

Now Phœbus, hast'ning to ambrosial rest,
 His fiery steeds drove sloping down the west : 710
 The sculptured gold with sparkling wines was fill'd,
 And, with rich meats, each cheerful table smiled.
 Plenty, and mirth, the royal banquet close,
 Then all retire to sleep and sweet repose.
 But the amorous monarch, though withdrawn apart,
 Still feels love's poison rankling in his heart : 716

Her face divine is stamp'd within his breast,
 Fancy imagines, and improves the rest :
 And thus, kept waking by intense desire,
 He nourishes his own prevailing fire. 720

Next day the good old king for Tereus sends,
 And to his charge the virgin recommends :
 His hand with tears the indulgent father press'd,
 Then spoke, and thus with tenderness address'd :

‘ Since the kind instances of pious love 725
 Do all pretence of obstacle remove ;

Since Procne's, and her own, with your request,
 O'errule the fears of a paternal breast,
 With you, dear son, my daughter I intrust,
 And, by the gods, adjure you to be just ; 730

By truth, and ev'ry consanguineal tie,
 To watch and guard her with a father's eye ;
 And, since the least delay will tedious prove,
 In keeping from my sight the child I love,
 With speed return her, kindly to assuage 735

The tedious troubles of my ling'ring age.
 And you, my Philomel, let it suffice,
 To know your sister's banish'd from my eyes ;
 If any sense of duty sways your mind,
 Let me from you the shortest absence find.' 740

He wept ; then kiss'd his child ; and while he speaks,
 The tears fall gently down his aged cheeks.

Next, as a pledge of fealty, he demands,
 And, with a solemn charge, conjoins their hands ;
 Then to his daughter, and his grandson sends, 745
 And by their mouth a blessing recommends ;
 While, in a voice with dire forebodings broke,
 Sobbing, and faint, the last farewell was spoke.

Now Philomela, scarce received on board,
 And in the royal gilded bark secured, 750
 Beheld the dashes of the bending oar,
 The ruffled sea, and the receding shore,

When straight (his joy impatient of disguise)
 ‘ We ’ve gain’d our point,’ the rough barbarian cries ;
 ‘ Now I possess the dear, the blissful hour, 756
 And ev’ry wish subjected to my power.’
 As when the bold rapacious bird of Jove,
 With crooked talons, stooping from above,
 Has snatch’d, and carried to his lofty nest
 A captive hare, with cruel gripes oppress’d ; 760
 Secure, with fix’d and unrelenting eyes,
 He sits, and views the helpless trembling prize.
 Their vessels now had made the intended land,
 And all with joy descend upon the strand,
 When the false tyrant seized the princely maid, 765
 And to a lodge in distant woods convey’d ;
 Pale, sinking, and distress’d with jealous fears,
 And, asking for her sister, all in tears.
 The monster, on his purpose fully bent,
 No longer now delay’d his base intent. 770
 Her piercing accents to her sire complain,
 And to her absent sister, but in vain ;
 In vain she importunes, with doleful cries,
 Each unattentive godhead of the skies.
 She pants and trembles like the bleating prey, 775
 From some close-hunted wolf just snatch’d away,
 That still with fearful horror looks around,
 And on its flank regards the bleeding wound :
 Or, as the tim’rous dove, the danger o’er,
 Beholds her shining plumes besmear’d with gore ; 780
 And though deliver’d from the falcon’s claw,
 Yet shivers, and retains a secret awe.
 But when her mind a calm reflection shared,
 And all her scatter’d spirits were repair’d ;
 Torn and disorder’d while her tresses hung, 785
 Her livid hands, like one that mourn’d, she wrung,
 Then thus, with grief o’erwhelm’d her languid eyes :
 ‘ Savage, inhuman, cruel wretch !’ she cries,

' Whom nor a parent's strict commands could move,
 Though charged and utter'd with the tears of love, 790
 Nor virgin innocence, nor all that's due
 To the strong contract of the nuptial vow ;
 Virtue, by this, in wild confusion's laid,
 And I compell'd to wrong my sister's bed ;
 Whilst you, regardless of your marriage oath, 795
 With stains of incest have defiled us both.
 Though I deserved some punishment to find,
 This was, ye gods ! too cruel and unkind.
 Yet, villain, to complete your horrid guilt,
 Stab here, and let my tainted blood be spilt. 800
 O ! happy, had it come before I knew
 The cursed embrace of vile perfidious you ;
 Then, my pale ghost, pure from incestuous love,
 Had wander'd spotless through the Elysian grove.
 But, if the gods above have power to know, 805
 And judge those actions, that are done below,
 Unless the dreaded thunders of the sky,
 Like me, subdued, and violated lie ;
 Still my revenge shall take its proper time,
 And suit the baseness of your hellish crime ; 810
 Myself abandon'd, and devoid of shame,
 Through the wide world your actions will proclaim ;
 Or, though I'm prison'd in this lonely den,
 Obscured and buried from the sight of men,
 My mournful voice the pitying rocks shall move, 815
 And my complainings echo through the grove.
 Hear me, O Heaven ! and, if a god be there,
 Let him regard me, and accept my prayer.'

Struck with these words, the tyrant's guilty breast
 With fear and anger was by turns possess'd ; 820
 Now, with remorse his conscience deeply stung,
 He drew the falchion that beside him hung,
 And first her tender arms behind her bound,
 Then dragg'd her by the hair along the ground.

Now, with her gang, to the thick wood she flies,
 And with religious yellings fills the skies : 895
 The fatal lodge, as 'twere by chance, she seeks,
 And through the bolted doors an entrance breaks :
 From thence, her sister snatching by the hand,
 Mask'd like the ranting Bacchanalian band,
 Within the limits of the court she drew, 900
 Shading, with ivy green, her outward hue.
 But Philomela, conscious of the place,
 Felt new reviving pangs of her disgrace ;
 A shiv'ring cold prevail'd in ev'ry part,
 And the chill'd blood ran trembling to her heart. 905
 Soon as the queen a fit retirement found,
 Stripp'd of the garlands that her temples crown'd,
 She straight unveil'd her blushing sister's face,
 And fondly clasp'd her with a close embrace :
 But, in confusion lost, the unhappy maid, 910
 With shame dejected, hung her drooping head,
 As guilty of a crime that stain'd her sister's bed.
 That speech, that should her injured virtue clear
 And make her spotless innocence appear,
 Is now no more, only her hands and eyes 915
 Appeal, in signals, to the conscious skies.
 In Procne's breast the rising passions boil,
 And bursts in anger with a mad recoil ;
 Her sister's ill-timed grief with scorn she blames
 Then, in these furious words, her rage proclaims: 920
 ' Tears, unavailing, but defer our time,
 The stabbing sword must expiate the crime ;
 Or worse, if wit, on bloody vengeance bent,
 A weapon more tormenting can invent.
 O sister ! I've prepared my stubborn heart 925
 To act some hellish and unheard-of part ;
 Either the palace to surround with fire,
 And see the villain in the flames expire ;

Or, with a knife, dig out his cursed eyes ;
 Or, his false tongue with racking engines seize. 930
 Tortures enough my passion has design'd,
 But the variety distracts my mind.'

Awhile thus wav'ring, stood the furious dame,
 When Itys fondling to his mother came ;
 From him the cruel, fatal hint she took, 935
 She view'd him with a stern remorseless look ;
 ' Ah ! but too like thy wicked sire,' she said,
 Forming the direful purpose in her head.
 At this a sullen grief her voice suppress'd,
 While silent passions struggle in her breast. 940

Now, at her lap arrived, the flatt'ring boy
 Salutes his parent with a smiling joy :
 About her neck his little arms are thrown,
 And he accosts her in a prattling tone ;
 Then her tempestuous anger was allay'd, 945
 And in its full career her vengeance stay'd ;
 While tender thoughts, in spite of passion, rise,
 And melting tears disarm her threat'ning eyes.
 But, when she found the mother's easy heart
 Too fondly swerving from the intended part, 950
 Her injured sister's face again she view'd,
 And, as by turns surveying both she stood,
 ' While this fond boy,' she said, ' can thus ex-
 press

The moving accents of his fond address,
 Why stands my sister of her tongue bereft, 955
 Forlorn and sad, in speechless silence left ?
 O Procne ! see the fortune of your house ;
 Such is your fate when match'd to such a spouse !
 Conjugal duty, if observed to him,
 Would change from virtue, and become a crime : 960
 For all respect to Tereus must debase
 The noble blood of great Pandion's race.'

Straight, at these words, with big resentment fill'd,
 Furious her look, she flew and seized her child,
 Like a fell tigress of the savage kind, 965
 That drags the tender suckling of the hind
 Through India's gloomy groves, where Ganges laves
 The shady scene, and rolls his streamy waves.

Now to a close apartment they were come,
 Far off retired within the spacious dome ; 970
 When Procne, on revengeful mischief bent,
 Home to his heart a piercing poniard sent.
 Itys, with rueful cries, but all too late,
 Holds out his hands, and deprecates his fate ;
 Still at his mother's neck he fondly aims, 975
 And strives to melt her with endearing names ;
 Yet still the cruel mother perseveres,
 Nor with concern his bitter anguish hears.
 This might suffice ; but Philomela too
 Across his throat a shining cutlass drew. 980
 Then both, with knives, dissect each quiv'ring part,
 And carve the butcher'd limbs with cruel art,
 Which, whelm'd in boiling caldrons o'er the fire,
 Or, turn'd on spits, in steamy smoke aspire ;
 While the long entries, with their slippery floor, 985
 Run down in purple streams of clotted gore.

Ask'd by his wife to this inhuman feast,
 Tereus, unknowingly, is made a guest,
 While she, her plot the better to disguise,
 Styles it some unknown mystic sacrifice ; 990
 And such the nature of the hallow'd rite,
 The wife her husband only could invite ;
 The slaves must all withdraw, and be debarr'd the sight.
 Tereus, upon a throne of antique state,
 Loftily raised, before the banquet sate ; 995
 And, glutton like, luxuriously pleased,
 With his own flesh his hungry maw appeased.

Nay, such a blindness o'er his senses falls,
 That he for Itys to the table calls.
 When Procne, now impatient to disclose 1000
 The joy that from her full revenge arose,
 Cries out, in transports of a cruel mind,
 ' Within yourself your Itys you may find.'
 Still, at this puzzling answer, with surprise,
 Around the room he sends his curious eyes ; 1005
 And, as he still inquired, and call'd aloud,
 Fierce Philomela, all besmear'd with blood,
 Her hands with murder stain'd, her spreading hair
 Hanging dishevell'd, with a ghastly air
 Stepp'd forth, and flung, full in the tyrant's face, 1010
 The head of Itys, gory as it was :
 Nor ever long'd so much to use her tongue,
 And with a just reproach to vindicate her wrong.
 The Thracian monarch from the table flings,
 While with his cries the vaulted parlor rings : 1015
 His imprecations echo down to hell,
 And rouse the snaky furies from their Stygian cell.
 One while he labors to disgorge his breast,
 And free his stomach from the cursed feast ;
 Then, weeping o'er his lamentable doom, 1020
 He styles himself his son's sepulchral tomb.
 Now, with drawn sabre, and impetuous speed,
 In close pursuit he drives Pandion's breed,
 Whose nimble feet spring with so swift a force
 Across the fields, they seem to wing their course. 1025
 And now on real wings themselves they raise,
 And steer their airy flight by different ways ;
 One to the woodland's shady covert hies,
 Around the smoky roof the other flies,
 Whose feathers yet the marks of murder stain, 1030
 Where, stamp'd upon her breast the crimson spots re-
 main.

Tereus, through grief, and haste to be revenged,
 Shares the like fate, and to a bird is changed :
 Fix'd on his head the crested plumes appear,
 Long is his beak, and sharpen'd like a spear : 1035
 Thus arm'd, his looks his inward mind display,
 And, to a lapwing turn'd, he fans his way.

Exceeding trouble, for his children's fate,
 Shorten'd Pandion's days, and changed his date ;
 Down to the shades below, with sorrow spent, 1040
 An earlier unexpected ghost he went.

BOREAS IN LOVE.

BOREAS is enamored of the beautiful Orithyia, whom he carries off against her inclination—She afterwards becomes the mother of Zethes and Calais, who accompany the Argonautic expedition.

ERECOTHEUS next the Athenian sceptre sway'd,
 Whose rule the state with joint consent obey'd ;
 So mix'd his justice with his valor flow'd,
 His reign one scene of princely goodness show'd. 1045
 Four hopeful youths, as many females bright,
 Sprung from his loins, and soothed him with delight.

Two of these sisters, of a lovelier air,
 Excell'd the rest, though all the rest were fair.
 Procris to Cephalus in wedlock tied, 1050
 Bless'd the young sylvan with a blooming bride :
 For Orithya Boreas suffer'd pain ;
 For the coy maid sued long, but sued in vain ;
 Tereus, his neighbor, and his Thracian blood,
 Against the match a main objection stood, 1055
 Which made his vows, and all his suppliant love,
 Empty as air, and ineffectual prove.

But when he found his soothing flatteries fail,
 Nor saw his soft addresses could avail,

Blustering with ire, he quickly has recourse 1060
To rougher arts, and his own native force.
 ' 'Tis well,' he said, ' such usage is my due,
When thus disguised by foreign ways I sue ;
When my stern airs, and fierceness I disclaim,
And sigh for love, ridiculously tame ; 1065
When soft addresses foolishly I try,
Nor my own stronger remedies apply.
By force and violence I chiefly live,
By them the low'ring stormy tempests drive,
In foaming billows raise the hoary deep, 1070
Writhe knotted oaks, and sandy deserts sweep,
Congel the falling flakes of fleecy snow,
And bruise with rattling hail the plain below.
I, and my brother winds, when join'd above,
Through the waste champagne of the skies we rove,
With such a boisterous full career engage, 1076
That heaven's whole concave thunders at our rage.
While, struck from nitrous clouds, fierce lightnings
play,
Dart through the storm, and gild the gloomy day :
Or when, in subterraneous caverns pent, 1080
My breath against the hollow earth is bent.
The quaking world above, and ghosts below,
My mighty power, by dear experience, know,
Tremble with fear, and dread the fatal blow.
This is the only cure to be applied, 1085
Thus to Erechtheus I should be allied ;
And thus the scornful virgin should be woo'd,
Not by intreaty, but by force subdued.'
Boreas, in passion, spoke these huffing things,
And, as he spoke, he shook his dreadful wings, 1090
At which, afar the shivering sea was fann'd,
And the wide surface of the distant land :
His dusty mantle o'er the hills he drew,
And swept the lowly valleys as he flew ;

Then, with his yellow wings, embraced the maid, 1095
 And, wrapp'd in dusky clouds, far off convey'd.
 The sparkling blaze of love's prevailing fire
 Shone brighter as he flew, and flamed the higher.
 And now the god, possess'd of his delight,
 To northern Thrace pursued his airy flight. 1100

Two lovely twins, the effect of this embrace,
 Crown their soft labors, and their nuptials grace,
 Who, like their mother, beautiful and fair,
 Their father's strength, and feather'd pinions, share :
 Yet these at first were wanting, as 'tis said, 1105
 And after, as they grew, their shoulders spread.
 Zethes and Calais, the pretty twins,
 Remain'd unfledged, while smooth their beardless
 chins :

But when, in time, the budding silver down 1109
 Shaded their face, and on their cheeks was grown,
 Two sprouting wings upon their shoulders sprung,
 Like those in birds, that veil the callow young.
 Then, as their age advanced, and they began
 From greener youth to ripen into man,
 With Jason's Argonauts they cross'd the seas, 1115
 Embark'd in quest of the famed golden fleece ;
 There, with the rest, the first frail vessel tried,
 -And boldly ventured on the swelling tide.

Why should I for a stranger fear, lest he
 Should perish, whom I did but lately see?
 His death, or safety, what are they to me?
 Wretch! from thy virgin breast this flame expel,
 And soon—O! could I, all would then be well. 25
 But love, resistless love, my soul invades:
 Discretion this; affection that persuades.
 I see the right, and I approve it too,
 Condemn the wrong, and yet—the wrong pursue.
 Why, royal maid, shouldst thou desire to wed 30
 A wanderer, and court a foreign bed?
 Thy native land, though barb'rous, can present
 A bridegroom worth a royal bride's consent;
 And whether this adventurer lives, or dies,
 In Fate, and Fortune's fickle pleasure lies. 35
 Yet may he live! for to the powers above,
 A virgin, led by no impulse of love,
 So just a suit may, for the guiltless, move.
 Whom would not Jason's valor, youth, and blood,
 Invite? or could these merits be withstood, 40
 At least his charming person must incline
 The hardest heart—I'm sure 'tis so with mine!
 Yet, if I help him not, the flaming breath
 Of bulls, and earth-born foes, must be his death:
 Or, should he through these dangers force his way, 45
 At last he must be made the dragon's prey.
 If no remorse for such distress I feel,
 I am a tigress, and my breast is steel.
 Why do I scruple then to see him slain,
 And with the tragic scene my eyes profane? 50
 My magic's art employ, not to assuage
 The savages, but to inflame their rage?
 His earth-born foes to fiercer fury move,
 And accessory to his murder prove?
 The gods forbid!—But prayers are idle breath, 55
 When action only can prevent his death.

Shall I betray my father, and the state,
 To intercept a rambling hero's fate,
 Who may sail off next hour, and saved from harms
 By my assistance, bless another's arms? 60
 Whilst I, not only of my hopes bereft,
 But to unpitied punishment am left.
 If he is false, let the ingrateful bleed!
 But no such symptom in his looks I read.
 Nature would ne'er have lavish'd so much grace 65
 Upon his person, if his soul were base.
 Besides, he first shall plight his faith, and swear
 By all the gods; what therefore canst thou fear?
 Medea haste, from danger set him free,
 Jason shall thy eternal debtor be. 70
 And thou, his queen, with sovereign state install'd,
 By Grecian dames, the kind preserver call'd.
 Hence! idle dreams, by love-sick fancy bred;
 Wilt thou, Medea, by vain wishes led,
 To sister, brother, father, bid adieu? 75
 Forsake thy country's gods, and country too?
 My father's harsh, my brother but a child,
 My sister rivals me, my country's wild;
 And, for its gods, the greatest of them all
 Inspires my breast, and I obey his call. 80
 That great endearments I forsake, is true,
 But greater far the hopes that I pursue:
 The pride of having saved the youths of Greece
 (Each life more precious than our golden fleece);
 A nobler soil by me shall be possess'd, 85
 I shall see towns with arts and manners bless'd;
 And, what I prize above the world beside,
 Enjoy my Jason—and when once his bride,
 Be more than mortal, and to gods allied.
 They talk of hazards I must first sustain, 90
 Of floating islands justling in the main;

Our tender bark exposed to dreadful shocks
Of fierce Charybdis' gulf, and Scylla's rocks,
Where breaking waves in whirling eddies roll,
And ravenous dogs that in deep caverns howl: 95
Amidst these terrors, while I lie possess'd
Of him I love, and lean on Jason's breast,
In tempests unconcern'd I will appear,
Or only for my husband's safety fear.
Didst thou say, husband?—canst thou so deceive 100
Thyself, fond maid, and thy own cheat believe?
In vain thou strivest to varnish o'er thy shame,
And grace thy guilt with wedlock's sacred name.
Pull off the cozening mask, and, O! in time
Discover and avoid the fatal crime.' 105
She ceased—the Graces now, with kind surprise,
And Virtue's lovely train, before her eyes
Present themselves, and vanquish'd Cupid flies.)
She then retires to Hecate's shrine, that stood
Far in the covert of a shady wood: 110
She finds the fury of her flames assuaged,
But, seeing Jason there, again they raged.
Blushes, and paleness, did by turns invade
Her tender cheeks, and secret grief betray'd.
As fire, that sleeping under ashes lie, 115
Fresh blown, and roused, does up in blazes rise,
So flamed the virgin's breast—
New kindled by her lover's sparkling eyes.
For chance, that day, had, with uncommon grace
Adorn'd the lovely youth, and through his face 120
Display'd an air so pleasing, as might charm
A goddess, and a vestal's bosom warm.
Her ravish'd eyes survey him o'er and o'er,
As some gay wonder never seen before;
Transported to the skies she seems to be, 125
And thinks she gazes on a deity.

But, when he spoke, and press'd her trembling
hand,

And did, with tender words, her aid demand,
With vows, and oaths, to make her soon his bride,
She wept a flood of tears, and thus replied : 130

' I see my error, yet to ruin move,
Nor owe my fate to ignorance, but love :
Your life I'll guard, and only crave of you
To swear once more, and—to your oath be true.'
He swears, by Hecate, he would all fulfil, 135
And by her grandfather's prophetic skill,
By every thing that doubting love could press,
His present danger, and desired success.

She credits him, and kindly does produce
Enchanted herbs, and teaches him their use. 140
Their mystic names and virtues he admires,
And with his booty joyfully retires.

Impatient for the wonders of the day,
Aurora drives the loit'ring stars away.
Now Mars's mount the pressing people fill, 145
The crowd below, the nobles crown the hill ;
The king himself high-throned above the rest,
With iv'ry sceptre, and in purple dress'd.

Forthwith the brass-hoof'd bulls are set at large,
Whose furious nostrils sulph'rous flame discharge :
The blasted herbage by their breath expires ; 151
As forges rumble with excessive fires,
And furnaces with fiercer fury glow,
When water on the panting mass ye throw,
With such a noise, from their convulsive breast, 155
Through bellowing throats the struggling vapor press'd.

Yet Jason marches up without concern,
While on the advent'rous youth the monsters turn
Their glaring eyes, and, eager to engage, 159
Brandish their steel-tipp'd horns in threat'ning rage ;

With brazen hoofs they beat the ground, and choke
 The ambient air with clouds of dust and smoke :
 Each gazing Grecian for his champion shakes,
 While bold advances he securely makes
 Through singeing blasts ; such wonders magic art 165
 Can work, when Love conspires, and plays his part.
 The passive savages like statues stand,
 While he their dewlaps strokes with soothing hand ;
 To unknown yokes their brawny necks they yield,
 And, like tame oxen, plough the wond'ring field. 170
 The Colchians stare ; the Grecians shout, and raise
 Their champion's courage with inspiring praise.

Embolden'd now, on fresh attempts he goes,
 With serpent's teeth the fertile furrows sows ;
 The glebe fermenting, with enchanted juice, 175
 Makes the snake's teeth a human crop produce :
 For, as an infant, pris'ner to the womb,
 Contented sleeps, till to perfection come,
 Then does the cell's obscure confinement scorn,
 He tosses, throbs, and presses, to be born : 180
 So, from the lab'ring earth, no single birth,
 But a whole troop of lusty youths, rush forth ;
 And, what's more strange, with martial fury warm'd,
 And for encounter all completely arm'd ;
 In rank and file, as they were sow'd, they stand, 185
 Impatient for the signal of command.
 No foe but the Æmonian youth appears ;
 At him they level their steel-pointed spears ;
 His frightened friends, who triumph'd just before,
 With peals of sighs, his desperate case deplore ; 190
 And where such hardy warriors are afraid,
 What must the tender and enamor'd maid ?
 Her spirits sink, the blood her cheek forsook ;
 She fears, who for his safety undertook ;
 She knew the virtue of the spells she gave, 195
 She knew the force, and knew her lover brave :

But what's a single champion to a host?
 Yet scorning thus to see him tamely lost,
 Her strong reserve of secret arts she brings,
 And last, her never-failing song she sings. 200

Wonders ensue; among his gazing foes
 The massy fragment of a rock he throws;
 This charm in civil war engaged them all;
 By mutual wounds those earth-born brothers fall.

The Greeks, transported with the strange success,
 Leap from their seats the conq'ror to caress; 206
 Commend, and kiss, and clasp him in their arms:
 So would the kind contriver of the charms;

But her, who felt the tenderest concern,
 Honor condemns in secret flames to burn; 210
 Committed to a double guard of fame,
 Awed by a virgin's, and a princess' name.

But thoughts are free, and fancy unconfined,
 She kisses, courts, and hugs, him in her mind;
 To fav'ring powers her silent thanks she gives, 215
 By whose indulgence her loved hero lives.

One labor more remains, and, though the last,
 In danger far surmounting all the past;
 That enterprise, by Fates, in store was kept.
 To make the dragon sleep, that never slept, 220

Whose crest shoots dreadful lustre; from his jaws
 A triple tire of forked stings he draws,
 With fangs, and wings of a prodigious size:
 Such was the guardian of the golden prize.

Yet him, besprinkled with Lethæan dew, 225
 The fair enchantress into slumber threw;
 And then, to fix him, thrice she did repeat
 The rhyme, that makes the raging winds retreat;

In stormy seas can halcyon seasons make,
 Turn rapid streams into a standing lake; 230
 While the soft guest his drowsy eyelids seals,
 The unguarded golden fleece the stranger steals;

Proud to possess the purchase of the toil,
 Proud of his royal bride, the richer spoil ;
 To sea both prize, and patroness he bore, 235
 And lands triumphant on his native shore.

OLD ÆSON RESTORED TO YOUTH.

MEDEA, at the request of her husband, restores his aged father, Æson, to the vigor and sprightliness of youth.

ÆMONIAN matrons, who their absence mourn'd,
 Rejoice to see their prosp'rous sons return'd :
 Rich curling fumes of incense feast the skies,
 An hecatomb of voted victims dies, 240
 With gilded horns, and garlands on their head,
 And all the pomp of death, to the altar led.
 Congratulating bowls go briskly round,
 Triumphant shouts in louder music drown'd.
 Amidst these revels, why that cloud of care 245
 On Jason's brow? (to whom the largest share
 Of mirth was due)—his father was not there.
 Æson was absent, once the young and brave,
 Now crush'd with years, and bending to the grave.
 At last withdrawn, and by the crowd unseen, 250
 Pressing her hand (with starting sighs between),
 He supplicates his kind and skilful queen.

' O patroness, preserver of my life !
 (Dear when my mistress, and much dearer wife)
 Your favors to so vast a sum amount, 255
 'Tis past the power of numbers to recount ;
 Or could they be to computation brought,
 The history would a romance be thought :
 And yet, unless you add one favor more,
 Greater than all that you conferr'd before, 260
 But not too hard for love and magic skill,
 Your past are thrown away, and Jason's wretched still.

The morning of my life is just begun,
 But my declining father's race is run ;
 From my large stock retrench the long arrears, 265
 And add them to expiring Æson's years.'

Thus spake the generous youth, and wept the
 rest.

Moved with the piety of his request,
 To his aged sire such filial duty shown,
 So different from her treatment of her own, 270
 But still endeavoring her remorse to hide,
 She check'd her rising sighs, and thus replied :

' How could the thought of such inhuman wrong
 Escape,' said she, ' from pious Jason's tongue?
 Does the whole world another Jason bear, 275
 Whose life Medea can to yours prefer ?

Or could I with so dire a change dispense,
 Hecate will never join in that offence :
 Unjust is the request you make, and I,
 In kindness, your petition shall deny ; 280

Yet she, that grants not what you do implore,
 Shall yet essay to give her Jason more,
 Find means to increase the stock of Æson's years,
 Without retrenchment of your life's arrears,
 Provided that the triple goddess join 285
 A strong confederate in my bold design.'

Thus was her enterprise resolved ; but still
 Three tedious nights are wanting to fulfil
 The circling crescents of the increasing moon ;
 Then, in the height of her nocturnal noon, 290
 Medea steals from court ; her ancles bare,
 Her garments closely girt, but loose her hair ;
 Thus sallied, like a solitary sprite,
 She traverses the terrors of the night.

Men, beasts, and birds, in soft repose, lay charm'd,
 No boist'rous wind the mountain-woods alarm'd ; 296

Nor did those walks of love, the myrtle-trees,
 Of am'rous Zephyr hear the whisp'ring breeze ;
 All elements chain'd in unactive rest,
 No sense but what the twinkling stars express'd ; 300
 To them (that only waked) she rears her arms,
 And thus commences her mysterious charms.

She turn'd her thrice about, as oft she threw
 On her pale tresses the nocturnal dew,
 Then yelling thrice a most enormous sound, 305
 Her bare knee bended on the flinty ground,
 ' O Night,' said she, ' thou confidant and guide
 Of secrets, such as darkness ought to hide ;
 Ye stars and moon, that, when the sun retires,
 Support his empire with succeeding fires ; 310
 And thou, great Hecate, friend to my design ;
 Songs, mutt'ring spells, your magic forces, join ;
 And thou, O Earth, the magazine that yields
 The midnight sorc'rer drugs ; skies, mountains, fields ;
 Ye watery powers of fountain, stream, and lake ; 315
 Ye sylvan gods, and gods of night, awake,
 And generously your parts in my adventure take.

' Oft, by your aid, swift currents I have led,
 Through wand'ring banks, back to their fountain-
 head ;
 Transform'd the prospect of the briny deep ; 320
 Made sleeping billows rave, and raving billows sleep ;
 Made clouds or sunshine, tempests rise or fall,
 And stubborn lawless winds obey my call :
 With mutter'd words disarm'd the viper's jaw,
 Up by the roots vast oaks, and rocks, could draw ; 325
 Make forests dance, and trembling mountains come,
 Like malefactors, to receive their doom,
 Earth groan, and frightened ghosts forsake their tomb :
 Thee, Cynthia, my resistless rhymes drew down,
 When tinkling cymbals strove my voice to drown ;

Nor stronger Titan could their force sustain, 331
 In full career, compell'd to stop his wain ;
 Nor could Aurora's virgin blush avail,
 With pois'nous herbs, I turn'd their roses pale ;
 The fury of the fiery bulls I broke, 335
 Their stubborn necks submitting to my yoke ;
 And when the sons of Earth with fury burn'd,
 Their hostile rage upon themselves I turn'd ;
 The brothers made with mutual wounds to bleed,
 And by their fatal strife my lover freed ; 340
 And, while the dragon slept, to distant Greece,
 Through cheated guards, convey'd the golden fleece.
 But now to bolder action I proceed,
 Of such prevailing juices now have need,
 That wither'd years back to their bloom can bring,
 And in dead winter raise a second spring. 346
 And you 'll perform 't——
 You will ; for lo ! the stars, with sparkling fires,
 Presage as bright success to my desires :
 And, now, another happy omen see ! 350
 A chariot drawn by dragons waits for me.'
 With these last words, she leaps into the wain,
 Strokes the snakes' necks, and shakes the golden
 rein ;
 That signal given, they mount up to the skies,
 And now beneath her fruitful Tempe lies, 355
 Whose stores she ransacks ; then to Crete she flies ;
 There Ossa, Pelion, Othrys, Pindus, all
 To the fair ravisher a booty fall ;
 The tribute of their verdure she collects,
 Nor proud Olympus' height his plants protects. 360
 Some by the roots she plucks ; the tender tops
 Of others with her culling sickle crops.
 Nor could the plunder of the hills suffice,
 Down to the humble vales and meads she flies.

Apidanus, Amphrysus, the next rape 365
 Sustain, nor could Enipeus' bank escape ;
 Through Beebes marsh, and through the border
 ranged,

Whose pasture Glaucus to a triton changed.

Now the ninth day, and ninth successive night,
 Had wonder'd at the restless rover's flight; 370

Meanwhile her dragons, fed with no repast,
 But her exhaling simples' od'rous blast,
 Their tarnish'd scales and wrinkled skins had cast.

At last return'd before her palace gate,
 Quitting her chariot, on the ground she sate, 375
 The sky her only canopy of state.

All conversation with her sex she fled,
 Shunn'd the caresses of the nuptial bed :
 Two altars next of grassy turf she rears,
 This Hecate's name, that youth's inscription bears ;

With forest boughs and vervain these she crown'd, 381
 Then delves a double trench in lower ground,
 And sticks a black-fleeced ram, that ready stood,
 And drench'd the ditches with devoted blood :
 New wine she pours, and milk from the udder
 warm, 385

With mystic murmurs to complete the charm,
 And subterranean deities alarm.

To the stern king of ghosts she next applied,
 And gentle Proserpine, his injured bride,
 That for old Æson with the laws of fate 390

They would dispense, and lengthen his short date.

Thus with repeated prayers she long assails
 The infernal tyrant, and at last prevails ;
 Then calls to have decrepit Æson brought,
 And stupifies him with a sleeping draught. 395

On earth his body, like a corpse, extends,
 Then charges Jason and his waiting friends

To quit the place, that no unhallow'd eye
 Into her art's forbidden secrets pry.
 This done, the echantress, with her locks unbound,
 About her altars trips a frantic round ; 401
 Piecemeal the consecrated wood she splits,
 And dips the splinters in the bloody pits,
 Then hurls them on the piles ; the sleeping sire
 She lustrates thrice, with sulphur, water, fire. 405
 In a large caldron now the med'cine boils,
 Compounded of her late collected spoils ;
 Blending into the mesh the various powers
 Of wonder-working juices, roots, and flowers ;
 With gems i' the eastern ocean's cell refined, 410
 And such as ebbing tides had left behind ;
 To them the midnight's pearly dew she flings,
 A screech-owl's carcass, and ill-boding wings ;
 Nor could the wizard wolf's warm entrails scape
 (That wolf who counterfeits a human shape). 415
 Then, from the bottom of her conj'ring bag,
 Snakes' skins, and liver of a long-lived stag ;
 Last a crow's head, to such an age arrived,
 That he had now nine centuries survived.
 These, and with these a thousand more that grow 420
 In sundry soils, into her pot she threw ;
 Then with a wither'd olive-bough she rakes
 The bubbling broth ; the bough fresh verdure takes ;
 Green leaves at first the perish'd plant surround,
 Which the next minute with ripe fruit were crown'd.
 The foaming juices now the brink o'erswell ; 425
 The barren heath, where'er the liquor fell,
 Sprang out with vernal grass ; and all the pride
 Of blooming May. When this Medea spied,
 She cut her patient's throat ; the exhausted blood 430
 Recruiting with her new-enchanted flood ;
 While at his mouth, and through his opening wound,
 A double inlet her infusion found ;

His feeble frame resumes a youthful air,
 A glossy brown his hoary beard and hair. 435
 The meagre paleness from his aspect fled,
 And in its room sprang up a florid red ;
 Through all his limbs a youthful vigor flies,
 His emptied arteries swell with fresh supplies ;
 Gazing spectators scarce believe their eyes. 440
 But Æson is the most surprised to find
 A happy change in body and in mind ;
 In sense and constitution the same man,
 As when his fortieth active year began.
 Bacchus, who from the clouds this wonder view'd,
 Medea's method instantly pursued, 446
 And his indulgent nurse's youth renew'd.

DEATH OF PELIAS.

THE daughters of Pelias, desirous of restoring their father to youth, apply to Medea to enable them to effect their purpose—The enchantress, desirous of revenging the injuries formerly sustained by her husband, directs the credulous maidens to cut their father to pieces, and place his limbs in a caldron of boiling water—On the arrival of Medea at Corinth, she finds her husband united in marriage to Glauce, the daughter of Creon—This infidelity is severely punished by the injured wife, who contrives to destroy the bride and her father, whose palace she razes to the ground ; and cruelly murders her own sons in the presence of Jason, who attempts to pursue her ; but the princess makes her escape through the air, on a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

Thus far obliging love employ'd her art,
 But now revenge must act a tragic part.
 Medea feigns a mortal quarrel bred 450
 Betwixt her and the partner of her bed ;
 On this pretence to Pelias' court she flies,
 Who languishing with age and sickness lies :

His guiltless daughters, with inveigling wiles,
 And well dissembled friendship, she beguiles : 455
 The strange achievements of her art she tells,
 With Æson's cure, and long on that she dwells,
 Till them to firm persuasion she has won,
 The same for their old father may be done :
 For him they court her to employ her skill, 460
 And put upon the cure what price she will.
 At first she's mute, and with a grave pretence
 Of difficulty, holds them in suspense ;
 Then promises, and bids them from the fold
 Choose out a ram, the most infirm and old ; 465
 That so by facts their doubts may be removed,
 And first on him the operation proved.

A wreath-horn'd ram is brought, so far o'ergrown
 With years, his age was to that age unknown ;
 Of sense too dull the piercing point to feel, 470
 And scarce sufficient blood to stain the steel.
 His carcase she into a caldron threw,
 With drugs whose vital qualities she knew ;
 His limbs grow less, he casts his horns and years,
 And tender bleatings strike their wond'ring ears. 475
 Then instantly leaps forth a frisking lamb,
 That seeks (too young to graze) a suckling dam.
 The sisters, thus confirm'd with the success,
 Her promise with renew'd intreaty press.
 To countenance the cheat, three nights and days 480
 Before experiment the enchantress stays ;
 Then into limpid water, from the springs,
 Woods and ingredients of no force she flings ;
 With antique ceremonies for pretence,
 And rambling rhymes without a word of sense. 485
 Meanwhile the king, with all his guards, lay
 bound
 In magic sleep, scarce that of death so sound ;

The daughters now are by the sorc'ress led
 Into his chamber, and surround his bed.
 'Your father's health's concern'd, and can ye stay?
 Unnatural nymphs, why this unkind delay? 491
 Unsheath your swords, dismiss his lifeless blood,
 And I'll recruit it with a vital flood.
 Your father's life and health is in your hand,
 And can ye thus like idle gazers stand? 495
 Unless you are of common sense bereft:
 If yet one spark of piety is left,
 Despatch a father's cure, and disengage
 The monarch from his toilsome load of age:
 Come, drench your weapons in his putrid gore; 500
 'Tis charity to wound, when wounding will re-
 store.'

Thus urged, the poor deluded maids proceed,
 Betray'd by zeal, to an inhuman deed,
 And, in compassion, make a father bleed.
 Yes, she who had the kindest, tend'rest heart, 505
 Is foremost to perform the bloody part.

Yet, though to act the butchery betray'd,
 They could not bear to see the wounds they made;
 With looks averted, backward they advance,
 Then strike and stab, and leave the blows to chance.

Waking in consternation, he essays 511
 (Welt'ring in blood) his feeble arms to raise,
 Environ'd with so many swords. 'From whence
 This barb'rous usage? what is my offence?
 What fatal fury, what infernal charm, 515
 'Gainst a kind father does his daughters arm?'

Hearing his voice, as thunderstruck, they stopp'd,
 Their resolution and their weapons dropp'd:
 Medea then the mortal blow bestows,
 And, that perform'd, the tragic scene to close, 520
 His corpse into the boiling caldron throws.

Then, dreading the revenge that must ensue,
 High mounted on her dragon coach she flew ;
 And in her stately progress through the skies,
 Beneath her shady Pelion first she spies, 526
 With Othrys, that above the clouds did rise,
 With skilful Chiron's cave, and neighb'ring ground,
 For old Cerambus' strange escape renown'd,
 By nymphs deliver'd when the world was drown'd,
 Who him with unexpected wings supplied, 530
 When deluged hills a safe retreat denied.
 Æolian Pitane on her left hand
 She saw, and there the statued dragon stand,
 With Ida's grove, where Bacchus, to disguise
 His son's bold theft, and to secure the prize, 535
 Made the stolen steer a stag to represent ;
 Cocytus' father's sandy monument ;
 And fields that held the murder'd sire's remains,
 Where howling Mœra frights the startled plains :
 Euryphilus' high town, with towers defaced 540
 By Hercules and matrons more disgraced,
 With sprouting horns, in signal punishment,
 From Juno or resenting Venus sent.
 Then Rhodes, which Phœbus did so dearly prize,
 And Jove no less severely did chastise ; 545
 For he the wizard native's pois'ning sight,
 That used the farmer's hopeful crops to blight,
 In rage o'erwhelm'd with everlasting night.
 Cartheia's ancient walls come next in view,
 Where once the sire almost a statue grew ; 550
 With wonder, which a strange event did move,
 His daughter turn'd into a turtledove.
 Then Hyrie's lake and Tempe's field o'erran,
 Famed for the boy who there became a swan ;
 For there enamor'd Phyllius, like a slave, 555
 Perform'd what tasks his paramour would crave.

For presents he had mountain-vultures caught,
 And from the desert a tame lion brought ;
 Then a wild bull commanded to subdue ;
 The conquer'd savage by the horns he drew ; 560
 But, mock'd so oft, the treatment he disdains,
 And from the craving boy this prize detains.

Then thus in choler the resenting lad :
 ' Won't you deliver him ? You 'll wish you had.'
 No sooner said, but in a peevish mood, 565
 Leap'd from the precipice on which he stood.
 The standers-by were struck with fresh surprise,
 Instead of falling, to behold him rise
 A snowy swan, and soaring to the skies.

But dearly the rash prank his mother cost, 570
 Who ignorantly gave her son for lost ;
 For his misfortune wept, till she became
 A lake, and still renown'd with Hyrie's name.

Thence to Latona's isle, where once was seen,
 Transform'd to birds, a monarch and his queen. 575
 Far off she saw how old Cephisus mourn'd
 His son, into a seel by Phœbus turn'd ;
 And where, astonish'd at a stranger sight,
 Eumelus gazed on his wing'd daughter's flight.

Ætolian Pleuron she did next survey, 580
 Where sons a mother's murder did essay ;
 But sudden plumes the matron bore away.
 On her right hand, Cyllene, a fair soil,
 Fair, till Menephron there the beauteous hill
 Attempted with foul incest to defile. 585

Her harness'd dragons now direct she drives
 For Coriath, and at Corinth she arrives,
 Where, if what old tradition tells be true,
 In former ages men from mushrooms grew.

But here Medea finds her bed supplied, 590
 During her absence, by another bride,

And, hopeless to recover her lost game,
 She sets both bride and palace in a flame :
 Nor could a rival's death her wrath assuage,
 Nor stopp'd at Creon's family her rage : 595
 She murders her own infants, in despite
 To faithless Jason, and in Jason's sight ;
 Yet ere his sword could reach her, up she springs,
 Securely mounted on her dragon's wings.

STORY OF ÆGEUS.

FROM Corinth Medea proceeds to Athens, where she becomes
 the wife of Ægeus, and attempts to poison his son Theseus :
 the hero, however, is fortunately recognised by his father,
 who compels his cruel queen to quit the Athenian territories
 —In the mean time, Minos, king of Crete, threatens to invade
 Athens, in order to revenge the murder of his son Andro-
 geus—For this purpose he forms treaties of alliance with
 the neighboring states, and endeavors to effect a league
 with Æacus, the king of Ægina, who continues faithful to
 his compact with the Athenians, and entertains their am-
 bassador Cephalus with hospitality and kindness.

FROM hence to Athens she directs her flight, 600
 Where Phineus, so renown'd for doing right,
 Where Periphas, and Polyphemon's niece,
 Soaring with sudden plumes, amazed the towns of
 Greece.

Here Ægeus so engaging she address'd,
 That first he treats her like a royal guest, 605
 Then takes the sorc'ress for his wedded wife ;
 The only blemish of his prudent life.

Meanwhile his son, from actions of renown,
 Arrives at court, but to his sire unknown.
 Medea, to despatch a dangerous heir, 610
 (She knew him) did a pois'nous draught prepare :

Drawn from a drug, was long reserved in store
 For desperate uses, from the Scythian shore ;
 That from the Echydnæan monster's jaws
 Derived its origin, and this the cause :— 615

Through a dark cave a craggy passage lies,
 To ours ascending from the nether skies,
 Through which, by strength of hand, Alcides drew
 Chain'd Cerberus, who lagg'd, and restive grew,
 With his blear'd eyes our brighter day to view. 620

Thrice he repeated his enormous yell,
 With which he scares the ghosts and startles hell ;
 At last outrageous (though compell'd to yield),
 He sheds his foam in fury on the field,
 Which, with its own, and rankness of the ground, 625
 Produced a weed, by sorcerers renown'd,
 The strongest constitution to confound,
 Call'd aconite, because it can unlock
 All bars, and force its passage through a rock.

The pious father, by her wheedles won, 630
 Presents this deadly potion to his son,
 Who with the same assurance takes the cup,
 And to the monarch's health had drank it up :
 But in the very instant he applied

The goblet to his lips, old Ægeus spied 635
 The iv'ry-hilted sword that graced his side.

That certain signal of his son he knew,
 And snatch'd the bowl away ; the sword he drew ;
 Resolved, for such a son's endanger'd life,
 To sacrifice the most perfidious wife. 640

Revenge is swift ; but her more active charms
 A whirlwind raised, that snatch'd her from his arms ;
 While conjured clouds their baffled sense surprise,
 She vanishes from their deluded eyes,
 And through the hurricane triumphant flies. 645

The gen'rous king, although o'erjoy'd to find

His son was safe, yet, bearing still in mind
 The mischief by his treach'rous queen design'd,
 The horror of the deed, and then how near
 The danger drew, he stands congeal'd with fear. 650
 But soon that fear into devotion turns ;
 With grateful incense ev'ry altar burns ;
 Proud victims, and unconscious of their fate,
 Stalk to the temple, there to die in state.
 In Athens never had a day been found, 655
 For mirth, like that grand festival, renown'd.
 Promiscuously the peers and people dine,
 Promiscuously their thankful voices join
 In songs of wit, sublimed by sprightly wine :
 To list'ning spheres their joint applause they raise,
 And thus resound their matchless Theseus' praise : 661
 Great Theseus ! thee the Marathonian plain
 Admires, and wears with pride the noble stain
 Of the dire monster's blood by valiant Theseus slain :
 That now Cromyon's swains in safety sow 665
 And reap their fertile field, to thee they owe :
 By thee the infested Epidaurian coast
 Was clear'd, and now can a free commerce boast :
 The traveller his journey can pursue,
 With pleasure the late dreadful valley view, 670
 And cry, ' Here Theseus the grand robber slew :
 Cephisus' flood cries to his rescued shore ;
 The merciless Procrustes is no more :
 In peace, Eleusis, Ceres' rites renew,
 Since Theseus' sword the fierce Cercyon slew : 675
 By him the torturer Sinis was destroy'd,
 Of strength (but strength to barb'rous use employ'd)
 That tops of tallest pines to earth could bend,
 And thus in pieces wretched captives rend :
 Inhuman Scyron now has breathed his last, 680
 And now Alcatho's roads securely pass'd ;

By Theseus slain, and thrown into the deep :
 But earth nor sea his scatter'd bones would keep,
 Which, after floating long, a rock became,
 Still infamous with Scyron's hated name. 686

When Fame to count thy acts and years proceeds,
 Thy years appear but ciphers to thy deeds.
 For thee, brave youth, as for our commonwealth,
 We pray, and drink, in yours, the public health :
 Your praise the senate and plebeians sing ; 690
 With your loved name the court and cottage ring :
 You make our shepherds and our sailors glad ;
 And not a house in this vast city's sad.'

But mortal bliss will never come sincere ;
 Pleasure may lead, but grief brings up the rear : 695
 While, for his son's arrival, rev'lling joy
 Ægeus and all his subjects does employ ;
 While they for only costly feasts prepare,
 His neigh'ring monarch, Minos, threatens war :
 Weak in land forces, nor by sea more strong, 700
 But powerful in a deep-resented wrong ;
 For a son's murder, arm'd with pious rage :
 Yet prudently, before he would engage,
 To raise auxiliaries resolved to sail,
 And with the powerful princes to prevail. 706

First Anaphe, then proud Astypalæa gains,
 By presents that, and this by threats, obtains :
 Low Mycone ; Cymolus, chalky soil ;
 Tall Cythnos ; Scyros ; flat Seriphos' isle ;
 Paros, with marble cliffs afar display'd ; 710
 Impregnable Sithonia, yet betray'd
 To a weak foe, by a gold-admiring maid,
 Who, changed into a daw of sable hue,
 Still hoards up gold, and hides it from the view.

But as these islands cheerfully combine, 715
 Others refuse to embark in his design.

Now leftward, with an easy sail, he bore,
 And prosperous passage, to CEnopia's shore ;
 CEnopia once, but now Ægina call'd, 720
 And with his royal mother's name install'd
 By Æacus, under whose reign did spring
 The Myrmidons, and now their reigning king.

Down to the port, amidst the rabble, run
 The princes of the blood ; with Telamon,
 Peleus, the next, and Phocus, the third son. 725
 Then Æacus, although oppress'd with years,
 To ask the cause of their approach appears.

That question does the Gnoasian's grief renew,
 And sighs from his afflicted bosom drew ;
 Yet, after a short solemn respite made, 730
 The ruler of the hundred cities said :

' Assist our arms, raised for a murder'd son ;
 In this religious war no risk you 'll run :
 Revenge the dead ; for who refuse to give
 Rest to their urns, unworthy are to live.' 735

' What you request,' thus Æacus replies,
 ' Not I, but truth and common faith denies :
 Athens and we have long been sworn allies :
 Our leagues are fix'd, confed'rate are our powers,
 And who declare themselves their foes, are ours.' 740

Minos rejoins : ' Your league shall dearly cost ;
 Yet (mindful how much safer 'twas to boast,
 Than there to waste his forces and his fame,
 Before in field with his grand foe he came)
 Parts without blows ; nor long had left the shore, 745
 Ere into port another navy bore,
 With Cephalus, and all his jolly crew :
 The Æacides their old acquaintance knew.
 The princes bid him welcome, and in state
 Conduct the hero to their palace gate, 750
 Who, ent'ring, seem'd the charming mien to wear
 As when in youth he paid his visit there.

In his right hand an olive branch he holds,
 And, salutation pass'd, the chief unfolds
 His embassy from the Athenian state, 755
 Their mutual friendship, leagues of ancient date,
 Their common danger ; ev'ry thing could wake
 Concern, and his address successful make ;
 Strength'ning his plea with all the charms of sense,
 And those, with all the charms of eloquence.' 760

Then thus the king : ' Like suitors do you stand
 For that assistance which you may command ?
 Athenians, all our listed forces use
 (They 're such as no bold service will refuse) ;
 And when ye 've drawn them off, the gods be praised,
 Fresh legions can within our isle be raised ; 766
 So stock'd with people, that we can prepare
 Both for domestic and for distant war,
 Ours, or our friends' insulters to chastise.'

' Long may he flourish thus,' the prince replies. 770
 ' Strange transport seized me as I pass'd along,
 To meet so many troops and all so young,
 As if your army did of twins consist ;
 Yet amongst them my late acquaintance miss'd ;
 Ev'n all that to your palace did resort, 775
 When first you entertain'd me at your court ;
 And cannot guess the cause from whence could
 spring
 So vast a change.' Then thus the sighing king :
 ' Illustrious guest, to my strange tale attend,
 Of sad beginning, but a joyful end : 780
 The whole to a vast history would swell ;
 I shall but half, and that confusedly, tell.
 That race whom so deservedly you admired
 Are all into their silent tombs retired :
 They fell, and falling, how they shook my state, 785
 Thought may conceive, but words can ne'er relate.'

STORY OF ANTS CHANGED TO MEN.

BY MR. STONESTREET.

KING Æacus relates to Cephalus, that a pestilence having formerly depopulated his territories, he intreated Jupiter to repeople his kingdom—His request was granted, and, according to his desire, all the ants in an old oak were changed into men, and called by Æacus Myrmidons, from a Greek word signifying an ant.

‘ A DREADFUL plague from angry Juno came,
 To scourge the land that bore her rival’s name :
 Before her fatal anger was reveal’d,
 And teeming malice lay as yet conceal’d, 790
 All remedies we try, all med’cines use,
 Which Nature could supply, or Art produce ;
 The unconquer’d foe derides the vain design,
 And Art and Nature foil’d, declare the cause di-
 vine.

‘ At first we only felt the oppressive weight 795
 Of gloomy clouds, then teeming with our fate,
 And lab’ring to discharge unactive heat :
 But ere four moons alternate changes knew,
 With deadly blasts the fatal south wind blew,
 Infected all the air, and poison’d as it flew. 800
 Our fountains too a dire infection yield,
 For crowds of vipers creep along the field,
 And, with polluted gore, and baneful steams,
 Taint all the lakes, and venom all the streams.

‘ The young disease with milder force began, 805
 And raged on birds and beasts, excusing man.
 The lab’ring oxen fall before the plough ;
 The unhappy ploughmen stare, and wonder how :
 The tabid sheep, with sickly bleatings, pines,
 Its wool decreasing as its strength declines : 810

The warlike steed, by inward foes compell'd,
 Neglects his honors, and deserts the field,
 Unnerved and languid, seeks a base retreat,
 And at the manger groans, but wish'd a nobler fate :
 The stags forget their speed, the boars their rage, 815
 Nor can the bears the stronger herds engage ;
 A general faintness does invade them all,
 And in the woods and fields promiscuously they fall :
 The air receives the stench, and, strange to say,
 The rav'nous birds and beasts avoid the prey ; 820
 The offensive bodies rot upon the ground,
 And spread the dire contagion all around.

‘ But now the plague, grown to a larger size,
 Riots on man, and scorns a meaner prize. 825
 Intestine heats begin the civil war,
 And flushings first the latent flame declare,
 And breath inspired, which seem'd like fiery air.
 Their black dry tongues are swell'd, and scarce can
 move,

And short thick sighs from panting lungs are drove ;
 They gape for air, with flattering hopes to abate 830
 Their raging flames, but that augments their heat.
 No bed, no covering, can the wretches bear,
 But on the ground, exposed to open air,
 They lie, and hope to find a pleasing coolness there.
 The suffering earth, with that oppression cursed, 835
 Returns the heat which they imparted first.

‘ In vain physicians would bestow their aid,
 Vain all their art, and useless all their trade ;
 And they, even they, who fleeting life recall,
 Feel the same powers, and undistinguish'd fall. 840
 If any proves so daring to attend
 His sick companion, or his darling friend,
 The officious wretch sucks in contagious breath,
 And with his friend does sympathise in death.

‘ And now the care and hopes of life are pass’d, 845
 They please their fancies and indulge their taste :
 At brooks and streams, regardless of their shame,
 Each sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their flame ;
 Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,
 For thirst and life at once extinguish’d are. 850
 Thus in the brooks the dying bodies sink,
 But heedless still the rash survivors drink.

‘ So much uneasy down the wretches hate,
 They fly their beds, to struggle with their fate ;
 But if decaying strength forbids to rise, 855
 The victim crawls and rolls, till on the ground he
 lies :

Each shuns his bed as each would shun his tomb,
 And thinks the infection only lodged at home.

‘ Here one, with fainting steps, does slowly creep
 O’er heaps of dead, and straight augments the heap :
 Another, while his strength and tongue prevail’d, 861
 Bewails his friend, and falls himself, bewail’d :
 This, with imploring looks, surveys the skies,
 The last dear office of his closing eyes,
 But finds the heavens implacable, and dies. 865

‘ What now, ah, what! employ’d my troubled
 mind,
 But only hopes my subjects’ fate to find ?
 What place soe’er my weeping eyes survey,
 There in lamented heaps the vulgar lay ;
 As acorns scatter when the winds prevail, 870
 Or mellow fruit from shaken branches fall.

‘ You see that dome which rears its front so high :
 ’Tis sacred to the monarch of the sky :
 How many there, with unregarded tears,
 And fruitless vows, sent up successful prayers! 875
 There fathers for expiring sons implored,
 And there the wife bewail’d her gasping lord :

With pious offerings they appease the skies,
 But they, ere yet the atoning vapors rise,
 Before the altars fall, themselves a sacrifice ; 880
 They fall while yet their hands the gums contain,
 Their gums surviving, but their offerers slain.

‘ The destined ox, with holy garlands crown’d,
 Prevents the blow, and feels an unexpected wound.
 When I myself invoked the powers divine, 885
 To drive the fatal pest from me and mine ;
 When now the priest with hands uplifted stood,
 Prepared to strike, and shed the sacred blood,
 The gods themselves the mortal stroke bestow,
 The victim falls, but they impart the blow : 890
 Scarce was the knife with the pale purple stain’d,
 And no presages could be then obtain’d,
 From putrid entrails, where the infection reign’d.

‘ Death stalk’d around with such resistless sway,
 The temples of the gods his force obey, 895
 And suppliants feel his stroke while yet they pray.
 ‘ Go now,’ said he, ‘ your deities implore
 For fruitless aid, for I defy their power ;’
 Then with a cursed malicious joy survey’d
 The very altars, stain’d with trophies of the dead. 900

‘ The rest grown mad, and frantic with despair,
 Urge their own fate, and so prevent the fear.
 Strange madness that, when death pursued so fast,
 To anticipate the blow with impious haste.

‘ No decent honor to their urns are paid, 905
 Nor could the graves receive the numerous dead ;
 For, or they lay unburied on the ground,
 Or, unadorn’d, a needy funeral found :
 All reverence past, the fainting wretches fight
 For funeral piles which were another’s right. 910
 Unmourn’d they fall ; for who survived to mourn ?
 And sires and mothers unlamented burn ;

Parents and sons sustain an equal fate,
 And wandering ghosts their kindred shadows meet :
 The dead a larger space of ground require, 915
 Nor are the trees sufficient for the fire.

‘ Despairing under grief’s oppressive weight,
 And sunk by these tempestuous blasts of fate,
 ‘ O Jove,’ said I, ‘ if common fame says true,
 If e’er Ægina gave those joys to you, 920

If e’er you lay inclosed in her embrace,
 Fond of her charms, and eager to possess ;
 O father, if you do not yet disclaim
 Paternal care, nor yet disown the name,
 Grant my petitions, and with speed restore 925

My subjects numerous as they were before,
 Or make me partner of the fate they bore.’
 I spoke, and glorious lightning shone around,
 And rattling thunder gave a prosperous sound :
 ‘ So let it be, and may these omens prove 930
 A pledge,’ said I, ‘ of your returning love.’

‘ By chance a reverend oak was near the place,
 Sacred to Jove, and of Dodona’s race,
 Where frugal ants laid up their winter meat,
 Whose little bodies bear a mighty weight : 935

We saw them march along, and hide their store,
 And much admired their number and their power ;
 Admired at first, but after envied more.
 Full of amazement, thus to Jove I pray’d :
 ‘ O grant, since thus my subjects are decay’d, 940
 As many subjects to supply the dead.’

I pray’d, and strange convulsions moved the oak,
 Which murmur’d, though by ambient winds unshook :
 My trembling hands and stiff-erected hair
 Express’d all tokens of uncommon fear ; 945
 Yet both the earth and sacred oak I kiss’d,
 And scarce could hope, yet still I hoped the best ;

For wretches, whatso'er the Fates divine,
Expound all omens to their own design.

' But now 'twas night, when even distraction wears
A pleasing look, and dreams beguile our cares: 961
Lo! the same oak appears before my eyes,
Nor alter'd in his shape nor former size ;
As many ants the numerous branches bear,
The same their labor and their frugal care ; 965
The branches too a like commotion found,
And shook the industrious creatures on the ground,
Who by degrees (what's scarce to be believed)
A nobler form and larger bulk received,
And on the earth walk'd an unusual pace, 960
With manly strides and an erected face :
Their numerous legs and former color lost,
The insects could a human figure boast.

' I wake, and, waking, find my cares again,
And to the unperforming gods complain, 965
And call their promise and pretences vain.
Yet in my court I heard the murm'ring voice
Of strangers, and a mix'd uncommon noise :
But I suspected all was still a dream,
Till Telamon to my apartment came, 970
Opening the door with an impetuous haste,—
' O come,' said he, ' and see your faith and hopes sur-
pass'd.'

I follow, and, confused with wonder, view
Those shapes which my presaging slumbers drew :
I saw, and own'd, and call'd them subjects ; they 975
Confess'd my power, submissive to my sway.
To Jove, restorer of my race, decay'd,
My vows were first with due oblations paid ;
I then divide, with an impartial hand,
My empty city, and my ruin'd land, 980
To give the new-born youth an equal share,
And call them Myrmidons, from what they were.

You saw their persons, and they still retain
 The thrift of ants, though now transform'd to men ;
 A frugal people, and inured to sweat, 985
 Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.
 These, equal both in strength and years, shall join
 Their willing aid, and follow your design,
 With the first southern gale that shall present
 To fill your sails, and favor your intent.' 990

CONTINUED BY MR. TATE.

With such discourse they entertain the day ;
 The evening pass'd in banquets, sport, and play :
 Then, having crown'd the night with sweet repose,
 Aurora (with the wind at east) arose.
 Now Pallas' sons to Cephalus resort, 995
 And Cephalus with Pallas' sons to court,
 To the king's levee ; him sleep's silken chain
 And pleasing dreams beyond his hour detain ;
 But then the princes of the blood, in state,
 Expect and meet them at the palace gate. 1000

STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

CEPHALUS, in his turn, relates to Æacus his adventures during his absence from his wife Procris, whose constancy he overcomes by profuse presents in the disguise of a stranger—The matron flies from the presence of her husband, who at length prevails on her to return with promises of forgiveness—Her jealousy is in like manner excited, and her unfounded suspicions direct her to an adjoining wood, where Cephalus is hunting ; and he, mistaking her for a wild beast, transfixes her with a dart ; and she expires in the arms of her agonised husband.

To the inmost courts the Grecian youths were led,
 And placed by Phocus on a Tyrian bed,
 Who, soon observing Cephalus to hold
 A dart of unknown wood, but arm'd with gold,—

‘ None better loves,’ said he, ‘ the huntsman’s sport,
 Or does more often to the woods resort, 1006
 Yet I that javelin’s stem with wonder view,
 Too brown for box, too smooth a grain for yew :
 I cannot guess the tree ; but never art
 Did form, or eyes behold, so fair a dart ! ’ 1010
 The guest then interrupts him :—‘ ’Twould produce
 Still greater wonder if you knew its use :
 It never fails to strike the game, and then
 Comes bloody back into your hand again.’
 Then Phocus each particular desires, 1015
 And the author of the wonderous gifts inquires ;
 To which the owner thus, with weeping eyes,
 And sorrow for his wife’s sad fate, replies :
 ‘ This weapon here, O prince ! can you believe
 This dart the cause for which so much I grieve, 1020
 And shall continue to grieve on, till Fate
 Afford such wretched life no longer date ?
 Would I this fatal gift had ne’er enjoy’d ;
 This fatal gift my tender wife destroy’d ;
 Procris her name, allied in charms and blood 1025
 To fair Orithya, courted by a god.
 Her father seal’d my hopes with rites divine ;
 But firmer love before had made her mine.
 Men call’d me bless’d, and bless’d I was indeed.
 The second month our nuptials did succeed, 1030
 When (as upon Hymettus’ dewy head,
 For mountain stags, my net betimes I spread)
 Aurora spied, and ravish’d me away,—
 With rev’rence to the goddess, I must say,
 Against my will, for Procris had my heart, 1035
 Nor would her image from my thoughts depart.
 At last, in rage, she cried, ‘ Ingrateful boy,
 Go to your Procris, take your fatal joy :’
 And so dismiss’d me : musing, as I went,
 What those expressions of the goddess meant, 1040

A thousand jealous fears possess me now,
 Lest Procris had profaned her nuptial vow :
 Her youth and charms did to my fancy paint
 A lewd adult'ress, but her life a saint :
 Yet I was absent long ; the goddess too 1045
 Taught me how far a woman could be true.
 Aurora's treatment much suspicion bred ;
 Besides, who truly love ev'n shadows dread.
 I straight impatient for the trial grew,
 What courtship back'd with richest gifts could do.
 Aurora's envy aided my design, 1051
 And lent me features far unlike to mine.
 In this disguise to my own house I came ;
 But all was chaste, no conscious sign of blame :
 With thousand arts I scarce admittance found, 1055
 And then beheld her weeping on the ground
 For her lost husband : hardly I retain'd
 My purpose, scarce the wish'd embrace refrain'd.
 How charming was her grief ! Then, Phocus, guess
 What killing beauties waited on her dress. 1060
 Her constant answer, when my suit I press'd,
 ' Forbear, my lord's dear image guards this breast ;
 Where'er he is, whatever cause detains,
 Whoe'er has his, my heart unmoved remains.'
 What greater proofs of truth than these could be ?
 Yet I persist, and urge my destiny. 1066
 At length she found, when my own form return'd,
 Her jealous lover there, whose loss she mourn'd.
 Enraged with my suspicion, swift as wind,
 She fled at once from me and all mankind ; 1070
 And so became, her purpose to retain,
 A nymph, and huntress in Diana's train.
 Forsaken thus, I found my flames increase ;
 I own'd my folly, and I sued for peace :
 It was a fault, but not of guilt, to move 1075
 Such punishment ;—a fault of too much love.

Thus I retrieved her to my longing arms,
 And many happy days possess'd her charms :
 But with herself she kindly did confer
 What gifts the goddess had bestow'd on her : 1080
 The fleetest greyhound, with this lovely dart,—
 And I of both have wonders to impart.
 Near Thebes a savage beast, of race unknown,
 Laid waste the field, and bore the vineyards down :
 The swains fled from him ; and, with one consent,
 Our Grecian youth to chase the monster went. 1086
 More swift than lightning he the toils surpass'd,
 And in his course spears, men, and trees, o'ercastr.
 We slipp'd our dogs, and last my Lelaps too,
 When none of all the mortal race would do : 1090
 He long before was struggling from my hands,
 And, ere we could unloose him, broke his bands :
 That minute where he was we could not find,
 And only saw the dust he left behind.
 I climb'd a neighboring hill to view the chase, 1095
 While in the plain they held an equal race :
 The savage now seems caught, and now, by force,
 To quit himself, nor holds the same straight course,
 But, running counter, from the foe withdraws,
 And with short turning cheats his gaping jaws ; 1100
 Which he retrieves, and still so closely press'd,
 You 'd fear at every stretch he were possess'd ;
 Yet for the gripe his fangs in vain prepare,—
 The game shoots from him, and he chops the air.
 To cast my javelin then I took my stand ; 1105
 But as the thongs were fitting to my hand,
 While to the valley I o'erlook'd the wood,
 Before my eyes two marble statues stood ;
 That, as pursued appearing at full stretch,
 This, barking after, and at point to catch : 1110
 Some god their course did with this wonder grace,
 That neither might be conquer'd in the chase.'

A sudden silence here his tongue suppress'd,
He here stops short, and fain would wave the rest.

The eager prince then urged him to impart 1115
The fortune that attended on the dart.
'First then,' said he, 'past joys let me relate ;
For bliss was the foundation of my fate :
No language can those happy hours express,
Did from our nuptials me and Procris bless : 1120
The kindest pair! What more could Heaven confer ?
For she was all to me, and I to her.
Had Jove made love, great Jove had been despised ;
And I my Procris more than Venus prized.
Thus while no other joy we did aspire, 1125
We grew at last one soul and one desire.
Forth to the woods I went at break of day,
(The constant practice of my youth,) for prey ;
Nor yet for servant, horse, or dog, did call,—
I found this single dart to serve for all. 1130
With slaughter tired, I sought the cooler shade,
And winds that from the mountains pierced the glade :
'Come, gentle air,' so was I wont to say,
'Come, gentle air,—sweet Aura, come away.'
This always was the burden of my song,— 1135
'Come 'suage my flames—sweet Aura, come along :
Thou always art most welcome to my breast ;
I faint ; approach, thou dearest, kindest guest !'
These blandishments, and more than these, I said
(By Fate to unsuspected ruin led). 1140
'Thou art my joy ; for thy dear sake I love
Each desert hill and solitary grove ;
When (faint with labor) I refreshment need,
For cordials on thy fragrant breath I feed.'
At last a wandering swain in hearing came, 1145
And, cheated with the sound of Aura's name,
He thought I had some assignation made,
And to my Procris' ear the news convey'd.

Great love is soonest with suspicion fired :
 She swoon'd, and with the tale almost expired. 1150
 ' Ah wretched heart ! ' she cried, ' ah faithless man ! '
 And then to curse the imagined nymph began :
 Yet oft she doubts, oft hopes she is deceived,
 And chides herself, that ever she believed
 Her lord to such injustice could proceed, 1155
 Till she herself were witness of the deed.
 Next morn I to the woods again repair,
 And, weary with the chase, invoke the air :
 ' Approach, dear Aura, and my bosom cheer : '
 At which a mournful sound did strike my ear : 1160
 Yet I proceeded, till the thicket by,
 With rustling noise and motion, drew my eye.
 I thought some beast of prey was shelter'd there,
 And to the covert threw my certain spear ;
 From whence a tender sigh my soul did wound : 1165
 ' Ah me ! ' it cried, and did like Procris sound.
 Procris was there, too well the voice I knew,
 And to the place with headlong horror flew ;
 Where I beheld her gasping on the ground,
 In vain attempting from the deadly wound 1170
 To draw the dart, her love's dear fatal gift !
 My guilty arms had scarce the strength to lift
 The beauteous load : my silks and hair I tore,
 (If possible) to staunch the pressing gore ;
 For pity begg'd her keep her fitting breath, 1175
 And not to leave me guilty of her death.
 While I intreat she fainted fast away,
 And these few words had only strength to say :
 ' By all the sacred bonds of plighted love,
 By all your reverence to the powers above, 1180
 By all that made me charming once appear,
 By all the truth for which you held me dear,
 And last, by love, the cause through which I bleed,
 Let Aura never to my bed succeed.'

I then perceived the error of our fate, 1185
 And told it her, but found and told too late !
 I felt her lower to my bosom fall ;
 And while her eyes had any sight at all,
 On mine she fix'd them ; in her pangs still press'd
 My hand, and sigh'd her soul into my breast ; 1190
 Yet, being undeceived, resign'd her breath
 Methought more cheerfully, and smiled in death.'

With such concern the weeping hero told
 This tale, that none who heard him could withhold
 From melting into sympathising tears, 1195
 Till Æacus with his two sons appears,
 Whom he commits, with their new-levied bands,
 To Fortune's, and so brave a general's, hands.

BOOK VIII.

TRANSLATED BY CROXALL.

STORY OF NISUS AND SCYLLA.

SCYLLA, the daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, becomes enamored of king Minos, while besieging the walls of her father's capital, the safety of which is said by the oracle to depend on a purple lock of hair on the king's head—The maiden steals the fatal treasure from her sleeping parent, and the town is immediately captured ; but Minos regards the crime with aversion—The gods convert Nisus into a hawk, and his daughter into a lark.

Now shone the morning star in bright array,
 To vanquish night, and usher in the day ;
 The wind veers southward, and moist clouds arise,
 That blot with shades the blue meridian skies.
 Cephalus feels with joy the kindly gales ; 6
 His new allies unfurl the swelling sails ;

Steady their course, they cleave the yielding main,
And, with a wish, the intended harbor gain.

Meanwhile king Minos, on the Attic strand,
Displays his martial skill, and wastes the land : 10
His army lies encamp'd upon the plains
Before Alcatheo's walls, where Nisus reigns,
On whose grey head a lock of purple hue,
The strength and fortune of his kingdom, grew.

Six moons were gone and past, when still from far
Victoria hover'd o'er the doubtful war. 16

So long, to both inclined, the impartial maid
Between them both her equal wings display'd.

High on the walls, by Phœbus vocal made,
A turret of the palace raised its head ; 20

And where the god his tuneful harp resign'd,
The sound within the stones still lay enshrined :

Hither the daughter of the purple king

Ascended oft, to hear its music ring,
And, striking with a pebble, would release 25

The enchanted notes, in times of happy peace.

But now from thence the curious maid beheld
Rough feats of arms, and combats of the field ;

And, since the siege was long, had learn'd the name
Of every chief, his character, and fame ; 30

Their arms, their horse, and quiver, she descried,
Nor could the dress of war the warrior hide.

Europa's son she knew above the rest,
And more than well became a virgin breast.

In vain the crested morion veils his face, 35
She thinks it adds a more peculiar grace :

His ample shield, emboss'd with burnish'd gold,
Still makes the bearer lovelier to behold :

When the tough javelin, with a whirl, he sends,
His strength and skill the sighing maid commends ; 40

Or, when he strains to draw the circling bow,
And his fine limbs a manly posture show,

Compared with Phœbus, he performs so well,
Let her be judge, and Minos shall excel.

But when, the helm put off, display'd to sight, 45
And set his features in an open light ;

When, vaulting to his seat, his steed he press'd,
Caparison'd in gold, and richly dress'd,
Himself in scarlet sumptuously array'd,
New passions rise, and fire the frantic maid. 50

' O happy spear ! ' she cries, ' that feels his touch ;
Nay, ev'n the reins he holds are bless'd too much.'

O ! were it lawful, she could wing her way
Through the stern hostile troops without dismay,
Or throw her body to the distant ground, 55
And in the Cretans' happy camp be found.

Would Minos but desire it, she'd expose
Her native country to her country's foes,
Unbar the gates, the town with flames infest,
Or any thing that Minos should request. 60

And as she sat, and pleas'd her longing sight,
Viewing the king's pavilion, veil'd with white,
' Should joy or grief,' she said, ' possess my breast,
To see my country by a war oppress'd ?

I'm in suspense ! for, though 'tis grief to know 65
I love a man that is declared my foe,

Yet, in my own despite, I must approve
That lucky war, which brought the man I love :
Yet were I tender'd as a pledge of peace,
The cruelties of war might quickly cease : 70

O ! with what joy I'd wear the chains he gave,
A patient hostage, and a willing slave.

Thou lovely object ! if the nymph that bare
Thy charming person were but half so fair,
Well might a god her lovely bloom desire, 75
And with a kiss indulge his youthful fire.

O ! had I wings to glide along the air,
To his dear tent I'd fly, and settle there ;

There tell my quality, confess my flame,
 And grant him any dowry that he 'd name : 80
 All, all I 'd give ; only my native land,
 My dearest country, should excepted stand :
 For, perish love, and all expected joys,
 Ere with so base a thought my soul complies.
 Yet oft the vanquish'd some advantage find, 85
 When conquer'd by a noble, generous mind.
 Brave Minos justly has the war begun,
 Fired with resentment for his murder'd son :
 The righteous gods a righteous cause regard,
 And will with victory his arms reward : 90
 We must be conquer'd ; and the captive's fate
 Will surely seize us, though it seize us late.
 Why then should love be idle, and neglect
 What Mars, by arms and perils, will effect ?
 O prince ! I die, with anxious fear oppress'd, 95
 Lest some rash hand should wound my charmer's breast ;
 For, if they saw, no barb'rous mind could dare
 Against that lovely form to raise a spear.
 ' But I 'm resolved, and fix'd in this decree,
 My father's country shall my dowry be : 100
 Thus I prevent the loss of life and blood,
 And, in effect, the action must be good.
 Vain resolution ! for, at every gate
 The trusty sentinels successive wait ;
 The keys my father keeps : ah ! there 's my grief ; 105
 'Tis he obstructs all hopes of my relief.
 Gods ! that this hated light I 'd never seen !
 Or all my life without a father been !
 But gods we all may be ; for those that dare,
 Are gods, and Fortune's chiefest favors share : 110
 The ruling powers a lazy prayer detest ;
 The bold adventurer succeeds the best.
 What other maid, inspired with such a flame,
 But would take courage, and abandon shame ?

But would, though ruin should ensue, remove 115
 Whate'er opposed, and clear the way to love?
 This shall another's feeble passion dare,
 While I sit tame, and languish in despair?
 No; for though fire and sword before me lay,
 Impatient love through both should force its way. 120
 Yet I have no such enemies to fear;
 My sole obstruction is my father's hair;
 His purple lock my sanguine hope destroys,
 And clouds the prospect of my rising joys.
 Whilst thus she spoke, amid the thick'ning air 125
 Night supervenes, the greatest nurse of care;
 And as the goddess spreads her sable wings,
 The virgin's fears decay, and courage springs.
 The hour was come, when man's o'er-labor'd breast
 Surceased its care, by downy sleep possess'd: 130
 All things now hush'd, Scylla, with silent tread,
 Urged her approach to Nisus' royal bed;
 There of the fatal lock (accursed theft!)
 She her unwitting father's head bereft.
 In safe possession of her impious prey, 135
 Out at a postern gate she takes her way.
 Embolden'd by the merit of the deed,
 She traverses the adverse camp with speed,
 Till Minos' tent she reach'd: the righteous king
 She thus bespoke, who shiver'd at the thing: 140
 ' Behold the effect of love's resistless sway!
 I, Nisus' royal seed, to thee betray
 My country and my gods. For this strange task,
 Minos, no other boon but thee I ask.
 This purple lock, a pledge of love, receive; 145
 No worthless present, since in it I give
 My father's head.' Moved at a crime so new,
 And with abhorrence fill'd, back Minos drew,
 Nor touch'd the unhallow'd gift, but thus exclaim'd
 (With mien indignant, and with eyes inflamed)— 150

' Perdition seize thee, thou, thy kind's disgrace !
 May thy devoted carcase find no place
 In earth, or air, or sea, by all outcast !
 Shall Minos, with so foul a monster, blast
 His Cretan world, where cradled Jove was nursed ?
 Forbid it, Heaven !—away, thou most accursed !' 156

And now Alcathoe, its lord exchanged,
 Was under Minos' domination ranged.
 While the most equal king his care applies
 To curb the conquer'd, and new laws devise, 160
 The fleet, by his command, with hoisted sails,
 And ready oars, invites the murmuring gales.
 At length the Cretan hero anchor weigh'd,
 Repaying with neglect the abandon'd maid :
 Deaf to her cries, he furrows up the main ; 165
 In vain she prays, solicits him in vain.

And now she furious grows, in wild despair
 She wrings her hands and throws aloft her hair.
 ' Where runn'st thou ?' thus she vents her deep distress,
 ' Why shunn'st thou her that crown'd thee with suc-
 cess ?' 170

Her whose fond love to thee could sacrifice
 Her country and her parent ; sacred ties !
 Can nor my love, nor proffer'd presents find
 A passage to thy heart, and make thee kind ?
 Can nothing move thy pity ? O ingrate ! 175
 Canst thou behold my lost, forlorn estate,
 And not be soften'd ? Canst thou throw off one
 Who has no refuge left but thee alone ?
 Where shall I seek for comfort ? whither fly ?
 My native country does in ashes lie : 180
 Or were 't not so, my treason bars me there,
 And bids me wander. Shall I next repair
 To a wrong'd father, by my guilt undone ?—
 Me all mankind deservedly will shun.

I out of all the world myself have thrown, 185
 To purchase an access to Crete alone,
 Which, since refused, ungenerous man, give o'er
 To boast thy race; Europa never bore
 A thing so savage: thee some tigress bred,
 On the bleak Syrt's inhospitable bed, 190
 Or where Charybdis pours its rapid tide
 Tempestuous. Thou art not to Jove allied;
 Nor did the king of gods thy mother meet
 Beneath a bull's forged shape, and bear to Crete:
 That fable of thy glorious birth is feign'd; 195
 Some wild outrageous bull thy dam sustain'd.
 O father Nisus, now my death behold:
 Exult, O city, by my baseness sold:
 Minos, obdurate, has avenged ye all;
 But 'twere more just by those I wrong'd to fall: 200
 For why shouldst thou, who only didst subdue
 By my offending, my offence pursue?
 Well art thou match'd to one whose amorous flame
 Too fiercely raged for human-kind to tame;
 One who, within a wooden heifer thrust, 205
 Courted a lowering bull's mistaken lust,
 And from whose monster-teeming womb the earth
 Received, what much it mourn'd, a bi-form birth.
 But what avails my plaints? the whistling wind,
 Which bears him far away, leaves them behind. 210
 Well weigh'd Pasiphae, when she prefer'd
 A bull to thee, more brutish than the herd.
 But ah! time presses, and the labor'd oars
 To distance drives the fleet, and lose the lessening
 shores.
 Think not, ungrateful man, the liquid way 215
 And threat'ning billows shall enforce my stay:
 I'll follow thee in spite: my arms I'll throw
 Around thy oars, or grasp thy crooked prow,

And drag through drenching seas.' Her eager tongue
 Had hardly closed the speech, when forth she sprung,
 And proved the deep. Cupid, with added force, 221
 Recruits each nerve, and aids her watery course.
 Soon she the ship attains ; unwelcome guest !
 And as with close embrace its sides she press'd,
 A hawk from upper air came pouring down. 225
 ('Twas Nisus cleft the sky with wings new-grown.)
 At Scylla's head his horny bill he aims ;
 She, fearful of the blow, the ship disclaims,
 Quitting her hold ; and yet she fell not far,
 But, wond'ring, finds herself sustain'd in air. 230
 Changed to a lark, she mottled pinions shook,
 And, from the ravish'd lock, the name of Ciris took.

THE LABYRINTH.

THESEUS destroys the Minotaur by the aid of Ariadne, who
 conducts the hero through the windings of the labyrinth—
 Her kindness is ill requited by her lover, who cruelly de-
 serts her in the isle of Dias, where she is discovered by
 Bacchus, who makes her his wife, and presents her with a
 splendid crown, which is afterwards made a constellation.

Now Minos, landed on the Cretan shore,
 Performs his vows to Jove's protecting power :
 A hundred bullocks, of the largest breed, 235
 With flowerets crown'd, before his altar bleed ;
 While trophies of the vanquish'd, brought from far,
 Adorn the palace with the spoils of war.

Meanwhile the monster of a human beast
 His family's reproach and stain increased. 240
 His double kind the rumor swiftly spread,
 And evidenced the mother's beastly deed ;
 When Minos, willing to conceal the shame
 That sprung from the reports of tattling Fame,

Resolves a dark inclosure to provide, 245
 And far from sight the two-form'd creature hide.

Great Dædalus of Athens was the man
 That made the draught, and form'd the wonderous
 plan ;

Where rooms within themselves encircled lie,
 With various windings, to deceive the eye: 250

As soft Mæander's wanton current plays,
 When through the Phrygian fields it loosely strays ;
 Backward and forward rolls the dimpled tide,
 Seeming at once two different ways to glide :

While circling streams their former banks survey, 255

And waters past succeeding waters see ;
 Now floating to the sea with downward course,
 Now pointing upward to its ancient source :

Such was the work, so intricate the place,
 That scarce the workman all its turns could trace ; 260

And Dædalus was puzzled how to find
 The secret ways of what himself design'd.

These private walls the Minotaur include,
 Who twice was glutted with Athenian blood ;
 But the third tribute more successful proved,— 265

Slew the foul monster, and the plague removed.

When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
 Had traced the guiding thread through every part,

He took the gentle maid that set him free,
 And, bound for Dias, cut the briny sea ; 270

There, quickly cloy'd, ungrateful, and unkind,
 Left his fair consort in the isle behind,

Whom Bacchus sees and loves ; decrees the dame
 Shall shine for ever in the rolls of fame ;

And bids her crown among the stars be placed, 275
 With an eternal constellation graced.

The golden circlet mounts, and, as it flies,
 Its diamonds twinkle in the distant skies ;

**There, in their pristine form, the gemmy rays
Between Alcides and the dragon blaze. 280**

STORY OF DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.

DÆDALUS, accompanied by his son Icarus, effects his escape from the custody of Minos by the aid of wings compacted with wax—The heat of the sun melts the pinions of the youth, who mounts too high, and he is precipitated into the sea ; while the father arrives in Sicily, where he is kindly received by the king of that country.

IN tedious exile now too long detain'd,
Dædalus languish'd for his native land ;
The sea foreclosed his flight, yet thus he said :
' Though earth and water in subjection laid,
O cruel Minos, thy dominion be, 285
We 'll go through air ; for sure the air is free.'
Then to new arts his cunning thought applies,
And to improve the work of nature tries.
A row of quills in gradual order placed,
Rise by degrees in length from first to last ; 290
As on a cliff the ascending thicket grows,
Or different reeds the rural pipe compose.
Along the middle runs a twine of flax,
The bottom stems are join'd by pliant wax :
Thus, well compact, a hollow bending brings 295
The fine composure into real wings.

His boy, young Icarus, that near him stood,
Unthinking of his fate, with smiles pursued
The floating feathers, which the moving air
Bore loosely from the ground, and wafted here and
there : 300

Or with the wax impertinently play'd,
And, with his childish tricks, the great design delay'd.
The final master-stroke at last imposed,
And now the neat machine completely closed ;

Fitting his pinions on, a flight he tries, 305
 And hung, self-balanced, in the beaten skies:
 Then thus instructs his child: ' My boy, take care
 To wing your course along the middle air:
 If low, the surges wet your flagging plumes;
 If high, the sun the melting wax consumes. 310
 Steer between both; nor to the northern skies,
 Nor south Orion turn your giddy eyes,
 But follow me: let me before you lay
 Rules for the flight, and mark the pathless way.'
 Then, teaching, with a fond concern, his son, 315
 He took the untried wings and fix'd them on;
 But fix'd with trembling hands; and, as he speaks,
 The tears roll gently down his aged cheeks:
 Then kiss'd, and in his arms embraced him fast,
 But knew not this embrace must be the last; 320
 And, mounting upward, as he wings his flight,
 Back on his charge he turns his aching sight;
 As parent birds, when first their callow care
 Leave the high nest to tempt the liquid air:
 Then cheers him on, and oft, with fatal art, 325
 Reminds the stripling to perform his part.
 These, as the angler at the silent brook,
 Or mountain shepherd leaning on his crook,
 Or gaping ploughman, from the vale describes,
 They stare and view them with religious eyes, 330
 And straight conclude them gods; since none but
 they
 Through their own azure skies could find a way.
 Now Delos, Paros, on the left are seen,
 And Samos, favor'd by Jove's haughty queen;
 Upon the right, the isle Lebynthos named, 335
 And fair Calymne, for its honey famed.
 When now the boy, whose childish thoughts aspire
 To loftier aims, and make him ramble higher,

Grown wild, and wanton, more embolden'd, flies
Far from his guide, and soars among the skies. 340

The softening wax, that felt a nearer sun,
Dissolved apace, and soon began to run ;
The youth in vain his melting pinions shakes,
His feathers gone, no longer air he takes :
O ! father, father ! as he strove to cry, 345

Down to the sea he tumbled from on high,
And found his fate ; yet still subsists by fame
Among those waters that retain his name.

The father, now no more a father, cries :
' Ho, Icarus ! where are you ? ' as he flies ; 350
' Where shall I seek my boy ? ' he cries again,
And saw his feathers scatter'd on the main.
Then cursed his art ; and funeral rites conferr'd,
Naming the country from the youth interr'd.

A partridge, from a neighboring stump, beheld 355
The sire his monumental marble build ;
Who, with peculiar call, and fluttering wing,
Chirpp'd joyful, and malicious seem'd to sing :
The only bird of all its kind, and late
Transform'd in pity to a feather'd state : 360
From whence, O Dædalus, thy guilt we date.

His sister's son, when not twelve years were pass'd,
Was, with his uncle, as a scholar placed ;
The unsuspecting mother saw his parts
And genius fitted for the finest arts. 365

This soon appear'd ; for when the spiny bone
In fishes' backs was by the stripling known,
A rare invention thence he learn'd to draw,
Filed teeth in iron, and made the grating saw.
He was the first, that from a knob of brass 370
Made two straight arms with widening stretch to pass ;
That, while one stood upon the centre's place,
The other round it drew a circling space.

Dædalus envied this, and from the top
 Of fair Minerva's temple let him drop ; 375
 Feigning, that, as he lean'd upon the tower,
 Careless he stoop'd too much, and tumbled o'er.

The goddess, who the ingenious still befriends,
 On this occasion her assistance lends ;
 His arms with feathers, as he fell, she veils, 380
 And in the air a new-made bird he sails.

The quickness of his genius, once so fleet,
 Still in his wings remains, and in his feet ;
 Still, though transform'd, his ancient name he keeps,
 And with low flight the new-shorn stubble sweeps, 385
 Declines the lofty trees, and thinks it best
 To brood in hedge-rows o'er its humble nest ;
 And, in remembrance of the former ill,
 Avoids the heights, and precipices still.

At length, fatigued with long laborious flights, 390
 On fair Sicilia's plains the artist lights ;
 Where Cocalus, the king, that gave him aid,
 Was, for his kindness, with esteem repaid.

Athens no more her doleful tribute sent,
 That hardship gallant Theseus did prevent ; 395
 Their temples hung with garlands, they adore
 Each friendly god, but most Minerva's power ;
 To her, to Jove, to all, their altars smoke,
 They each with victims, and perfumes, invoke.

Now talking Fame, through every Grecian town, 400
 Had spread, immortal Theseus, thy renown.
 From him, the neighboring nations, in distress,
 In suppliant terms implore a kind redress.

BY DRYDEN.

STORY OF MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

MELEAGER, the son of **CENEUS** king of **Ætolia**, destroys a frightful boar, which desolates the whole country by the command of **Diana**, as a punishment for the neglect of her worship—The conqueror bestows the head and skin of the animal on **Atalanta**, who first wounded it—This partiality inflames the resentment of the uncles of the youth, who endeavor to rob the heroine of her honorable present, and are killed by their nephew in the attempt—**Althæa**, the mother of **Meleager**, no sooner hears this intelligence, than she snatches a brand, on which the life of her son is said to depend, who expires as soon as it is consumed—The daughters of **Althæa**, while bewailing the fate of their brother, are changed into birds.

FROM him the Calydonians sought relief,
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief. 405

The cause, a boar, who ravaged far and near ;
Of Cynthia's wrath the avenging minister.
For CENEUS, with autumnal plenty bless'd,
By gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd ;
Cull'd sheafs to Ceres ; to Lyæus, wine ; 410

To Pan, and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine ;
And fat of olives to Minerva's shrine.
Beginning from the rural gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command :
Each deity in every kind was bless'd, 415
Till at Diana's fane the invidious honor ceased.

Wrath touches ev'n the gods : the queen of night,
Fired with disdain, and jealous of her right,
' Unhonor'd though I am, at least,' said she,
Not unrevenged that impious act shall be.' 420

Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls the Egyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed ;

His eyeballs glare with fire suffused with blood ; 425
 His neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood ;
 His bristled back a trench impaled appears,
 And stands erected, like a field of spears ;
 Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the ground ;
 For tusks with Indian elephants he strove, 431
 And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove ;
 He burns the leaves, the scorching blast invades
 The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades ;
 Or suff'ring not their yellow beards to rear, 435
 He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the
 year.

In vain the barns expect their promised load,
 Nor barns at home, nor ricks are heap'd abroad :
 In vain the hinds the thrashing-floor prepare,
 And exercise their flails in empty air. 440
 With olives ever-green the ground is strow'd,
 And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
 Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
 Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can
 keep.

From fields to walls the frightened rabble run, 445
 Nor think themselves secure within the town,
 Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
 Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
 Fair Leda's twins (in time to stars decreed)
 One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed ; 450
 Then issued forth famed Jason after these,
 Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas ;
 Then Theseus join'd with bold Pirithous came,
 A single concord in a double name ;
 The Thestian sons, Idas, who swiftly ran, 455
 And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man ;
 Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart ;
 Leucippus, with his never-erring dart ;

Acastus, Phileus, Phoenix, Telamon,
 Echion, Lelix, and Eurytion ; 460
 Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son ;
 Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong ;
 With twice old Iolas, and Nestor, then but young ;
 Laertes active, and Ancæus bold ;
 Mopsus, the sage, who future things foretold, 465
 And the other seer, yet by his wife unsold ;
 A thousand others of immortal fame ;
 Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
 Grace of the woods : a diamond buckle bound
 Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the
 ground, 470
 And show'd her buskin'd legs ; her head was bare,
 But for her native ornament of hair,
 Which in a simple knot was tied above :
 Sweet negligence ! unheeded bait of love !
 Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied, 475
 One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
 Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
 A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
 The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
 The Calydonian chief at once the dame 480
 Beheld, at once his heart received the flame,
 With heavens averse. ' O happy youth !' he cried,
 ' For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a bride.'
 He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say ;
 His honor call'd his eyes another way, 485
 And forced him to pursue the now neglected prey.
 There stood a forest on a mountain's brow,
 Which overlook'd the shaded plains below :
 No sounding axe presumed those trees to bite ;
 Coeval with the world, a venerable sight. 490

466 Amphiaraus.

The heroes there arrived, some spread around
 The toils ; some search the footsteps on the ground ;
 Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
 Of action eager, and intent in thought,
 The chiefs their honorable danger sought : 495
 A valley stood below, the common drain
 Of waters from above, and falling rain :
 The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
 Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd :
 The knotty bulrush next in order stood, 500
 And all within of reeds a trembling wood.
 From hence the boar was roused, and sprung amain,
 Like lightning sudden on the warrior train,
 Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground.
 The forest echoes to the crackling sound ; 505
 Shout the fierce youth, and clamors ring around.
 All stood with their protended spears prepared,
 With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glared.
 The beast impetuous, with his tusks, aside
 Deals glancing wounds ; the fearful dogs divide : 510
 All spend their mouths aloof, but none abide.
 Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
 And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark.
 Then, Jason, and his javelin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with over force, and whizz'd above his back.
 Mopsus was next, but, ere he threw, address'd 516
 To Phœbus thus : ' O patron, help thy priest !
 If I adore, and ever have adored,
 Thy power divine, thy present aid afford,
 That I may reach the beast.' The god allow'd 520
 His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could :
 He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew ;
 Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.

This chafed the boar, his nostrils' flames expire,
 And his red eyeballs roll with living fire. 525

Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
 Amid her foes, so flies a mighty stone,
 As flew the beast: the left wing put to flight,
 The chiefs o'erborne, he rushes on the right.
 Empalamos, and Pelagon, he laid 530
 In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows'
 aid.

Onesimus fared worse, prepared to fly,
 The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
 And cut the nerves: the nerves no more sustain
 The bulk; the bulk, unpropp'd, falls headlong on the
 plain. 535

Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
 But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
 Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
 And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
 Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds, 540
 And in the sharpen'd edge new vigor finds;
 Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
 And ranch'd his hips with one continued wound.

Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear,
 White were their habits, white their horses were; 545
 Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw
 Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
 Nor had they miss'd, but he to thickets fled,
 Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the
 steed;

But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet 550
 A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
 So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
 His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.

Meantime the virgin huntress was not slow
 To expel the shaft from her contracted bow; 555
 Beneath his car the fasten'd arrow stood,
 And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.

She blush'd for joy ; but Meleagrus raised
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer
praised.

He was the first to see, and first to show 560

His friends the mark of the successful blow,

' Nor shall thy valor want the praises due,'

He said : a virtuous envy seized the crew ;

They shout ; the shouting animates their hearts,

And all at once employ their thronging darts ; 565

But, out of order thrown, in air they join,

And multitude makes frustrate the design.

With both his hands, the proud Ancæus takes

And flourishes his double-biting axe ;

Then, forward to his fate, he took a stride 570

Before the rest, and to his fellows cried :

' Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,

Between a woman warrior and a man.

The boar is doom'd, nor, though Diana lend

Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.' 575

Thus boasted he ; then, stretch'd on tiptoe stood

Secure, to make his promise good ;

But the more wary beast prevents the blow,

And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe :

Ancæus falls ; his bowels, from the wound, 580

Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.

Pirithous, no small portion of the war,

Press'd on, and shook his lance ; to whom, from far,

Thus Theseus cried : ' O stay ! my better part,

My more than mistress, of my heart the heart : 585

The strong may fight aloof : Ancæus tried

His force too near, and, by presuming, died.'

He said, and, while he spake, his javelin threw ;

Hissing in air the unerring weapon flew ;

But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt 590

The marksman and the mark, his lance he fix'd.

Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
 The boar, and slew an undeserving hound,
 And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.

Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent, 595
 With equal force, but various in the event ;
 The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
 On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his
 blood.

Now, while the tortured savage turns around 599
 And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound,
 The wound's great author, close at hand, provokes
 His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes,
 Wheels as he wheels, and, with his pointed dart,
 Explores the nearest passage to his heart :

Quick, and more quick, he spins in giddy gyres, 605
 Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
 This act, with shouts heaven-high, the friendly band
 Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
 Then all approach the slain, with vast surprise
 Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies, 610
 And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
 And blood their points to prove their partnership of
 war.

But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
 On the strong neck of that destructive beast,
 And gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes, 615
 ' Accept,' said he, ' fair Nonacrine, my prize,
 And, though inferior, suffer me to join
 My labors, and my part of praise, with thine :'
 At this, presents her with the tusky head
 And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread. 620
 Glad she received the gift, and seem'd to take
 With double pleasure, for the giver's sake ;
 The rest were seized with sullen discontent,
 And a deep murmur through the squadron went ;

All envied, but the Thestian brethren show'd 625
 The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen
 aloud :

' Lay down those honor'd spoils, nor think to share,
 Weak woman, as thou art, the prize of war ;
 Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
 Since Meleagrus from our lineage came : 630
 Trust not thy beauty, but restore the prize,
 Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
 Would rend from us.' At this, inflamed with spite,
 From her they snatch the gift, from him the giver's
 right.

But soon the impatient prince his falchion drew, 635
 And cried, ' Ye robbers of another's due,
 Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
 Betwixt true valor and an empty boast.'
 At this advanced, and, sudden as the word,
 In proud Plexippus' bosom plunged the sword ; 640
 Toxeus amazed, and with amazement slow,
 Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
 Stood doubting, and, while doubting thus he stood,
 Received the steel bathed in his brother's blood.

Pleased with the first, unknown the second, news,
 Althæa to the temples pays their dues, 646
 For her son's conquest, when, at length, appear
 Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier :
 Pale at the sudden sight, she changed her cheer,
 And with her cheer her robes ; but hearing tell 650
 The cause, the manner, and by whom, they fell,
 'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
 Within her soul ; at last 'twas rage alone ;
 Which, burning upwards in succession, dries
 The tears, that stood considering in her eyes. 655

There lay a log unlighted on the hearth,
 When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth

For the unborn chief; the fatal sisters came,
 And raised it up, and toss'd it on the flame;
 Then on the rock a scanty measure place 660
 Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace,
 And, turning, sung, 'To this red brand and thee,
 O new-born babe! we give an equal destiny;
 So vanish'd out of view. The frightened dame
 Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the flame.
 The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care, 666
 And that, while thus preserved, preserved her heir.
 This brand she now produced, and first she strows
 The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
 Thrice heaved her hand, and heaved, she thrice re-
 press'd, 670
 The sister and the mother long contest,
 Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
 And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
 Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
 Now low'ring looks presage approaching storms, 676
 And now prevailing love her face reforms:
 Resolved, she doubts again; the tears she dried,
 With burning rage, are by new tears supplied;
 And, as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
 Now with the current drives, now with the gale, 680
 Both opposite, and neither long prevail.
 She feels a double force, by turns obeys
 The imperious tempest, and the impetuous seas;
 So fares Althæa's mind; she first relents
 With pity, of that pity then repents: 685
 Sister and mother long the scales divide,
 But the beam nodded on the sister's side:
 Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
 But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
 The pious impious wretch at length decreed, 690
 To please her brothers' ghosts, her son should bleed;

And when the funeral flames began to rise,
 'Receive,' she said, 'a sister's sacrifice.
 A mother's bowels burn:' high in her hand,
 Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand, 695
 Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
 And the three furies thrice invoked aloud:
 'Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
 A sister paying her dead brothers' due:
 A crime I punish, and a crime commit; 700
 But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
 Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
 And second funerals on the former laid.
 Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
 And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all! 705
 Shall Fate to happy Æneus still allow
 One son, while Thestius stands deprived of two?
 Better three lost than one unpunish'd go.
 Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
 In hell you wait my duty,) take your due: 710
 A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
 When, with my blood, the price of yours is paid.
 'Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
 Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
 A mother cannot give him death; though he 715
 Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
 'Then shall the unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
 Triumphant live, nor only live but reign?
 While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are toss'd
 O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast. 720
 I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
 Perish this impious, this detested son;
 Perish his sire, and perish I withal,
 And let the house's heir, and the hoped kingdom fall.
 'Where is the mother fled, her pious love, 725
 And where the pains, with which ten months I strove?

Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with tears.

‘Thou liv’st by me, to me thy breath resign,
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine ; 730

Thy life, by double title, I require,
Once given at birth, and once preserved from fire :
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them, who fell by thee, restore.

‘I would, but cannot, my son’s image stands 735
Before my sight, and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.

‘He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom,
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o’ercome ; 740
But having paid their injured ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.’

At this, for the last time, she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown, 745
Or drew, or seem’d to draw, a dying groan ;
The fires themselves but faintly lick’d their prey,
Then loathed their impious food, and would have shrunk
away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry ; 750
The blind contagion raged within his veins,
But he with manly patience bore his pains :
He fear’d not fate, but only grieved to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.

‘Happy Ancæus,’ thrice aloud he cried, 755
‘With what becoming fate in arms he died !’

Then call’d his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound,
Perhaps his mother ; a long sigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his last adieu ; 760

For as the flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full height, then languish to decay,
 They rise and sink by fits, at last they soar
 In one bright blaze, and then descend no more ;
 Just so his inward heats, at height, impair, 765
 Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.

Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies,
 All ages, all degrees, unsluice their eyes ;
 And heaven and earth resound with murmurs, groans,
 and cries ;

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear 770
 Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair ;
 The wretched father, father now no more,
 With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
 Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
 And curses age, and loathes a life prolong'd with pain ;
 By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed, 776
 And punish'd on herself her impious deed.

Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large
 As could their hundred offices discharge,—
 Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd 780
 In all the streams, inspiring all the god,
 Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god in
 vain

Would offer to describe his sister's pain ;
 They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
 Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow ; 786
 The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains,
 And exercise, and rub, with fruitless pains ;
 And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
 They kiss the bed on which the body lay ;
 And when those funeral flames no longer burn, 790
 (The dust composed within a pious urn)
 Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
 And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.

His tomb is raised ; then, stretch'd along the ground,
 Those living monuments his tomb surround ; 795
 Ev'n to his name, inscribed, their tears they pay,
 Till tears and kisses wear his name away.

But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
 Not with less ruin than a race content,
 Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the seed, 800
 And her whom Heaven for Hercules decreed.
 Siate at last, no longer she pursued
 The weeping sisters, but with wings endued
 And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air,
 Who, yearly, round the tomb in feather'd flocks re-
 pair. 805

BY MR. VERNON.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE NAIADS.

THE river Achelous, displeas'd at the neglect of the Naiads,
 converts them into the islands called Echinades.

THESEUS, meanwhile, acquitting well his share
 In the bold chase, confed'rate like a war,
 To Athens' lofty towers his march ordain'd,
 By Pallas loved, and where Erectheus reign'd ;
 But Achelous stopp'd him on the way, 810
 By rains a deluge, and constrain'd his stay.

' O famed for glorious deeds, and great by blood,
 Rest here,' says he, ' nor trust the rapid flood ;
 It solid oaks has from its margin tore,
 And rocky fragments down its current bore, 815
 The murmur hoarse, and terrible the roar.
 Oft have I seen herds, with their shelt'ring fold,
 Forced from the banks, and in the torrent roll'd ;
 Nor strength the bulky steer from ruin freed,
 Nor matchless swiftness saved the racing steed ; 820

801 Dejanira.

In cataracts, when the dissolving snow
 Falls from the hills and floods the plains below,
 Toss'd by the eddies, with a giddy round,
 Strong youths are in the sucking whirlpools drown'd :
 'Tis best with me in safety to abide, 825
 Till usual bounds restrain the ebbing tide,
 And the low waters in their channel glide.'

Theseus, persuaded, in compliance bow'd :
 ' So kind an offer, and advice so good,
 O Achelous ! cannot be refused ; 830
 I'll use them both,' said he ; and both he used.

The grot he enter'd ; pumice built the hall,
 And topi made the rustic of the wall ;
 The floor, soft moss a humid carpet spread,
 And various shells the chequer'd roof inlaid : 835

'Twas now the hour when the declining sun
 Two-thirds had of his daily journey run ;
 At the spread table Theseus took his place,
 Next his companions in the daring chase ;
 Pirithous here, there elder Lelex lay, 840

His locks betraying age with sprinkled grey :
 Acharnia's river-god disposed the rest,
 Graced with the equal honor of the feast,
 Elate with joy, and proud of such a guest.
 The nymphs were waiters, and, with naked feet, 845
 In order served the courses of the meat.

The banquet done, delicious wine they brought,
 Of one transparent gem the cup was wrought.

Then the great hero of this gallant train,
 Surveying far the prospect of the main, 850
 ' What is that land,' says he, ' the waves em-
 brace ?'

(And with his finger pointed at the place :)

Is it one parted isle, which stands alone ?

How named ? and yet, methinks, it seems not one.'

To whom the watery god made this reply : 855
 ‘ ’Tis not one isle, but five ; distinct they lie :
 ’Tis distance which deceives the cheated eye :
 But, that Diana’s act may seem less strange,
 These once proud Naiads were, before their change.
 ’Twas on a day more solemn than the rest, 860
 Ten bullocks slain, a sacrificial feast :
 The rural gods of all the regions near
 They bid to dance and taste the hallow’d cheer :
 Me they forgot ; affronted with the slight,
 My rage, and stream, swell’d to the greatest height ;
 And with the torrent of my flooding store, 866
 Large woods from woods, and fields from fields, I
 tore :
 The guilty nymphs, O then, rememb’ring me,
 I, with their country, wash’d into the sea ;
 And joining waters with the social main, 870
 Rent the gross land, and split the firm champagne :
 Since, the Echinades, remote from shore
 Are view’d as many isles as nymphs before.

PERIMELE TURNED INTO AN ISLAND.

THE nymph Perimele suffers violence from the river-god
 Achelous, and is cast into the sea by her enraged father—
 Neptune, in compassion, converts her into a rock.

‘ BUT yonder far, lo ! yonder does appear
 An isle, a part to me for ever dear ; 875
 From that (it sailors Perimele name)
 I doating, forced, by strength, a virgin’s fame.
 Hippodamas’s passion grew so strong,
 Gall’d with the abuse, and fretted at the wrong,
 He cast his pregnant daughter from a rock ; 880
 I spread my waves beneath and broke the shock ;
 And, as her swimming weight my stream convey’d,
 I sued for help divine, and thus I pray’d :

' O powerful thou ! whose trident does command
 The realm of waters, which surround the land ; 885
 We sacred rivers, wheresoe'er begun,
 End in thy lot, and to thy empire run ;
 With favor hear, and help with present aid
 Her whom I bear, 'twas guilty I betray'd.
 Yet, if her father had been just, or mild, 890
 He would have been less impious to his child ;
 In her, have pitied force in the abuse ;
 In me, admitted love for my excuse :
 O let relief for her hard case be found,
 Her, whom paternal rage expell'd from ground ; 895
 Her, whom paternal rage relentless drown'd.
 Grant her some place, or change her to a place
 Which I may ever clasp with my embrace.'
 ' His nodding head the sea's great ruler bent,
 And all his waters shook with his assent : 900
 The nymph still swam, though with the fright distress'd ;
 I felt her heart leap trembling in her breast ;
 But, hard'ning soon, whilst I her pulse explore,
 A crusting cased her stiff body o'er ;
 And, as accretions of new-cleaving soil 905
 Enlarged the mass, the nymph became an isle.'

STORY OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

BY DRYDEN.

JUPITER and Mercury, while travelling in disguise, arrive at the cottage of an aged pair, who entertain their guests with unaffected hospitality, which is amply requited by the transformation of their humble dwelling into a magnificent temple, of which they are appointed the priests—After living to an extreme age, they expire at the same time, and their bodies are changed into trees.

Thus Achelous ends : his audience hear
 With admiration ; and, admiring, fear

The powers of heaven, except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believed in none: 910
He shook his impious head, and thus replies:
' These legends are no more than pious lies.
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they gave us forms, and take away.'
The rest, of better minds, their sense declared 915
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex rose, an old experienced man,
And thus, with sober gravity, began:
' Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey: 920
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighboring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown;
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place, and them, by Pittheus sent 925
To Phrygian realms; my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities; 930
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod,
And many toilsome steps together trod:
For harbor at a thousand doors they knock'd;
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found, 935
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love, though little was their store, 940
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call
Were all alike, where only two were all.

Command was none, where equal love was paid, 945
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

‘ From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door :
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest, 950

Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise ;
Coarse, but the best she had ; then rakes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad 955
The living coals ; and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire :
It smokes ; and then with trembling breath she
blows,

Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees. 961

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone ;)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot) ;
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves ; the best 966
She cull'd, and them with handy care she dress'd.

High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung ;
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down, 970
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one ;
Yet a large portion of a little store,

Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away. 975
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

‘ A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail :

- This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set 980
 Before their guests ; in this they bathed their feet,
 And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
 This done, the host produced the genial bed,
 Sallow the feet, the borders, and the sted,
 Which with no costly coverlet they spread, 985
 But course old garments ; yet such robes as these
 They laid alone at feasts on holidays.
 The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
 The table sets ; the invited gods lie down.
 The trivet-table of a foot was lame, 990
 A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
 Who thrusts beneath the limping leg a sherd ;
 So was the mended board exactly rear'd :
 Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
 A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent. 995
 Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
 The party-color'd olive, black and green :
 Autumnal cornels next in order served,
 In lees of wine well pickled and preserved.
 A garden sallad was the third supply, 1000
 Of endive, radishes, and succory :
 Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
 And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
 Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
 All these in earthen ware were served to board ; 1005
 And next in place, an earthen pitcher stored
 With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
 This was the table's ornament and pride,
 With figures wrought : like pages at his side
 Stood beechen bowls ; and these were shining clean,
 Varnish'd with wax without, and lined within. 1011
 By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
 And to the table sent the smoking lard ;
 On which with eager appetite they dine,
 A sav'ry bit, that served to relish wine : 1015

The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
 Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
 The second course succeeds like that before,
 Plums, apples, nuts ; and of their wintry store
 Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set 1020
 In canisters, to enlarge the little treat :
 All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
 Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd :
 But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
 With hearty welcome, and an open face : 1025
 In all they did, you might discern with ease
 A willing mind, and a desire to please.
 ' Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and
 still,
 Though often emptied, were observed to fill ;
 Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord 1030
 Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
 Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
 With wine, and of no common grape, increased ;
 And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
 Excusing, as they could, their country fare. 1035
 ' One goose they had, ('twas all they could allow)
 A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
 Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow :
 Her with malicious zeal the couple view'd ;
 She ran for life, and limping they pursued : 1040
 Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
 And would not make her master's compliment ;
 But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies :
 He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard, 1045
 And saved her life ; then what he has declared,
 And own'd the god. ' The neighborhood,' said he,
 ' Shall justly perish for impiety :
 You stand alone exempted ; but obey
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way : 1050

Leave these accursed, and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight.'

' They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top, 1055

And there secure, but spent with travel, stop ;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes ;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies :
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains. 1060

Wondering, with weeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbor's fate, and country now no more ;
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk
to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies, 1065
The crotches of their cot in columns rise ;
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of
gold.

' Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene :
' Speak thy desire, thou only just of men ; 1070
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.'

' Awhile they whisper ; then to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
' We crave to serve before your sacred shrine, 1075
And offer at your altar rites divine :

And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife ;
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me ; 1080
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.'

The godheads sign their suit. They run the race
In the same tenor all the appointed space :

Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
 These past adventures at the temple gate, 1086
 Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
 Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green :
 Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
 And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood : 1090
 New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind :
 Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last adieu.
 ' At once, farewell, O faithful spouse,' they said ; 1095
 At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips in-
 vade.

Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows ;
 The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie. 1100
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows ;
 And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
 ' The good,' said I, ' are God's peculiar care, 1104
 And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share.'

CONTINUED BY MR. VERNON.

CHANGES OF PROTEUS.

ACHELOUS relates to his guest the various transformations of
 Proteus.

HE ceased in his relation to proceed,
 Whilst all admired the author and the deed ;
 But Theseus most, inquisitive to know
 From gods what wondrous alterations grow.
 Whom thus the Calydonian stream address'd, 1110
 Raised high to speak, the couch his elbow press'd.
 ' Some, when transform'd, fix in the lasting change ;
 Some, with more right, through various figures range.'

Proteus, thus large thy privilege was found,
 Thou inmate of the seas, which earth surround. 1115
 Sometimes a blooming youth you graced the shore ;
 Oft a fierce lion, or a furious boar :
 With glist'ring spires now seem'd a hissing snake.
 The bold would tremble in his hands to take :
 With horns assumed a bull ; sometimes you proved
 A tree by roots, a stone by weight unmoved : 1121
 Sometimes two wav'ring contraries became,
 Flow'd down in water, or aspired in flame.'

STORY OF ERISICHTHON.

ERISICHTHON impiously derides the worship of Ceres, whose groves he destroys.

IN various shapes thus to deceive the eyes,
 Without a settled stint of her disguise, 1125
 Rash Erisichthon's daughter had the power,
 And brought it to Autolycus in dower.
 Her atheist sire the slighted gods defied,
 And ritual honors to their shrines denied.
 As fame reports, his hand an axe sustain'd, 1130
 Which Ceres' consecrated grove profaned ;
 Which durst the venerable gloom invade,
 And violate with light the awful shade.
 An ancient oak in the dark centre stood,
 The covert's glory, and itself a wood : 1135
 Garlands embraced its shaft, and from the boughs
 Hung tablets, monuments of prosp'rous vows.
 In the cool dusk its unpierced verdure spread,
 The dryads oft their hallow'd dances led ;
 And oft, when round their gaging arms they cast, 1140
 Full fifteen ells it measured in the waste :
 Its height all under-standards did surpass,
 As they aspired above the humbler grass.

These motives, which would gentler minds restrain,
 Could not make Triope's bold son abstain; 1145
 He sternly charged his slaves with strict decree
 To fell with gashing steel the sacred tree.
 But whilst they, lingering, his commands delay'd,
 He snatch'd an axe, and thus blaspheming said :
 ' Was this no oak, nor Ceres' favorite care, 1150
 But Ceres' self, this arm, unawed, should dare
 Its leafy honors in the dust to spread,
 And level with the earth its airy head.'
 He spoke, and as he poised a slanting stroke,
 Sighs heaved, and tremblings shook the frightened
 oak :
 Its leaves look'd sickly, pale its acorns grew, 1155
 And its long branches sweat a chilly dew.
 But when his impious hand a wound bestow'd,
 Blood from the mangled bark in currents flow'd.
 When a devoted bull of mighty size, 1160
 A sinning nation's grand atonement, dies ;
 With such a plenty from the spouting veins,
 A crimson stream the turf's altars stains.
 The wonder all amazed ; yet one more bold,
 The fact dissuading, strove his axe to hold. 1165
 But the Thessalian, obstinately bent,
 Too proud to change, too harden'd to repent,
 On his kind monitor his eyes, which burn'd
 With rage, and with his eyes his weapon turn'd :
 ' Take the reward,' says he, ' of pious dread :' 1170
 Then with a blow lopp'd off his parted head.
 No longer check'd, the wretch his crime pursued,
 Doubled his strokes, and sacrilege renew'd ;
 When from the groaning trunk a voice was heard :
 ' A dryad I, by Ceres' love preferr'd ; 1175
 Within the circle of this clasping rind
 Coeval grew, and now in ruin join'd :

But instant vengeance shall thy sin pursue,
And death is cheer'd with this prophetic view.'

At last the oak with cords enforced to bow, 1180
Strain'd from the top, and sapp'd with wounds below,
The humbler wood, partaker of its fate,
Crush'd with its fall, and shiver'd with its weight.

The grove destroy'd, the sister dryads moan,
Grieved at its loss, and frighted at their own. 1185
Straight suppliants for revenge to Ceres go,
In sable weeds, expressive of their wo.

The beauteous goddess with a graceful air
Bow'd in consent, and nodded to their prayer.
The awful motion shook the fruitful ground, 1190
And waved the fields with golden harvests crown'd.
Soon she contrived in her projecting mind
A plague severe, and piteous in its kind ;
(If plagues for crimes of such presumptuous height
Could pity in the softest breast create ;) 1195
With pinching want, and hunger's keenest smart,
To tear his vitals, and corrode his heart.
But since her near approach by Fate's denied
To famine, and broad climes their powers divide,
A nymph, the mountain's ranger, she address'd, 1200
And thus resolved, her high commands express'd.

DESCRIPTION OF FAMINE.

THE goddess afflicts Erisichthon with continual hunger.

' WHERE frozen Scythia's utmost bound is placed,
A desert lies, a melancholy waste :
In yellow crops there Nature never smiled,
No fruitful tree to shade the barren wild. 1205
There sluggish cold its icy station makes,
There paleness, frights, and anguish trembling shakes.

Of pining famine this the fated seat,
 To whom my orders in these words repeat:
 ' Bid her this miscreant with her sharpest pains 1210
 Chastise, and sheath herself into his veins ;
 Be unsubdued by plenty's baffled store,
 Reject my empire, and defeat my power ;
 And lest the distance, and the tedious way,
 Should with the toil and long fatigue dismay, 1215
 Ascend my chariot, and convey'd on high,
 Guide the rein'd dragons through the parting sky.'

' The nymph, accepting of the granted car,
 Sprung to the seat, and posted through the air ;
 Nor stopp'd till she to a bleak mountain came 1220
 Of wondrous height, and Caucasus its name.
 There in a stony field the fiend she found,
 Herbs gnawing, and roots scratching from the ground.
 Her elf-lock hair in matted tresses grew,
 Sunk were her eyes, and pale her ghastly hue ; 1225
 Wan were her lips, and foul with clammy glew.
 Her throat was furr'd, her entrails seen within
 With snaky crawlings through her parchment skin.
 Her jutting hips seem'd starting from their place,
 And for a stomach's was a belly's space. 1230
 Her joints protuberant by leanness grown,
 Consumption sunk the flesh, and raised the bone.
 Her knees large orbits bunch'd to monstrous size,
 And ancles to undue proportion rise.

' This plague the nymph, not daring to draw near,
 At distance hail'd, and greeted from afar ; 1236
 And though she told her charge without delay,
 Though her arrival late, and short her stay,
 She felt keen famine, or she seem'd to feel,
 Invade her blood, and on her vitals steal. 1240
 She turn'd, from the infection to remove,
 And back to Thessaly the serpents drove.

The fiend obey'd the goddess's command,
 (Though their effects in opposition stand,)
 She cut her way, supported by the wind, 1245
 And reach'd the mansion by the nymph assign'd.

'Twas night, when entering Erisichthon's room,
 Dissolved in sleep, and thoughtless of his doom,
 She clasp'd his limbs, by impious labor tired,
 With battish wings, but her whole self inspired ; 1250
 Breathed on his throat and chest a tainting blast,
 And in his veins infused an endless fast.

The task despatch'd, away the fury flies
 From plenteous regions, and from ripening skies ;
 To her old barren north she wings her speed, 1255
 And cottages distress'd with pinching need.

Still slumbers Erisichthon's senses drown,
 And soothe his fancy with their softest down.
 He dreams of viands delicate to eat,
 And revels on imaginary meat. 1260

Chaws with his working mouth, but chaws in vain,
 And tires his grinding teeth with fruitless pain ;
 Deludes his throat with visionary fare,
 Feasts on the wind, and banquets on the air.

The morning came, the night and slumbers pass'd,
 But still the furious pangs of hunger last ; 1266
 The cank'rous rage still gnaws with griping pains,
 Stings in his throat, and in his bowels reigns.

Straight he requires, impatient in demand,
 Provisions from the air, the seas, the land. 1270
 But though the land, air, seas, provisions grant,
 Starves at full tables, and complains of want.

What to a people might in dole be paid,
 Or victual cities for a long blockade,
 Could not one wolfish appetite assuage ; 1275
 For glutting nourishment increased its rage.

As rivers pour'd from every distant shore
 The sea insatiate drinks, and thirsts for more :
 Or as the fire, which all materials burns,
 And wasted forests into ashes turns, 1280
 Grows more voracious as the more it preys,
 Recruits dilate the flame, and spread the blaze :
 So impious Erisichthon's hunger raves,
 Receives refreshments, and refreshments craves.
 Food raises a desire for food, and meat 1285
 Is but a new provocative to eat.
 He grows more empty, as the more supplied,
 And endless cramming but extends the void.

TRANSFORMATIONS OF ERISICHTHON'S DAUGHTER.

METRA, the daughter of Erisichthon, uses her power of transformation for the support of her father, who at last devours his own flesh for want of food.

Now riches hoarded by paternal care
 Were sunk, the glutton swallowing up the heir. 1290
 Yet the devouring flame no stores abate,
 Nor less the hunger grew with his estate.
 One daughter left, as left his keen desire,
 A daughter worthy of a better sire :
 Her too he sold, spent nature to sustain ; 1295
 She scorn'd a lord with generous disdain,
 And flying, spread her hands upon the main.

The god was moved at what the fair had sued,
 When she so lately by her master view'd
 In her known figure, on a sudden took 1300
 A fisher's habit, and a manly look.
 To whom her owner hasted to inquire ;
 'O thou,' said he, ' whose baits hide treacherous wire ;

- Whose art can manage, and experienced skill
 The taper angle, and the hobbing quill, 1305
 So may the sea be ruffled with no storm,
 But smooth with calms, as you the truth inform ;
 So your deceit may no shy fishes feel,
 Till struck, and fasten'd on the bearded steel.
 Did not you standing view upon the strand 1310
 A wandering maid? I'm sure I saw her stand ;
 Her hair disorder'd, and her homely dress
 Betray'd her want, and witness'd her distress.'
 ' Me heedless,' she replied, ' who'er you are,
 Excuse, attentive to another care. 1315
 I settled on the deep my steady eye ;
 Fix'd on my float, and bent on my employ :
 And that you may not doubt what I impart,
 So may the ocean's god assist my art,
 If on the beach since I my sport pursued, 1320
 Or man, or woman but myself I view'd.'
 Back o'er the sands, deluded, he withdrew,
 Whilst she for her old form put off her new.
 Her sire her shifting power to change per-
 ceived,
 And various chapmen by her sale deceived. 1325
 A fowl with spangled plumes, a briuded steer,
 Sometimes a crested mare, or antler'd deer :
 Sold for a price, she parted, to maintain
 Her starving parent with dishonest gain.
 At last all means, as all provisions, fail'd ; 1330
 For the disease by remedies prevail'd ;
 His muscles with a furious bite he tore,
 Gorged his own tatter'd flesh, and gulf'd his gore.
 Wounds were his feast, his life to life a prey,
 Supporting nature by its own decay. 1335
 ' But foreign stories why should I relate ?
 I too myself can to new forms translate ;

Each part he now invades with eager hand, 45
 Safe in my bulk immovable I stand ;
 So when loud storms break high, and foam and
 roar,
 Against some mole that stretches from the shore,
 The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
 Defies the warring winds, and driving waves. 50
 ' Awhile we breathe, then forward rush amain,
 Renew the combat, and our ground maintain ;
 Foot strove with foot, I, prone, extend my breast,
 Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead press'd.
 Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage, 55
 Inflamed with equal love, and equal rage,
 Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
 And conquest only can decide their love :
 The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
 Till victory decides the important war: 60
 Three times, in vain, he strove my joints to wrest,
 To force my hold, and throw me from his breast ;
 The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him
 round,
 Then with new force he stretch'd me on the ground ;
 Close to my back the mighty burden clung, 65
 As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung :
 Believe my tale ; nor do I, boastful, aim
 By feign'd narration to extol my fame :
 No sooner from his arm I freedom get,
 Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling sweat, 70
 But quick he seized me, and renew'd the strife,
 As my exhausted bosom pants for life :
 My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains,
 I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.
 ' O'ermatch'd in strength, to wiles and arts I
 take,
 And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake, 76

Who, when I writhed in spires my body round,
 Or show'd my forky tongue with hissing sound,
 Smiles at my threats: 'Such foes my cradle knew,'
 He cries; 'dire snakes my infant hand o'erthrew: 80
 A dragon's form might other conquests gain;
 To war with me you take that shape in vain:
 Art thou proportion'd to the hydra's length,
 Who by his wounds received augmented strength?
 He raised a hundred hissing heads in air; 85
 When one I lopp'd, up sprung a dreadful pair:
 By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
 Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
 What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
 To rouse my rage with terrors not thy own?' 90
 He said, and round my neck his hands he cast,
 And with his straining fingers wrung me fast;
 My throat he tortured, close as pincers clasp;
 In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.

'Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains, 95
 Changed to a bull, my lowing fills the plains:
 Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
 Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
 Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
 And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land: 100
 Nor yet his fury cool'd: 'twixt rage and scorn,
 From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn;
 This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads
 bear,

Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year.'

He spoke, when, lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
 Girt, like Diana's train, with flowing hairs: 106
 The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stored,
 And ruddy apples for the second board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the sun's bright fire
 Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire; 110

Nor stay'd they till the troubled stream subsides,
 And in its bounds with peaceful current glides ;
 But Achelous in his oozy bed
 Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head ;
 No real wound the victor's triumph show'd, 115
 But his lost honors grieved the watery god ;
 Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
 And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

DEATH OF NESSUS THE CENTAUR.

THE centaur Nessus, who offers violence to Dejanira, is killed by the shafts of Hercules—Before he expires, he presents a poisoned tunic to the woman he has injured, assuring her of its efficacy to recall the affections of a faithless husband.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O Nessus found ;
 To her alone you owe the fatal wound. 120
 As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys,
 Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise ;
 Where from her slopy urn Evenus-pours
 Her rapid current, swell'd by wintry showers,
 He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide, 125
 And the deep rolling waves all pass denied.
 As for himself, he stood unmoved by fears,
 For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
 The strong limb'd Nessus thus officious cried,
 (For he the shallows of the stream had tried,) 130
 'Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare,
 On yonder bank I 'll lodge thy nuptial care.'
 The Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
 All pale and trembling for her hero's life.
 Clothed as he stood in the fierce lion's hide, 135
 The laden quiver o'er his shoulder tied,
 (For cross the stream his bow and club were cast,)
 Swift he plunged in : 'These billows shall be pass'd,'

He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide,
 But stemm'd the rapid dangers of the tide. 140
 The bank he reach'd, again the bow he bears,
 When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
 'Nessus, to thee I call,' aloud he cries,
 'Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise:
 Thou monster double-shaped, my right set free: 145
 If thou no rev'ence owe my fame and me,
 Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
 Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly;
 Though wing'd with horses' speed, wounds shall pur-
 sue.'
 Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew: 150
 The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
 And through his breast the barbed weapon stood,
 Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he tore,
 From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy gore,
 Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took, 155
 Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook;
 His garment, in the reeking purple dyed,
 To rouse love's passion, he presents the bride.

DEATH OF HERCULES.

DEJANIRA sends the poisoned tunic of Nessus, by the hands
 of Lychas, to recall the hero from the attractions of a rival.

Now a long interval of time succeeds,
 When the great son of Jove's immortal deeds, 160
 And stepdame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmost round,
 He from Œchalia, with new laurels crown'd,
 In triumph was return'd: he rites prepares,
 And to the king of gods directs his prayers:
 'When Fame (who Falsehood clothes in Truth's dis-
 guise, 165
 And swells her little bulk with growing lies)

Thy tender ear, O Dejanira, moved,
 That Hercules the fair Iole loved.
 Her love believes the tale ; the truth she fears
 Of his new passion, and gives way to tears. 170
 The flowing tears diffused her wretched grief,
 ' Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief ?
 She cries ; ' indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
 The harlot will but triumph in thy tears :
 Let something be resolved, while yet there 's time ;
 My bed not conscious of a rival's crime. 176
 In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain ?
 Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain ?
 What though allied to Meleager's fame,
 I boast the honors of a sister's name ? 180
 My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
 Some desp'rate deed, by which the world shall view
 How far revenge, and woman's rage can rise,
 When welt'ring in her blood the harlot dies.'

Thus various passions ruled by turns her breast. 185
 She now resolves to send the fatal vest,
 Dyed with Lernæan gore, whose power might move
 His soul anew, and rouse declining love. .
 Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
 When she to Lychas trusts her future woes ; 190
 With soft endearments she the boy commands
 To bear the garment to her husband's hands.

The unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
 And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast :
 As first the fire with frankincense he strows, 195
 And utters to the gods his holy vows ;
 And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
 Pours forth the grapy stream ; the rising flame
 Sudden dissolves the subtle pois'nous juice,
 Which taints his blood, and all his nerves be-
 dew. 200

With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
 And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
 At length his patience was subdued by pain ;
 He rends the sacred altar from the plain ;
 Æte's wide forests echo with his cries : 205
 Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
 Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
 The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares,
 (A ghastful sight !) or raging with his pain,
 To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain. 210
 As the red iron hisses in the flood,
 So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
 Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
 And livid sweats down all his body flow ;
 The cracking nerves burnt up are burst in twain, 215
 The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.
 Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
 ' Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies ;
 Sate with my death the rancor of thy heart,
 Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart. 220
 Or, if e'er pity moved a hostile breast,
 (For here I stand thy enemy profess'd)
 Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
 Innured to trouble, and to labors born.
 Death is the gift most welcome to my woe, 225
 And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.
 Was it for this Busiris was subdued,
 Whose barbarous temples reek'd with strangers'
 blood ?
 Press'd in these arms his fate Antæus found,
 Nor gain'd recruited vigor from the ground. 230
 Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell ?
 Or did I fear the triple dog of hell ?
 Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold ?
 Are not our mighty toils in Elis told ?

Do not Stymp̄halian lakes proclaim thy fame ? 235
 And fair Parthenian woods resound thy name ?
 Who seized the golden belt of Thermodon ?
 And who the dragon-guarded apples won ?
 Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force with-
 stand,
 Or the fell boar that spoil'd the Arcadian land ? 240
 Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
 Who from his wounds to double fury grew ?
 What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
 Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
 I saw, and with their barb'rous lord o'erthrew ? 245
 What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew ?
 Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain ?
 The female partner of the Thunderer's reign
 Fatigued at length suspends her harsh commands,
 Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands. 250
 But now new plagues pursue me, neither force,
 Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
 Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails strays,
 And on my lungs and shrivell'd muscles preys.
 Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air. 255
 What mortal now shall seek the gods with prayer ?

TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

LYCHAS is thrown into the Eubœan sea by his angry mas-
 ter, and is changed into a rock by the compassion of the
 gods.

THE hero said ; and with the torture stung,
 Furious o'er CÊte's lofty hills he sprung.
 Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
 And seeks the flying author of his wound. 260
 Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
 His anguish'd soul in groans, and loud laments ;

He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
 And with uprooted forests strows the plain ;
 Now kindling into rage, his hands he rears, 265
 And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
 When Lychas, lo, he spies ; who trembling flew,
 And in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
 Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
 His madness chafed, and thus he raves again : 270
 ' Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
 Who bore the gift, the cause of all my wo.'
 The youth all pale with shiv'ring fear was stung,
 And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue.
 Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face 275
 He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace :
 He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
 And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force :
 Far o'er the Eubœan main aloof he flies,
 And hardens by degrees amid the skies. 280
 So show'ry drops, when chilly tempests blow,
 Thicken at first, then whiten into snow,
 In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
 In solid hail result upon the ground.
 Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through distant air,
 The purple tide forsook his veins with fear ; 286
 All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
 In ancient days the craggy flint was known :
 Still in the Eubœan waves his front he rears,
 Still the small rock in human form appears, 290
 And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

HERCULES, finding his end approaching, bestows his bow and arrows on his friend Philoctetes, and expires on Mount Ceta; after which the hero is inrolled in the number of the gods.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
 Fells Cete's forests on the groaning earth;
 A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
 He leaves his deathful instruments of war; 295
 To him commits those arrows, which again
 Shall see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
 The son of Pæon lights the lofty pyre,
 High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
 Placed on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread 300
 With the Nemæan spoils, thy careless head
 Raised on the knotty club, with look divine,
 Here thou, dread hero of celestial line,
 Wert stretch'd at ease; as when a cheerful guest,
 Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples
 dress'd. 306

Now on all sides the potent flames aspire,
 And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.
 A sudden terror seized the immortal host,
 Who thought the world's profess'd defender lost.
 This when the Thunderer saw, with smiles he cries,
 'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleasures rise; 311
 Joy swells my breast, that my all-ruling hand
 O'er such a grateful people boasts command,
 That you my suffering progeny would aid;
 Though to his deeds this just respect be paid, 315
 Me you've obliged. Be all your fears forborn,
 The Cætean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.
 Who vanquish'd all things shall subdue the flame.
 That part alone of gross material frame

Fire shall devour ; while what from me he drew 320
 Shall live immortal, and its force subdue ;
 That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above ;
 May all the powers the righteous act approve !
 If any god dissent, and judge too great
 The sacred honors of the heavenly seat, 325
 Ev'n he shall own his deeds deserve the sky,
 Ev'n he reluctant shall at length comply.
 The assembled powers assent. No frown till now
 Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
 Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame 330
 Was all consumed ; his body's nervous frame
 No more was known ; of human form bereft,
 The eternal part of Jove alone was left.
 As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
 Writhes in the sun, in youthful glory dress'd ; 335
 So when Alcides mortal mold resign'd,
 His better part enlarged, and grew refined ;
 August his visage shone ; almighty Jove
 In his swift car his honor'd offspring drove ;
 High o'er the hollow clouds the coursers fly, 340
 And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS.

THE delivery of Alcmena is effected by the sagacity of a servant maid, named Galanthis, whose fidelity excites the displeasure of Juno, who converts her into a weazel.

ATLAS perceived the load of heaven's new guest.
 Revenge still rancor'd in Eurystheus' breast
 Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
 To Iole, to vent maternal woes ; 345
 Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils
 Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.

This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
 Hyllus had loved, and join'd in nuptial bands.
 Her swelling sides the teeming birth confess'd, 350
 To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd:
 ' O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
 When, midst thy throes, thou call'st the Ilithyian
 power!

May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
 As when I sued for Juno's aid in vain. 355

' When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
 And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
 My sides extend with such a mighty load,
 As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
 I could no more the increasing smart sustain, 360
 My horror kindles to recount the pain;
 Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
 And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.

Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
 Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repose; 365
 When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
 Implored the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.

She came, but prejudiced, to give my fate
 A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
 She hears the groaning anguish of my fits, 370
 And on the altar at my door she sits.

O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
 Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast:
 This stay'd the birth; in mutt'ring verse she pray'd;
 The mutt'ring verse the unfinish'd birth delay'd. 375
 Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain,
 At Jove's ingratitude I rage in vain.

How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
 As might have made the flinty heart relent.

' Now the Cadmeian matrons round me press, 380
 Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress;

Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
 Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my commands:
 She first perceived that all these racking woes
 From the persisting hate of Juno rose. 385
 As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
 The seated goddess ; on her close-press'd knees
 Her fast-knit hands she leans ; with cheerful voice
 Galanthis cries, ' Whoe'er thou art, rejoice,
 Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest, 390
 At length the gods Alcmena's prayers have bless'd.'
 Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs ;
 No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings :
 The charm unloosed, the birth my pangs relieved ;
 Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceived. 395
 Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid
 Fast by the hair ; in vain her force essay'd
 Her groveling body from the ground to rear ;
 Changed to fore-feet her shrinking arms appear :
 Her hairy back her former hue retains, 400
 The form alone is lost ; her strength remains ;
 Who, since the lie did from her mouth proceed,
 Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed ;
 Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
 But haunt those houses where she loved to roam. 405

BY POPE.

FABLE OF DRYOPE.

DRYOPE, who incautiously plucks a branch of the lotos-tree
 for the amusement of her infant son, is herself transformed
 by the angry sylvan deities into a tree of the same species.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs ;
 When the fair consort of her son replies ;
 ' Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,

OVID.

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- Let me (tears and grief permit) relate 410
 A nearer wo, a sister's stranger fate.
 No nymph of all *Æchalia* could compare
 For beauteous form, with *Dryope* the fair;
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride). 415
 This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the
 day,
 Whom *Delphi*, and the *Delian* isle obey,
Andræmon loved; and bless'd in all those charms
 That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.
 ' A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 420
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 Those shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
 And to the *Naiads* flowery garlands brought;
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
 Between her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 425
 Not distant far a watery lotos grows;
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promised fruits that vie
 In glowing colors with the *Tyrian* dye.
 Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son, 430
 And I myself the same rash act had done,
 But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
 The violated blossoms drop with blood;
 Upon the tree I cast a frightful look,
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook: 435
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from *Priapus*' lawless love she flew,
 Forsook her form; and fixing here became
 A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
 ' This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight, 440
 My trembling sister strove to urge the flight;
 Yet first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
 And those offended sylvan powers adored:

But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted to the ground : 445
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles only moves above ;
 She feels the encroaching bark around her grow
 By slow degrees, and cover all below.
 Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves 450
 To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves ;
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphisus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceived a colder and a harder breast, 455
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
 I saw, unhappy, what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate ;
 Embraced thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd, 460
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
 ' Behold Andræmon, and the unhappy sire
 Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind ; 465
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embraced, as to the roots they grew ;
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee ;
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree :
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 470
 From every leaf distils a trickling tear ;
 And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs com-
 plains :
 ' ' If to the wretched any faith be given,
 I swear by all the un pitying powers of heaven, 475
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,
 In mutual innocence our lives we led.

If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honors prey. 480
 Now from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care ;
 Yet to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 485
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
 ' Within this plant my hapless parent lies :'
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 O, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 490
 Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but warn'd by me,
 Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
 My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
 If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 495
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
 Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 500
 I can no more, the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
 Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice,
 Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.'
 She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be ; 505
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree :
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.'

CONTINUED BY GAY.

IOLAUS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

HEBE, at the request of Hercules, renews the youth of her son Iolaus.

WHILE Iole the fatal change declares,
 Alcmena's pitying hand oft wiped her tears. 510
 Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow
 flies,
 And rising joy the trickling moisture dries,
 Lo Iolaus stands before their eyes.
 A youth he stood; and the soft down began
 O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man. 515
 Hebe submitted to her husband's prayers,
 Instill'd new vigor, and restored his years.

PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

THE events and consequences of the Theban war are foretold by Themis.

Now from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
 That Iolaus this gift alone should taste,
 Had not just Themis thus maturely said 520
 (Which check'd her vow, and awed the blooming
 maid):

'Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
 Invincible, but by the Thunderer's hands.
 Ambition shall the guilty brothers fire.
 Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire. 525
 The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
 Where the yet breathing bard shall find his tomb.

524 Eteocles and Polynices. 527 Amphiarus.

The son shall bathe his hands in parents' blood,
 And in one act be both unjust and good.
 Of home and sense deprived, where'er he flies, 530
 The Furies, and his mother's ghost, he spies.
 His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
 And Phegeius stain his sword in kindred gore.
 Callirhoe shall then with suppliant prayer
 Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear. 535
 Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
 And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire.'

DEBATE OF THE GODS.

THE gods are forbidden by Jupiter to renew the youth of those mortals whom they favor.

WHEN Themis this with prescient voice had spoke,
 Among the gods a various murmur broke ;
 Dissension rose in each immortal breast, 540
 That one should grant what was denied the rest.
 Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
 And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins ;
 Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew ;
 Her future race the care of Venus drew, 545
 She would Anchises' blooming age restore ;
 A diff'rent care employ'd each heavenly power :
 Thus various interests did their jars increase,
 'Till Jove arose : he spoke ; their tumults cease.
 ' Is any rev'rence to our presence given, 550
 Then why this discord 'mong the powers of heaven ?
 Who can the settled will of fate subdue ?
 'Twas by the Fates that Iolaus knew
 A second youth. The Fates determined doom
 Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom. 555

Arms nor ambition can this power obtain ;
 Quell your desires ; ev'n me the Fates restrain.
 Could I their will control, no rolling years
 Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs ;
 Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd, 560
 And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.
 Jove's words the synod moved ; the powers give o'er,
 And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
 Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
 And Æacus and Minos bore the load ; 565
 Minos, who in the flower of youth and fame
 Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
 Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
 Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years ;
 And now regarding all his realms as lost, 570
 He durst not force him from his native coast.
 But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
 And thy swift vessel plough'd the Ægean main ;
 On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
 Which still is honor'd with the founder's name. 575
 Here you Cyaneë knew, the beauteous maid,
 As on her father's winding banks she stray'd :
 Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
 The double offspring of your warm embrace.

BY STEPHEN HARVEY.

PASSION OF BYBLIS.

BYBLIS falls passionately in love with her brother Caunus,
 who rejects her advances with horror—The nymph becomes
 frantic with despair, and is converted into a fountain by the
 indulgent deities.

LET the sad fate of wretched Byblis prove 580
 A dismal warning to unlawful love :

577 Mæander.

- One birth gave being to the hapless pair,
 But more was Caunus than a sister's care;
 Unknown she loved, for yet the gentle fire
 Rose not in flames, nor kindled to desire. 585
- 'Twas thought no sin to wonder at his charms,
 Hang on his neck, and languish in his arms.
 Thus wing'd with joy fled the soft hours away,
 And all the fatal guilt on harmless Nature lay. 590
- But love (too soon from piety declined)
 Insensibly depraved her yielding mind.
 Dress'd she appears, with nicest art adorn'd,
 And every youth, but her loved brother, scorn'd;
 For him alone she labor'd to be fair,
 And cursed all charms, that might with hers com-
 pare.
- 'Twas she, and only she, must Caunus please, 596
 Sick at her heart, yet knew not her disease:
 She call'd him lord; for brother was a name
 Too cold and dull for her aspiring flame;
 And, when he spoke, if sister he replied, 600
 'For Byblis change that frozen word,' she cried.
 Yet waking still she watch'd her struggling breast,
 And love's approaches were in vain address'd,
 Till gentle sleep an easy conquest made,
 And by her side the conqueror was laid. 605
- 'Ah me!' she cried, 'how monstrous do I seem!
 Why these vile thoughts, and this ill-omen'd dream?
 Envy herself ('tis true) must own his charms,
 But what is beauty in a sister's arms?
 Oh! were I not that despicable she, 610
 How bless'd, how pleased, how happy, should I be!
 But unregarded now must bear my pain,
 And but in dreams my wishes can obtain.
 Oh! gentle Caunus, quit thy hated line,
 Or let thy parents be no longer mine: 615

Oh! that in common all things were enjoy'd,
 But those alone, who have our hopes destroy'd.
 Were I a princess, thou an humble swain,
 The proudest kings should rival thee in vain.
 It cannot be : alas ! the dreadful ill 620
 Is fix'd by fate, and he 's my brother still.
 Hear me, ye gods ! I must have friends in heaven,
 For Jove himself was to a sister given :
 But what are their prerogatives above,
 To the short liberties of human love ? 625
 Fantastic thoughts ! down, down, forbidden fires,
 Or instant death extinguish my desires.
 Strict virtue, then, with thy malicious leave,
 Without a crime, I may a kiss receive.
 But say, should I in spite of laws comply, 630
 Yet cruel Caunus might himself deny.
 Yet why should youth, and charms like mine, de-
 spair ?
 Such fears ne'er startled the Ætolian pair ;
 No ties of blood could their full hopes destroy,
 They broke through all for the prevailing joy ; 635
 And who can tell but Caunus too may be
 Rack'd and tormented in his breast for me ?
 Like me, to the extremest anguish drove ;
 Like me, just waking from a dream of love ?
 But stay, O whither would my fury run ? 640
 What arguments I urge to be undone !
 Away ! fond Byblis, quench these guilty flames,
 Caunus thy love but as a brother claims ;
 Yet had he first been touch'd with love of me,
 The charming youth could I despairing see ? 645
 Oppress'd with grief, and dying by disdain ?
 Ah ! no ; too sure I should have eased his pain :
 Since, then, if Caunus ask'd me, it were done,
 Asking myself, what dangers can I run ?

But canst thou ask, and see that right betray'd, 650
 From Pyrrha down to thy whole sex convey'd?
 That self-denying gift we all enjoy,
 Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy.
 Well, then, for once, let a fond mistress woo,
 The force of love no custom can subdue; 655
 This frantic passion he by words shall know,
 Soft as the melting heart from whence they flow.
 The pencil then in her fair hand she held,
 By fear discouraged, but by love compell'd;
 She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again, 660
 Likes it as fit, then razes it as vain;
 Shame and assurance in her face appear,
 And a faint hope just yielding to despair.
 Sister was wrote, and blotted as a word
 Which she, and Caunus too (she hoped) abhorr'd; 665
 But now resolved to be no more controll'd,
 By scrup'lous virtue, thus her grief she told:
 'Thy lover, gentle Caunus, wishes thee
 That health, which thou alone canst give to me.
 O charming youth! the gift I ask bestow, 670
 Ere thou the name of the fond writer know;
 To thee without a name I would be known,
 Since, knowing that, my frailty I must owe.
 Yet why should I my wretched name conceal,
 When thousand instances my flames reveal? 675
 Wan looks, and weeping eyes, have spoke my pain,
 And sighs discharged from my heaved heart in
 vain:
 Had I not wish'd my passion might be seen,
 What could such fondness and embraces mean?
 Yet (though extremest rage has rack'd my soul, 680
 And raging fires in my parch'd bosom roll)
 Be witness gods! how piously I strove
 To rid my thoughts of this enchanting love.

But, who could 'scape so fierce and sure a dart,
 Aim'd at a tender, a defenceless heart? 685
 Alas! what maid could suffer I have borne,
 Ere the dire secret from my breast was torn;
 To thee, a helpless vanquish'd wretch I come;
 'Tis you alone can save, or give my doom:
 My life or death this moment you may choose, 690
 Yet think, O think, no hated stranger sues,
 No foe; but one, alas! too near allied,
 And wishing still much nearer to be tied.
 The forms of decency let age debate,
 And virtue's rules by their cold morals state; 695
 Their ebbing joys give leisure to inquire,
 And blame those noble flights our youth inspire:
 O pardon and oblige a blushing maid,
 Whose rage the pride of her vain sex betray'd,
 Nor let my tomb thus mournfully complain— 700
 Here Byblis lies, by her loved Caunus slain.'

Forced here to end, she with a falling tear
 Temper'd the pliant wax, which did the signet bear:
 The curious cipher was impress'd by art,
 But love had stamp'd one deeper in her heart. 705
 Her page, a youth of confidence and skill,
 (Secret as night) stood waiting on her will;
 Sighing, she cried, 'Bear this, thou faithful boy,
 To my sweet partner in eternal joy.'
 Here a long pause her secret guilt confess'd; 710
 And when, at length, she would have spoke the rest,
 Half the dear name lay buried in her breast.

Thus, as he list'ned to her vain command,
 Down fell the letter from her trembling hand.
 The omen shock'd her soul. 'Yet go,' she cried, 715
 'Can a request from Byblis be denied?'

To the Mæandrian youth this message's borne;
 The half-read lines by his fierce rage were torn.

'Hence,' he exclaim'd, 'thou vile accomplice, hence;
 Enjoy the triumph of thy great offence. 720
 Thy instant death will but divulge her shame,
 Or thy life's blood should quench the guilty flame.'
 Frighted, from threat'ning Caunus he withdrew,
 And with the dreadful news to his lost mistress flew.
 The sad repulse so struck the wounded fair, 725
 Her sense was buried in her wild despair,
 Pale was her visage, as the ghastly dead,
 And her scared soul from the sweet mansion fled;
 Yet with her life renew'd, her love returns,
 And faintly thus her cruel fate she mourns: 730
 'Tis just, ye gods! was my false reason blind
 To write a secret of this tender kind?
 With female craft, I should at first have strove,
 By dubious hints to sound his distant love,
 And tried those useful, though dissembled, arts, 735
 Which women practise on disdainful hearts.
 I should have watch'd whence the black storm might
 rise,
 Ere I had trusted the unfaithful skies.
 Now on the rolling billows I am toss'd,
 And with extended sails on the blind shelves am lost.
 Did not indulgent heaven my doom foretell, 741
 When from my hand the fatal letter fell?
 What madness seized my soul, and urged me on,
 To take the only course to be undone?
 I could myself have told the moving tale, 745
 With such alluring grace as must prevail;
 Then had his eyes beheld my blushing fears,
 My rising sighs, and my descending tears.
 Round his dear neck these arms I then had spread,
 And, if rejected, at his feet been dead: 750
 If singly these had not his thoughts inclined,
 Yet all united would have shock'd his mind.

Perhaps, my careless page might be in fault,
 And, in a luckless hour, the fatal message brought;
 Business and worldly thoughts might fill his breast,
 Sometimes ev'n love itself may be an irksome
 guest; 756

He could not else have treated me with scorn,
 For Caunus was not of a tigress born,
 Nor steel, nor adamant, has fenced his heart;
 Like mine, 'tis naked to the burning dart. 760

' Away, false fears! he must, he shall, be mine,
 In death alone I will my claim resign:
 'Tis vain to wish my written crime unknown,
 And for my guilt much vainer to atone.'
 Repulsed and baffled, fiercer still she burns, 765
 And Caunus, with disdain, her impious love re-
 turns.

He saw no end of her injurious flame,
 And fled his country to avoid the shame.
 Forsaken Byblis, who had hopes no more,
 Burst out in rage, and her loose robes she tore; 770
 With her fair hands she smote her tender breast,
 And to the wond'ring world her love confess'd.
 O'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and streams she
 flew,

But still in vain did her wild love pursue.
 Wearied, at length, on the cold earth she fell, 775
 And now in tears alone could her sad story tell.
 Relenting gods in pity fix'd her there,
 And to a fountain turn'd the weeping fair.

BY DRYDEN.

FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE.

A POOR man named Lygdus directs his wife to destroy her new-born child should it prove a female—The tenderness of a mother induces her to conceal the sex of her daughter, and Lygdus, at a fit age, provides a suitable partner for his supposed son, whose sex is changed by the interposition of the goddess Isis.

THE fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had
flown,

But Crete had newer wonders of her own, 780

In Iphis changed ; for near the Gnossian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle resounds)

At Phæstus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good,
Esteem'd and loved by all the neighborhood, 785

Who, to his wife, before the time assign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind :
' If heaven,' said Lygdus, ' will vouchsafe to hear,

I have but two petitions to prefer,
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir. 790

Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth ;
Beside, when born, they prove of little worth,
Weak puling things, unable to sustain

Their share of labor, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce, 795
Of so great charges, and so little use,

(Bear witness, heaven, with what reluctance)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die.'

He said ; and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey. 800

Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind,

To extend his wishes to a larger scope,
 And in one vessel not confine his hope.
 Lygdus continues hard : her time drew near, 805
 And she her heavy load could scarcely bear,
 When slumbering, in the latter shades of night,
 Before the approaches of returning light,
 She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
 A glorious train, and Isis at their head : 810
 Her moony horns were on her forehead placed,
 And yellow sheaves her shining temples graced ;
 A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high ;
 The dog and dappled bull were waiting by ;
 Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile : 815
 The silent god ; the sacred crocodile ;
 And, last, a long procession moving on
 With timbrels, that assist the laboring moon.
 Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
 She heard a voice, that thus distinctly spake : 820
 ' My votary, thy babe from death defend,
 Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
 Delude with art thy husband's dire decree ;
 When danger calls, repose thy trust on me,
 And know thou hast not served a thankless deity.' 825
 This promise made, with night the goddess fled ;
 With joy the woman wakes and leaves her bed,
 Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
 And prays the powers their gifts to ratify.
 Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes, 830
 Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
 'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
 With secrecy, to shun the father's sight ;
 The indulgent mother did her care employ,
 And pass'd it on her husband for a boy. 835
 The nurse was conscious of the fact alone.
 The father paid his vows as for a son,

And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was ; the wife was pleased, 840
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favor eased.

The doubtful name was used without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat ;
The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace. 845

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son.

Ianthe was his choice, so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare, 850
A neighbor's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with fortune's goods than
he.

They soon espoused ; for they with ease were
join'd,

Who were before contracted in the mind ;
Their age the same, their inclinations too, 855
And bred together, in one school they grew.

Thus, fatally disposed to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires ;
Equal their flame, unequal was their care,
One loved with hope, one languish'd in despair ; 860

And, scarce refraining tears, ' Alas,' said she,
' What issue of my love remains for me !

How wild a passion works within my breast !
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd !
Could I the care of providence deserve, 865
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve ;
And that 's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment :

Not this unkindly curse, to rage and burn,
Where nature shows no prospect of return. 870

‘ And yet no guards against our joys conspire,
 No jealous husband hinders our desire,
 My parents are propitious to my wish,
 And she herself consenting to the bliss :
 All things concur to prosper our design, 875
 All things to prosper any love but mine.
 Heaven has been kind, as far as Heaven can be,
 Our parents with our own desires agree ;
 But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
 Refuses her assistance to my love ; 880
 She sets the bar that causes all my pain :
 One gift refused makes all their bounty vain.
 And now the happy day is just at hand
 To bind our hearts in Hymen’s holy band.’

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns, 885
 With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
 Invoking Hymen’s name, and Juno’s power,
 To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
 And strives to interpose some new delay, 890
 Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
 For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
 But having done whate’er she could devise,
 And emptied all her magazine of lies,
 The time approach’d, the next ensuing day 895
 The fatal secret must to light betray.

Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
 She, and her daughter, with dishevell’d hair ;
 Trembling with fear, great Isis they adored,
 Embraced her altar, and her aid implored. 900

‘ Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
 Who sway’st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
 And sevenfold falls of disemboгуing Nile,
 Relieve, in this our last distress,’ she said,
 ‘ A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid. 905

Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight ;
 Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light ;
 I saw thee, in my dream, as now I see,
 With all thy marks of awful majesty,
 The glorious train that compass'd thee around, 910
 And heard the hollow timbrels' holy sound.

Thy words I noted, which I still retain,
 Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
 That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
 From shame and punishment, I owe to thee. 915
 On thy protection all our hopes depend ;
 Thy counsel saved us, let thy power defend.'

Her tears pursued her words, and, while she
 spoke,

The goddess nodded, and her altar shook,
 The temple doors, as, with a blast of wind, 920
 Were heard to clap, the lunar horns, that bind
 The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around,
 The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart,
 Forth went the mother with a beating heart, 925
 Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied ;

But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride :
 The whiteness of her skin forsook her face ;
 Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace ;
 Her features and her strength together grew, 930
 And her long hair to curling locks withdrew ;
 Her sparkling eyes with manly vigor shone ;
 Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.

The maid becomes a youth. No more delay
 Your vows, but look, and confidently pay. 935

Their gifts the parents to the temple bear ;
 The votive tables this inscription wear :
 ' Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
 The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.'

Now, when the star of day had shown his face, 940
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen, from above,
Descending to complete their happy love ;
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid,
And the fond youth obtains the lovely maid. 945

END OF VOL. I.

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